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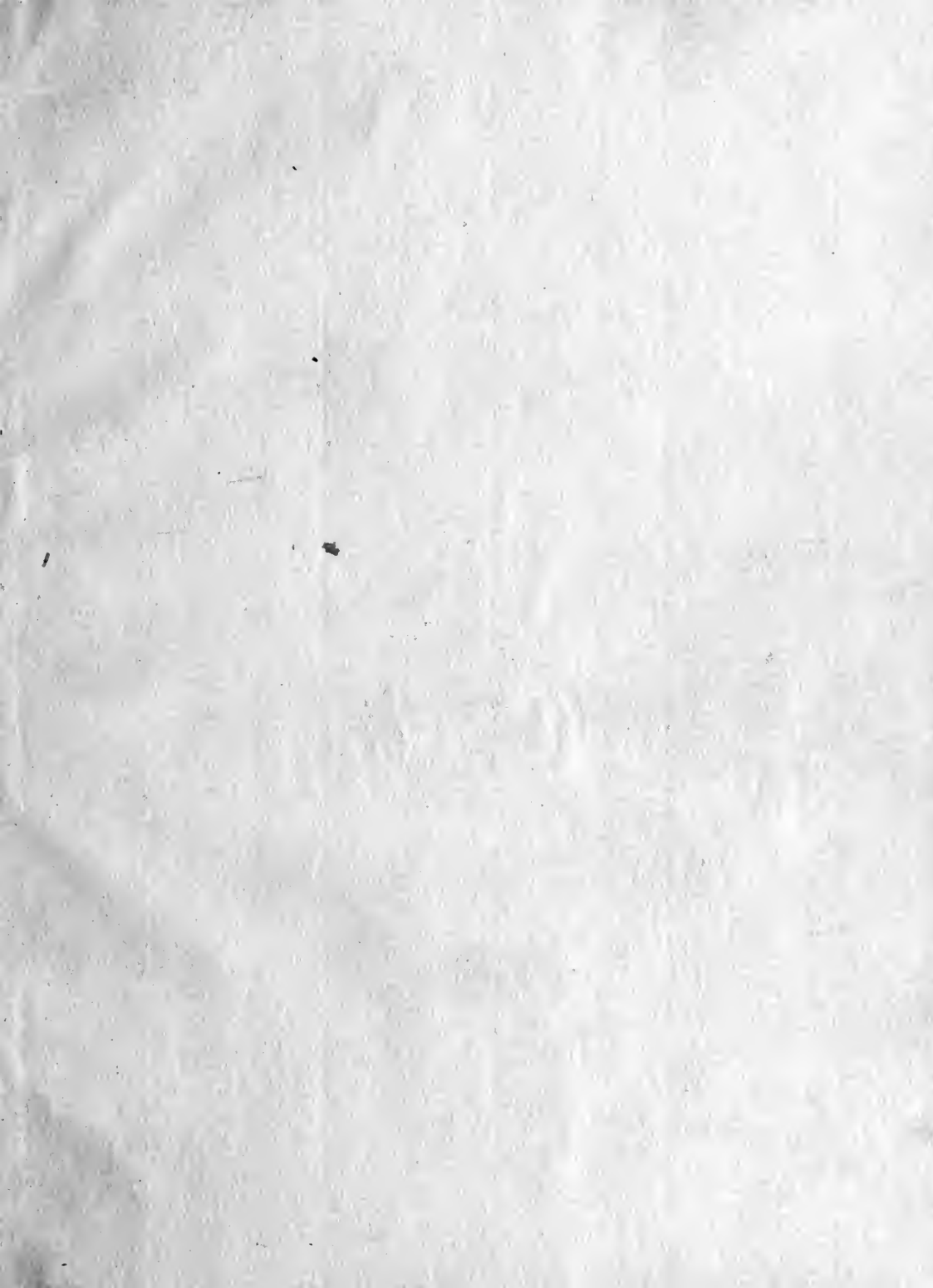
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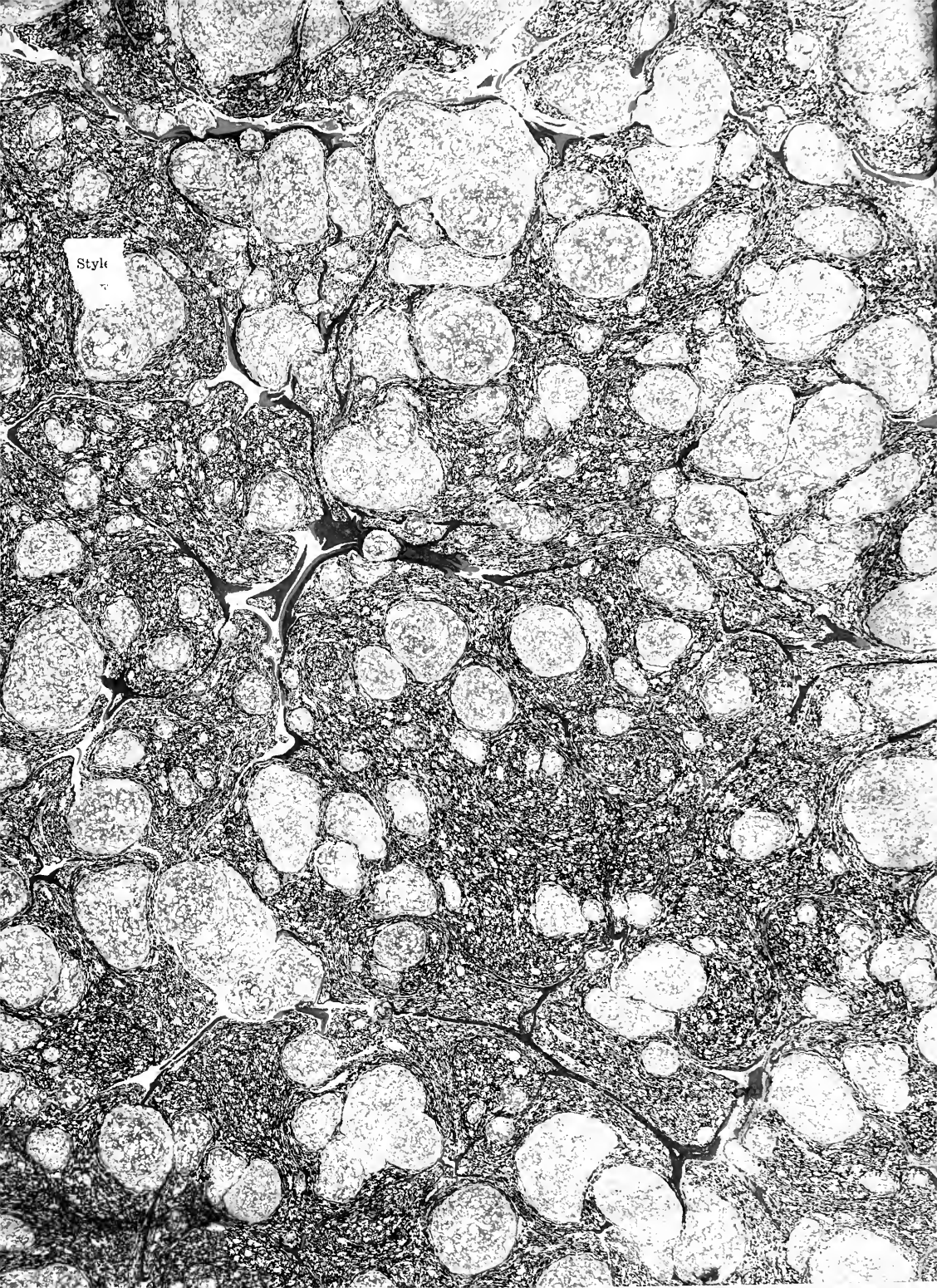
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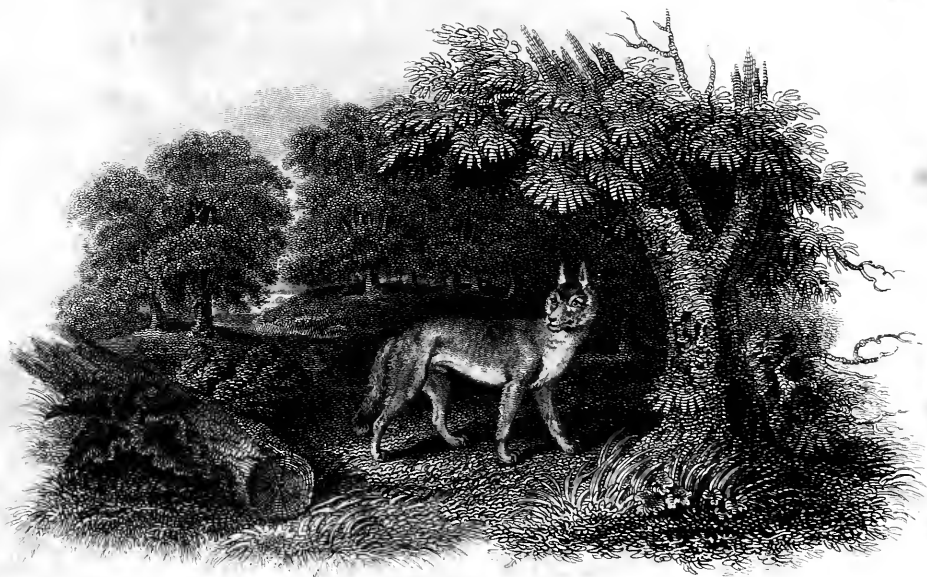
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Wm M. Sackington





A
Supporting Tour,
through
FRANCE &c,
by
Colonel Thornton
*In a Series of Letters to the R^t Hon: the
Earl of Darlington.*
IN TWO VOLUMES.



Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme.

Paternoster Row, — London.



A
SPORTING TOUR
THROUGH
VARIOUS PARTS OF FRANCE,
IN
THE YEAR 1802:
INCLUDING A CONCISE DESCRIPTION OF THE
SPORTING ESTABLISHMENTS, MODE OF HUNTING,
AND OTHER FIELD-AMUSEMENTS, AS PRACTISED IN THAT COUNTRY.
WITH GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE
Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, Husbandry, and Commerce:
STRICTURES ON THE CUSTOMS AND MANNERS OF THE
French People;
WITH A VIEW OF THE COMPARATIVE ADVANTAGES OF
SPORTING IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS
TO THE
RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF DARLINGTON.
TO WHICH IS PREFIXED, AN ACCOUNT OF FRENCH WOLF-HUNTING.

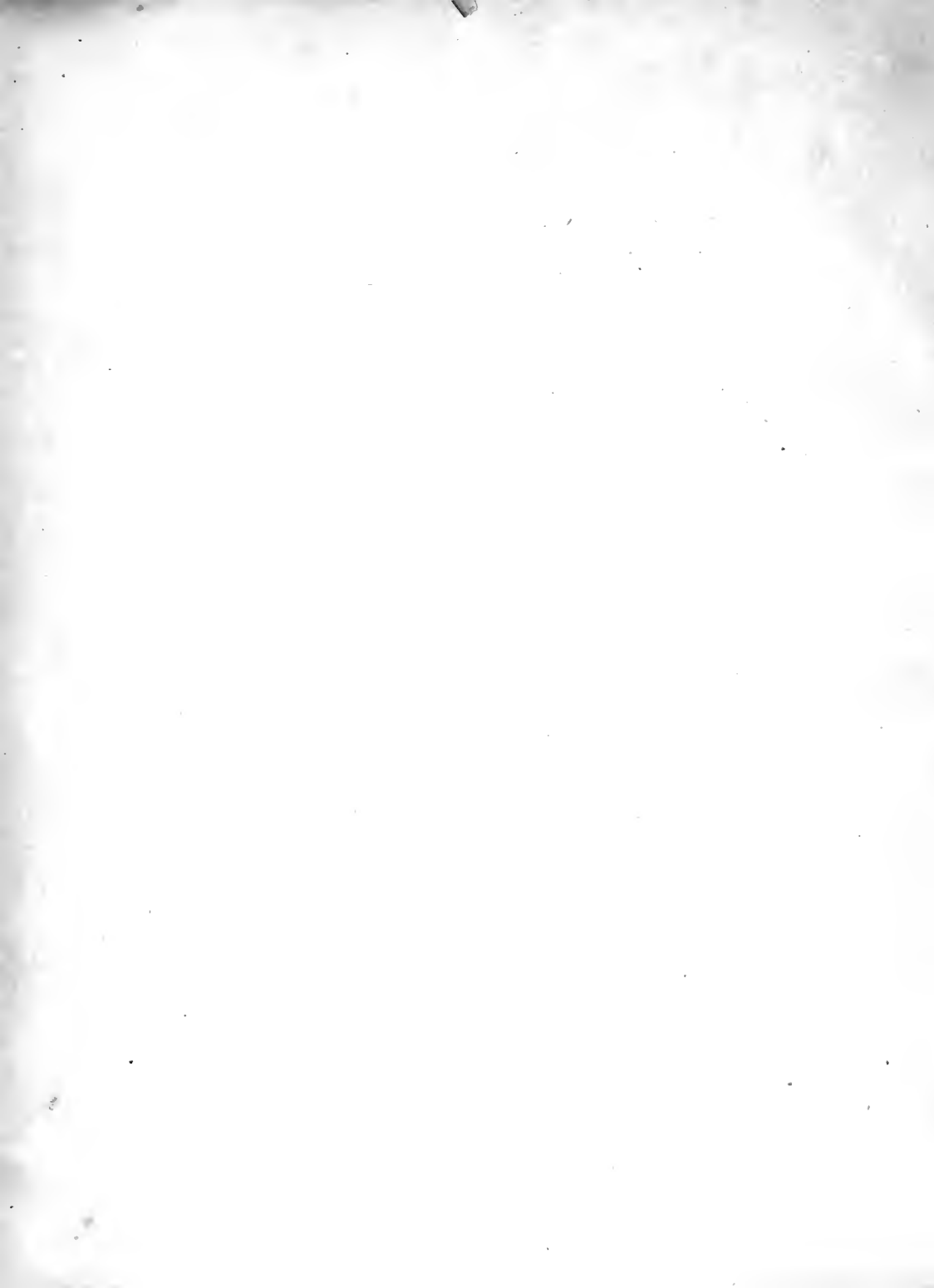
BY
COLONEL THORNTON,
OF THORNVILLE - ROYAL, YORKSHIRE.

ILLUSTRATED WITH UPWARDS OF EIGHTY CORRECT AND PICTURESQUE DELINEATIONS FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS FROM
NATURE, BY MR. BRYANT, AND OTHER EMINENT ARTISTS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. I.

ALBION-PRESS PRINTED:
BY JAMES CUNDEE, IVY-LANE;
FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES AND ORME, PATERNOSTER-ROW,
AND C. CHAPPLE, FALM-MALL.

1806.



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE EARL OF DARLINGTON,
Esq. Esq. Esq.

MY LORD,

THE similarity of our pursuits first induced me to communicate, by letter, such observations as particularly occupied my mind during the progress I made through a portion of France : but, in the course of my correspondence, I was not vain enough to imagine, that the crude and hasty information contained in my letters would ever be of sufficient consequence to interest any individual beyond the pale of my private connections. An opportunity, however, having offered of rendering my Tour, in some measure, conducive to the interests of an old friend, I have consented to its publication; and sincerely hope that, as a sportsman, your lordship may be prompted to honour it with a second perusal, in a state, I trust, more correct than when you received my hurried dispatches from the Continent.

Should I find my wishes gratified in this instance, I need only add, that your lordship will augment the catalogue of those mental pleasures so frequently derived from your valuable society and correspondence.

I have the honour to remain,

MY LORD,

With every sentiment of esteem,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

Humble Servant,

THOMAS THORNTON.

THORNVILLE ROYAL,
March 31, 1806.

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE various Tours performed on the Continent during the short pacific interval that succeeded the late war, have communicated much useful and interesting intelligence to the British public. But as no French Tour of a *Sporting* nature has yet issued from the press, it is humbly presumed, that the subsequent letters may claim some degree of attention, both on account of their novelty, and the acknowledged perfection of their author in all the various sports of the field.

The sporting intelligence contained in this work may be implicitly relied on, with respect to its truth and accuracy; and the remarks occasionally introduced on the management of dogs, the best mode of trying for game, &c. will, probably, afford much gratification to those gentlemen who follow the chace with a portion of that avidity for which Colonel Thornton has long rendered himself eminently conspicuous.

With respect to agriculture, the Colonel has not undertaken an elaborate discussion of that point; but his remarks on the soil, cultivation, produce, and general aspect of the country through which he travelled, may suffice to give a correct outline of French husbandry; while a tolerable idea of the sylvan and rural scenery, together with the costume of the people, may be gathered from the illustrative delineations taken by Mr. BRYANT, and an eminent French artist, M. LUCAS, who accompanied the Colonel in his various excursions for that express purpose, and which embellish the subsequent sheets.

As it might, perhaps, appear singular, in the course of this Tour, that the author should inspect so many estates then on sale, it may be proper to remark, that Colonel Thornton fully intending to purchase some sporting domains, was naturally solicitous to seek the most eligible situation; the existing law against naturalization, however, threw an impediment in his way, and the prospect of a recommencement of hostilities between Great Britain and France rather damped his ardour in this pursuit, and even rendered doubtful his purchase of Chanteloupe.

The introduction of the Colonel to the First Consul, Generals Moreau, Morthier, Macdonald, and many other distinguished characters; together with the flattering attentions which he constantly received in the most fashion-

able circles, afforded an opportunity of studying their character and manners with a degree of facility and accuracy unattainable by any indifferent traveller. On the other hand, by his frequent excursions from Paris, his journey into the Touraine, and his investigation of various farms, chateaus, and sporting estates, particularly that of Chantilly, having visited this once magnificent establishment, at a former period, as well as during the present Tour, he acquired a thorough knowledge of people and places which had escaped the attention of preceding tourists.

It is much to be regretted, that the ravages of war are carried into those fertile plains where nature and cultivation formerly united to exhibit the most luxuriant scenery to the eye of a contemplative traveller, and where the mind of the antiquary found ample amusement among the venerable castles that adorned and diversified the interesting landscape; but where those magnificent abodes are now stripped of their interior decorations, and mournfully dilapidated; whilst the revolutionary mania has even extended to the recesses of the ancient forests, levelling the sturdy oak, and destroying, or chacing away, the feathered tenants of those umbrageous abodes.

It only remains to observe, that the epistolary communications now laid before the public were presented by Colonel Thornton to an old school-fellow, who, by the fortuitous occurrences of life, has become much reduced in his circumstances, and who received full permission to dispose of the manuscript to his own exclusive advantage.

They are accordingly brought forward at a very considerable expence, in a style of elegance which must speak for itself; and as no pains have been spared in the execution, it is presumed they will be found worthy of public approbation.

EDITOR.



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WOLF-HUNTING IN FRANCE;
INCLUDING
THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE WOLF:
IN ILLUSTRATION OF THOSE PARTS OF THE FOLLOWING
LETTERS
WHICH RELATE TO THAT PARTICULAR SPORT.

WOLF - HUNTING.

THE chase of the wolf has this advantage over all others, that while it is of itself extremely sporting, it is, at the same time, very useful, and often even necessary; nothing being more destructive than those animals which have frequently desolated the country, either by surprising the flocks, or by attacking children, whom they carry off and devour. Those who have lived for any time at a distance from large towns must know how formidable is the neighbourhood of wolves, particularly when they have young ones to support. These animals are extremely ravenous, and almost always hungry; when they find nothing to satisfy their appetite in the woods, they spread themselves over the country, entering villages, and seizing, with incredible dexterity, whatever is capable of appeasing their hunger. They lie in wait for their prey, and scarcely ever fail to attack it the first favourable opportunity that presents itself. They, besides, make dreadful havoc among the deer in the forests, particularly in winter. The public interest, as well as their own, should therefore induce the lovers of the chase to make war on this animal.

Before we proceed on this subject, it may, perhaps, be necessary to observe, that the hunting of the wolf being entirely confined to the countries of the continent, and particularly to France, many of the

technical terms employed in this interesting sport are of such a nature, that it is impossible to render them into the English language. The original expressions have, therefore, in some cases, been retained in the following pages.

Terms employed in hunting the Wolf.

Wolves are divided, according to their age, into eub-wolves, old wolves, and wolves; their age may be discovered by their feet, and their foot-steps are called the track of the wolf.

When the wolf goes a gentle pace without hurrying himself, he is said to go with confidence.

When he goes in quest of food it is said, he is seeking food, he is going to feed on carrion, he seized the carrion, he glutted himself with carrion.

In the season of copulation, wolves are said to be at heat; some sportsmen have employed the term *rut*, but that can only be applied to the stag, the deer, and the wild-boar.

When the wolf has covered the female it is said, the wolf has coupled, the wolf has covered or lined the she-wolf.

When they have produced whelps, they are called a litter of young wolves. It commonly consists of five, six, and seven, and never of less than three.

We say, the head, the teeth, the skin of the wolf.

The nipples of a she-wolf are called teats.

The places where they have scratched up the earth are called *de-chaussures*, and we say the wolf has torn up such a place.

The place where he lies is called his kennel.

We say the foot-steps of a wolf; some have called them the track.

When we see the wolf of which we are in chase, we cry—*Veclau, Veclau, harlou chiens, harlou, veleci aller, veleci aller.*

We say the howling of wolves; to howl for wolves is to entice them to you, that you may shoot them in the night.

To place greyhounds in stations is to post them in a situation between two thickets, when you expect the wolf to leave one of them and to go into the other.

Manner of distinguishing a He-Wolf from a She-Wolf by the Feet.

The he-wolf has a larger and thicker foot than the she-wolf. When the wolf is young, his foot expands as he walks; when he grows old his foot is narrower, both before and behind; his claws are thick, long, and close; his heel thick and broad, and the fore-part of the foot thicker than the hinder-part. When the wolf goes with assurance, that is, when he walks his ordinary pace, he commonly puts the hind-foot into the step, or track of the fore-foot. It is easy to perceive this in wet weather, or in snow; but when he goes at a trot, the hind-foot keeps at the distance of three fingers from the fore-foot. The she-wolf has a longer and narrower foot than the male; her heel is smaller and closer and her claws are not so strong. By taking notice of these differences, the sportsman may know whether he is in the track of a he or a she-wolf.

The Time in which Wolves are in Heat.

It is commonly in winter that these animals are in heat; but some she-wolves are not in heat so early as others. The old ones are more early, and the young ones later. In general, they are not in heat for the first time till they are nearly two years old, or between twenty-one

and twenty-two months; because, as the mothers are in heat again the same year they litter, the young ones being then only nine or ten months old, have not attained a sufficient growth to be in heat; so that they are not in that state till the second heat which comes upon the mother after their birth. The she-wolf produces her first litter about the conclusion of her second year; it is always in the most inclement season of the year that these beasts are in heat; the old ones till nearly the month of February, and the young ones till towards the end of that month. The she-wolves are extremely coy before they yield to the advances of the males; and if several of the latter happen to meet when they have found a female, they fight for her with the utmost obstinacy, and the strongest wins the prize. The jealousy of these animals is extreme, and is carried to such a height, that, if by accident a he-wolf, after lining a female, is met alone with her by several males in heat, they will attack and tear him in pieces.

The Time when She-Wolves Litter.

When the she-wolf is big, she commonly goes three months and a half, or more, that is upwards of a hundred days. They litter earlier or later, according to the time they were in heat. Their most numerous litters consist of six or seven, but never of less than three, and there are always more males than females. When the she-wolf is about to litter, she seeks some large ditch in an unfrequented place, or some hole at a distance from any road, into which she retires. She even seeks to avoid the presence of the male, because, if he were present when she brings forth her young, he would not fail to devour them. If, however, the female happens soon afterwards to die, the male appearing to be actuated by paternal affection, feeds the young cubs, defends

them against every enemy, and when they have acquired a little strength, he conducts them into large corn-fields, and other situations not far from the forest or thickets. He there places them in security while he prowls in quest of food. He carries to them all he can catch, such as sheep, or other animals, but he first devours them himself, and on his return to his cubs, he disgorges the half-digested food, which is swallowed by the cubs. When his prey consists only of puppies, or fowls, he carries it off alive: At first he gives these animals to his cubs to play with, and then instructs them how to kill them. When he and she-wolves have young ones, they are extremely alert in avoiding the snares that may be laid for them; and when they hear the report of a gun, or the cry of dogs, they decamp as speedily as possible, and carry away with them all their family.

Manner of discovering the Places where She-Wolves have littered.

In the month of August, or September, the cubs having acquired a little strength, begin to walk about, and to sport among the thickets. They never remove far from the woods, because there is then no corn in the plains. In looking for them, you should go into the thickest part of the woods, and the closest thickets, and, in particular, take notice of all the places near which there are marshes. The females usually seek those situations, as well for the convenience of retreat, as to allay the burning thirst caused by the season, and the food on which they subsist. It is commonly in the morning and evening that the young wolves go to the marshes. You may take young dogs to the spot, but you ought to have one in particular that is well trained to that kind of search; in beating the wood he will not fail to discover the wolf, he will even pursue him, rouse him, and follow him to his haunt;

when there you should caress and encourage him, to induce him afterwards to go and pursue him alone. The movements of the old dog will animate the younger; you should, therefore, sometimes send him forward to excite the others, and afterwards you may call him behind to see whether the young dogs are capable to go by themselves. They should be caressed a good deal the first time they manifest timidity; you should go before them, to teach them to pursue by themselves; and as the young wolves will not easily quit their situations, you must make the dogs return to the charge, and follow the scent, and then after having encouraged them, call them off.

To train young dogs to hunt the wolf, the sportsman must proceed in the following manner:—He should take them to the wood every two days towards the places which he supposes to be frequented by the wolves; he cannot fail to discover them, because the he or she-wolf always goes in the morning to the cubs, and then retires into other thickets to deceive the hunters; it is then that you have an excellent opportunity of employing blood-hounds to advantage. The thickets chosen by the wolves for their retreat are easily known; near them there are always some fragments of their prey, by which they are betrayed, as bones of horses, skeletons of dogs and other animals. It is, besides, easy to remark whether the grass about the spot is trodden, which is a sign that the young wolves have come thither to lie down.

Equipage for hunting the Wolf.

Having described the wolf, and the manner of discovering him in a general way, it is necessary to enter into the details of the chase; but it may not be amiss previously to say something of the proper equipage for that purpose.

In this respect it is not necessary to go to any great expence, as twenty-five, or thirty hounds are sufficient. They ought to be of a good size, to have a grey coat, and to be marked with red about the eyes and on the cheeks; by these marks you may discover their greater or less degree of eagerness in the chace. You ought, likewise, to have six or eight leashes of large, choice grey-hounds, and some good whelps. They encourage each other, and attack the wolf with the greater vigour. A good whipper-in also is highly necessary, two attendants for the blood-hounds, two for the hounds, and one to slip the grey-hounds.

Your blood-hounds for hunting the wolf cannot be too good; they ought to be bold, lively, and full of ardor. When they possess all these qualities, you derive from them a two-fold advantage; for, besides that which you enjoy in the chace, they likewise serve to train other dogs. A good sportsman ought to be prudent as to the service he requires of his dogs, and he should be very careful of them, for the chace of the wolf is more fatiguing to the blood-hounds than any other kind, the wolf being naturally crafty and mistrustful. From the moment that he perceives they are after him, he is constantly going, and when he finds himself pursued, he changes his abode, and leads his pursuers a very fatiguing chace. It is, therefore, advisable to spare the blood-hounds, and to make them serve alternately. A day of rest gives them fresh ardor, and enables the sportsmen to hunt with more satisfaction.

The Search of the Wolf.

The wolf is tried for in various ways, according to the difference of the seasons. If it be in winter, you should go to the wood some time before sun-rise, because that is about the time when the wolves repair to it. In summer there is no occasion to go so early, because those ani-

mals frequently stay among the corn, and do not return to the wood till the day is advanced. Therefore, without being in too great a hurry, it will be sufficient to beat twice along the skirts of the thicket towards the corn, and, if you meet with nothing, it will be advisable, on your return, to beat the contrary side.

There is a considerable difference between trying for the stag and the wolf. The former remains a long time in the thickets; sometimes he does not even leave them to pass the night in the open fields; but the conduct of the wolf is exactly the reverse. Hunger, it is said, drives him out of the wood, and as he subsists entirely by carnage, he frequently approaches farms, villages, and even towns, and seizes whatever falls in his way. If, by accident, he remains a considerable time in a thicket without quitting it, even during the night, it is only when he has taken a deer, or some animal that he is occupied in devouring.

When the assistant huntsman shall have arrived with his *limier*, or blood-hound, at the place containing the object of search, he must loosen the leash, and make his dog advance before him more than half the length of it, continually caressing him, and saying—*Va outre Ribaut hau mon valet, hau lo lo lo lo, veleci, veleci allé mon petit*. It is well frequently to repeat these words, because nothing more encourages and animates the dog in the pursuit. You must take good care that the blood-hound may not take the scent of some wolf that has entered the forest by some ravine, or great road; and when you perceive that the dog is about to acknowledge the scent, and that he puts his nose either to the branches, or the tufts of grass, you must encourage him; for dogs are naturally not very eager after the wolf; and I have remarked, that they are not very eager in quest of him. Besides, the scent of the wolf does not continue more than two or three hours, and to be enabled to unkennel him, he should not have passed more than

two hours; otherwise the blood-hounds will scarcely be able to hunt up to him, especially if it be on a beaten dry road. For he leaves more scent behind him when he runs upon the grass, or among the bushes, because he touches whatever he meets, as well with his body as his feet, and when the scent is protected from the wind or sun, and this circumstance assists the blood-hounds in the pursuit.

When the huntsman perceives that his dog has got upon the scent of a wolf, he should encourage him in these terms:—What is he there boy,—*hau l'amy après, veleci y dit vrai*, and he should frequently repeat them in order to encourage the dog, which he must continue to follow, either by the side of the way, or in the *faux-fuyant*. Too much attention cannot be used on this occasion, because there is always reason to apprehend, lest the scent should grow too weak, and lest the blood-hound should relinquish it at the first cross-way to which the wolf may have betaken himself. It is to be observed, that when the wolf passes a cross-way, he always stops there for some time, either to dung, or to make water against some bush of broom, or furze, or a tuft of grass. He then immediately scratches up a spot on the surface of the ground four feet in extent, tearing up the turf backwards with his claws. He then continues his course, and sometimes conceals himself at a considerable distance; sometimes he likewise endeavours to give his pursuers the slip, and instead of following the road takes another, and turns towards the thickest part of the wood, with a view to enter it. For this purpose he takes the first double he comes to, or some favourable passage, which happens principally when the earth is moist. It is at such times that the sportsman should be careful to train the hound to the scent, at about half the length of the line, and to encourage his blood-hound more and more. If it be still early in the day, he may follow the drag with little noise, and withdraw secretly to proceed before. He

should observe, that during this time, the hound may surprize the wolf either by some *faux-fuyant*, or by some glade, by which he may have penetrated into the recesses of the wood, for wolves have different paces, according as they are more or less hungry. When driven by hunger, they are almost incessantly on the foot, and proceed forward till they have found something to eat; but when they have glutted themselves, they frequently retire into the first thicket they come to, provided they find favourable places for their kennel, as hollies, fern, and other shrubs.

If the sportsman be at the forest on a hunting-day, he will content himself with ascertaining whether the wolf has entered the thicket. He will endeavour to discover the little avenue or glade by which he may have entered; he will caress his blood-hound, and afterwards break the branches at the entrance of the thicket. After he has convinced himself that he has discovered the track of the wolf, he will return to the company to make his report; but if he had no other intention than to exercise his dog, or if it is a considerable time since he dislodged the wolf, he may, as soon as he has reconnoitred, return to the inclosure of broken boughs to discover the traces, then push on and dislodge the wolf, and follow the drag to the haunt, caressing his blood-hound, and continually using the above-mentioned terms. If the blood-hound be young, his ardour will abate on approaching the haunt, because the scent of the wolf naturally inspires dogs with terror, and there are very few which dare venture to follow him by themselves. It is, therefore, necessary to speak to him a good deal, in order to animate and embolden him to pursue, and he should be much caressed on the track. With regard to the haunt I shall observe here, that wolves frequently change them according to the difference of the seasons; for instance, in summer they chuse an open place among the grass on which the sun

shines a little; but in winter they repair to the recesses of the woods or thickets, among heath or fern. They seldom fix their abode beneath very high trees, excepting they find there very thick bushes, or abundance of fern or rushes.

*In what Manner it may be discovered that the Blood-Hound has got
Scent of a Wolf.*

It is very difficult to get sight of a wolf on account of his great swiftness; he even scarcely leaves behind him any traces, excepting in winter in a white frost, or in summer when there is much dust. In all other circumstances you may be said to proceed with no great certainty; and if a person has not had long experience in the chace, he frequently takes many a step in vain. There are, however, certain signs by means of which you may discover the object of the blood-hound's movements, and consequently distinguish whether it is a wolf, or some other animal of which the dog has got the scent. If it be a wolf, he will not fail to go and smell at the branches and the grass the wolf has touched, and will immediately proceed in pursuit of him. If the wolf makes a good impression on the ground, and the dog has any scent, you will see him pursue briskly, provided you take care to encourage him from time to time on the drag. But if the wolf passed very early, and you are not on the spot in good time, the blood-hound will lose the scent, particularly if the wolf proceeds in a right line, and is gone to a considerable distance, for a dog must have an excellent nose to discover a wolf that has passed longer than two hours and a half, or three hours; and he is liable to change if there be any deer in the thicket, or if he have not been exclusively trained to wolf-hunting. When the sportsman perceives, by the manner of the dog, that it is the track of a wolf which

he has discovered, he must endeavour to find out whether the animal is alone, or in company. They generally go in pairs; it is only in seasonable weather that he can discover their number and quality, by examining their foot-steps with attention, conformably to what I have already said on that subject, in treating of the difference between the foot of the he and she-wolf.

Manner of making a Report of the Discovery of a Wolf.

It appears that it is not very easy to distinguish the track of wolves from every other animal. A sportsman should possess much experience, and be capable of just observation to be able to make an accurate report.

A report is commonly made in the following manner :

I believe I have discovered the track of one or two wolves, or of a he and a she-wolf, or of several, according to the indications one has observed; they came from such a thicket, or they went in quest of food toward such a village; they killed so many deer, which I found in following them, and they afterwards repaired to such a thicket. I continued the search, and as I imagine that their direct road lies from such a thicket, in which I have reason to suppose they are, to such other thicket, there is a fine opportunity for driving him into the open country, and an advantageous situation for placing greyhounds.

Manner of placing Greyhounds.

The greyhounds for the wolf are divided into three classes, the *levriers d'estric*, *levriers compagnons*, likewise called the flank-greyhounds, and *levriers de teste*. There ought, in general, to be two leashes of

each kind, each leash being composed of two or three greyhounds. The two *lusses d'estrie* are first placed by the side of the thicket near the spot at which you imagine the wolf will break. These two leashes should be about 5 or 600 paces distant from each other, more or less, according to the situation of the place. Each leash should be supported by a horseman, who should take care to conceal himself, with the dogs, on the skirts of the wood down wind, to push the wolf when the dogs are let loose, and to make him take to the open country. At five or 600 paces from the former, and about half way between the two thickets, must be posted the flank greyhounds; the two relays of these are placed opposite to each other for the wolf to pass between them. Attention must be paid to keep these still more concealed than the former, lest the wolf should perceive them, and the valets must attend to loose them as soon as the wolf is ready to pass. The *levriers de teste* should be placed near the thicket which the wolf is expected to make for; and when he is observed to approach, pursued by the other dogs, the *levriers de teste* should then be brought forward, and let loose upon the wolf. The latter being stronger, and more furious than the others, soon bring the wolf to bay; the valets should then halloo up the bloodhounds, and hasten to the wolf as speedily as possible. As soon as the dogs hold him to bay, the valets must take care to provide themselves with short thick sticks to thrust down the wolf's throat the moment they are within reach; because that animal never quitting any thing that he once seizes upon, the stick which is presented to him protects the dogs from the wounds he might otherwise inflict. The huntsmen must then employ their hunting-knives, observing the precaution when they approach to stab the wolf, to have one hand always at the point of the knife, lest they should hurt the dogs; as I have frequently seen dogs in the hurry

maimed in consequence of the neglect of it. When a favourable moment for stabbing or houghing the wolf presents itself, the knife must be thrust through his body near the shoulder.

Manner of hunting the Wolf with Hounds.

To succeed in this mode of hunting, the greyhounds must, above all things, be placed in the manner as before described. You must then post on the side of the thicket at which you wish to prevent the wolves from issuing ten or a dozen men, each provided with a rattle to be employed on the occasion. Care must be taken to station them at the distance of 60 paces from each other, more or less, according to the extent of the thicket. When every thing is ready, the leader gives the order, and the dogs are immediately taken to the *brisées* to be let loose. The whipper-in holds the dog to the *brisées* in the thicket, to make them take the scent, and then conducts them along the track towards the spot where he supposes the wolves reside, continually encouraging them by the cries of *hala ila la tayau velleci aller*. He blows his horn from time to time to animate them in the pursuit. The noise of the dogs will, perhaps, make the wolf quit his kennel long before they come up, but sometimes he waits till they are close to him before he breaks. If the huntsman perceives him, he must then call to his dogs in these terms: *Veletlau, veletlau, harlou, harlou, velleci aller*. He will then sound his horn to make them follow the traces, and then cry: *Harlou chiens, harlou velleci aller*. When the dogs have taken to the traces they will not fail to rouse the wolf, and pursue him with eagerness; the huntsman will then sound his horn to animate them still more.

The wolf thus pursued will, perhaps, hang cover before he breaks it,

that he may obtain the advantage of the wind in his flight; but the men stationed to keep him in will make use of their rattles, the sound of which will head him, and make him go off without having the advantage of the wind. While the wolf is thus in suspense concerning the way he shall take, he is briskly pushed by the dogs, supported by the huntsman, who will incessantly keep crying: *Ha y fuit la chiens, y fuit la ha ha*. He will then sound two blasts, and again begin hallooing: *Hou veleci aller, veleci aller*. At length the wolf finding himself pressed by the dogs, the cries of the hunters, and the noise of those stationed to keep him in, resolves to escape by the place where he hears no noise, which is precisely the part next to the open country. He stops a moment at the skirts of the wood, to observe whether he can see any person, and he immediately sets off to cross the plain. He is suffered to advance about one hundred paces, when the *levriers d'estric*, and afterwards the others, are let loose upon him on the plan already mentioned. Two horsemen at the same time ride after him, to oblige him to continue his course as it is of great consequence that he should be kept in it; but for this he would escape, as the attempt to run down a wolf is scarcely ever made. To command success in the latter case, you ought to be perfectly sure of your relays, that the dogs were trained exclusively to the chase of the wolf, that there were neither deer nor boars in the forest. This kind of chase would, besides, be long and fatiguing, because the wolf is rarely blown: he runs a long time, never a head, almost constantly viewing him for six or seven hours together. The greyhounds placed in ambush greatly abridge this chase, and likewise render it more amusing and certain to the spectators.

As soon as a wolf is taken he should be given up to the hounds which come up almost immediately, because otherwise the greyhounds would attack the hounds. It is therefore advisable, that they should be taken

off immediately and coupled, to return and go in quest of another, for it is easy to take several wolves in one day. When this is intended to be done, each should resume his former position; as for those who are stationed to prevent the animal's escape, they must not, on any account, quit their post till they receive orders to that effect.

When the wolf is expiring, his death is announced by three loud blasts of the horn. The huntsmen alight, and caress the dogs to excite them to worry him. It is the duty of the whipper-in to cut off the animal's right foot, which he presents to the commander of the company.

Manner of chasing the She-Wolf and the young Cubs.

Nearly the same things are observed in the chase of the female as of the male; the same method of pursuit, and the same cries are employed: but the young wolves are chased with less precaution, and are attacked even in their caverns by the dogs. As soon as the dogs have discovered them they are seized with fear, and run from one side to the other without ever quitting the thicket. The whippers-in must follow and encourage the dogs, by three notes of his horn, and must speak briskly to them in these terms: *Harlou, harlou, hou veleci*; this gives the dogs fresh spirits, courage, and strength, and they rush upon the young wolves with renewed ardor. When they have overtaken them the huntsman dispatches them with his hunting-knife, always observing the precaution mentioned above, lest the dogs should sustain any injury.

If there are in the pack any young dogs which have not before been in the chase, they might be made to begin with chasing the young wolves in company with old, steady hound-dogs. They would soon learn, and be able to hunt. In their beginnings they ought to be ani-

mated and encouraged by frequent caresses with the hand; and when the young wolves are taken, they should be made to approach and to ruffle on them, and pull them.

When the chase is over a retreat is sounded, all the dogs are collected, and the wolves that have been taken are carried away.

The bleeding of the Wolf.

The bleeding of the wolf differs very much from that of stag, deer, and other beasts, which are given to the dogs on the spot. The scent of the wolf is extremely strong, and the dogs would not taste the flesh if care were not taken to disguise it. I have frequently remarked, that dogs which manifested abundance of ardor in pursuit, durst not venture to approach the animal to trample upon him when killed. Nothing but great precaution and repeated caresses can overcome their aversion to the flesh of the wolf. The following is the manner in which it is prepared:—

The wolf must first be skinned, and the entrails taken out; the head is then cut off, but the skin and ears are left upon it; the quarters are then cut off, and are baked with the body in a very hot oven. While the whole is roasting a quantity of small pieces of bread are put into one or more tubs, into which are thrown the quarters of the wolf, cut into pieces, as soon as they come out of the oven. Upon this is then poured a large potful of boiling water, into which, while heating, have been put three or four pounds of grease, and the whole is well stirred and mixed. When the whole is soaked, empty it out of the tubs upon a piece of sacking made for the purpose, and stir it again, that the mixture, which is still warm, may be in a state fit to be eaten by the dogs. When every thing is ready for the bleeding of the pack, the whipper-

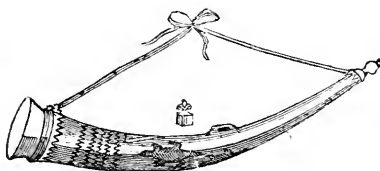
in receives the switches from the hands of the first valet. He presents two to the commander of the company, who gives one to the master to whom he belongs. The switches being distributed, the kennel is opened, and the huntsmen sound the tune customary on other occasions of this kind. At the same time, the skin and head of the wolf are held before the dogs, that they may become accustomed to that animal. After eating the mash, the roasted body of the wolf to which the head has been affixed is presented to them at the distance of 50 paces. The best way of making them eat it is to shew it them at the point of a fork, and to animate them with words, and the sound of the horn, and they will not fail to fall upon it with eagerness.

The foregoing is the French manner of preparing the animal for winter; the method employed in summer is somewhat different. The quarters are roasted and cut in pieces as before; but instead of water boiled with grease, two or three pailfuls of milk, into which have been put a quantity of very small pieces of bread, or rye-flour, are poured over them; the whole is mixed together, and this mess is given the dogs in the same manner as the other. They eat it willingly, and it is extremely refreshing for them. The body is afterwards given them in the manner before described.

Thus much for the French mode of treatment; their hounds will not bear any comparison with those of the English breed. The former are deficient in animation, and possess a very small share of mettle; while, on the contrary, such is the blood of the well-bred English hound, that he would instantly break up any wolf on seizing it.

The breeding of hounds, as well as horses, in England, have been made a primary object among sporting gentlemen, which accounts for their exclusive superiority in this country. Even with this advantage

in our favour, I do not approve of the plan of deliberately taking the game, when killed, from the hounds: this operates as a check to them, and creates a shyness. Hounds, upon killing their game, should be allowed, and encouraged to eat it up, while their spirits are roused, and the blood of the animal is warm: but, as wolf is a scent that some hounds shew a fear of, they should be encouraged, by all means, to run, kill, and devour it; and in no way should their ardor be checked, even from the unkennelling to the death.



OBSERVATIONS

ON

THE EMBELLISHMENTS TO VOLUME I.

IT is presumed, that the plates with which the present work is illustrated possess more than ordinary value; not less on account of its having been the chief object of the artist to make faithful and correct copies from nature, than that most of the subjects are selected from those parts of the Continent which have never before been delineated by the English draftsman. The peculiar route of the author differing so widely from that of almost every other traveller who visited France during the cessation of hostilities in the year 1802, has materially contributed to the accomplishment of this desirable end.

Many sketches referred to in various parts of the following sheets it has been deemed prudent to omit, on account of there not being sufficient time, in the course of the journey, to *perfect them from nature*; therefore such only, as possess this advantage, are introduced.

PLATE 1.

VIGNETTE.—*Scene taken in the Forest of Pont Chartrain.*

PLATE 2.

A little Cabin with two Hammocks, and Ship's Steward.—P. 8.

IN the delineation before us, the chief requisite is true characteristic description, and in this particular, accuracy was the primary object of the artist; by which the rea-

der may be enabled to form some idea of the accommodation afforded in French packet-boats. The character of the ship's steward was of a most whimsical cast, and excited a great degree of mirth among the passengers.

PLATE 3.

View from the Hotel du Paquet-Boat, at Dieppe, looking towards the Harbour.---P. 11.

FROM the window of the above house this view was taken. Here appear to be ruins of an ancient castle, of which no other account could be obtained than that it has stood for nearly two centuries. The cliffs in the distance, unlike those of Albion, wear a *sombre* aspect.

PLATE 4.

Opposite the Inn at Dieppe.---*High Water.*---P. 14.

On beholding this scene, the spectator is presented with a beautifully luxuriant country in the distance. Through the valley the river takes a serpentine course, by which the beauty of the surrounding country is greatly improved. Although this view was also taken from the same point with the foregoing, it has a very different appearance, in as much as the direction was immediately in front of the house; the former directly to the left of it.

PLATE 5.

The Powder Magazine at Dieppe.---P. 16.

THIS depot for gun-powder, of which article it generally contains a large quantity, is situated by the river-side, and with a few contiguous houses of an inferior description, is necessarily detached from the town. The powder-magazine is a building of very considerable strength; and the walls are entitled to particular notice, on account of their uncommon substance. This view was taken at low water.

PLATE 6.

Character at Dieppe.---P. 15.

THE pencil of the artist was exercised on this subject near the same spot with the preceding article; it affords a pretty correct idea of the enormous size of the cocked-hats worn in France; particularly at Dieppe.

PLATE 7.

Portrait of a Farmer's Daughter near Dieppe.---P. 15.

THIS character was taken on a market-day at Dieppe; and illustrates the description of the remarkable caps called *cauchoises*, given in the above-mentioned page. It should be observed that these caps are richly embroidered with gold or silver, on a ground of coloured silk, satin, or velvet; which gives them a splendid appearance. The drapery is sometimes composed of a *single piece* of rich lace, of considerable length, which accounts, in some degree, for the enormous price of them, as stated in p. 16. The *heart* and *cross* suspended from the neck of this female was of solid gold.

PLATE 8.

French Diligence.---P. 17.

THIS vehicle of conveyance is very ill contrived for travelling, in which expedition is so desirable; and it affords us a very poor specimen of that ingenuity of invention for which the people of France are so eminently distinguished among the nations of Europe. Upon the roof is fixed the imperial, which usually contains six or seven persons, beside a quantity of baggage, with which also the basket is generally filled, and presents a pile half as high again as the coach, secured by ropes and chains, drawn tight by a large iron windlass. The body of the carriage rests upon stout thongs of leather, fastened to heavy blocks of wood, which serve the purpose of springs; and the whole is drawn by seven ill-conditioned horses. The three first of these animals are fastened to

the cross-bar; the rest are in pairs, connected by rope-harness. The near horse of the three first is generally mounted by the postillion, equipped in a huge pair of jack-boots, (as hereafter described) which are always placed with much ceremony, like two tubs, on the right side of his Rosinante, just before he ascends. "These curious protectors of his legs," says an ingenious modern traveller, "are composed of wood and iron-hoops, softened within by stuffing, and give him all the dignity of riding in a pair of *upright portmanteaus*!" With the carriages used in England the French diligence bears no comparison; where the mode of travelling in general, is upon the best possible footing, which is rendered extremely pleasant, and greatly facilitated by the good condition of the roads in almost every part of the kingdom.

PLATE 9.

Horse rode by Colonel Thornton, when on a hunting-party.---P. 17.

THIS is a correct portraiture of the hunter rode by the author, when on a hunting-party in the forest of Chambord! It needs no comment.

PLATE 10.

Rouen from the Chartreuse.---P. 21.

THIS picturesque scene is taken from the rich valley in which the Chartreuse is situated. On the right, in the foreground, stands the celebrated gardens of Vauxhall, a place much frequented on Sundays by the people of Rouen, where fire-works are displayed, and other amusements take place. The hills behind the city are richly cultivated, and covered with vines and woods in great abundance, which, on account of the distance, are not perceptible to the naked eye. Behind the cathedral of Notre Dame, (which is distinguished from the other buildings by its eminence, and number of towers) appears Mount-au-Malade, or the Mountain of Sickness.

PLATE 11.

View from the middle of the Bridge of Boats at Rouen.---P. 23.

THE principal object in this scene is a small island which stands in the middle of the

river, near the bridge. On the left is seen the celebrated mountain of St. Catharine, at the foot of which is situated the boulevard, a walk much frequented by the inhabitants of Rouen.

PLATE 12.

Rouen from Mount-au-Malade.—P. 25.

THE views of this ancient city being taken from different points, will enable the reader to form a more correct idea of it than could possibly be done by a single representation. In the present scene the cathedral of Notre Dame still conspicuously shews itself; on the right of which, in the distance, appears the valley from which the preceding subject was taken. Behind the cathedral the Seine imposes itself on the eye, beautifully winding its course to an immense distance, and bordered by hills of considerable height.

PLATE 13.

View on the Seine, near Rouen.—P. 44.

THIS charming landscape is so minutely described in the above-mentioned page, as to render it unnecessary to say any thing more in the present instance. There were two drawings taken on this enchanting spot; the first of which was completed at the moment Mr. Bryant was interrupted by the officer, as stated in p. 44. The alarm occasioned by the presence of this intruder, deterred the artist from paying that minute attention to the second drawing necessary to a correct and faithful copy from nature; it was therefore deemed proper to omit it altogether.

PLATE 14.

Château of the Marquis de Conflans.—P. 48.

THIS seat of the once celebrated French commander was not only uninhabited, when our author visited it, but the internal parts were in a state of ruin; and the court-yard, with the adjoining avenues, being covered with weeds, presented to the eye of the traveller a very desolate appearance.

PLATE 15.

Château de Navarre.---P. 50.

THIS view is particularly described in the above-mentioned page.

PLATE 16.

View near Vernon.---P. 54.

THIS certainly forms a very picturesque and interesting scene, which is greatly improved by the appearance of the bridge crossing the Seine, and the rising ground in the distance. It may fairly be pronounced a pleasing object in nature, worthy of the pencil of the artist, and the admirer of landscape-scenery.

PLATE 17.

From the Terrace of the Palace of St. Germain.---P. 58.

THE view which here presents itself is reckoned one of the most interesting and extensive in the environs of Paris. A part of the town is seen bordering on the river, which branches into two different directions to a considerable distance. The whole face of the country exhibits one continued scene of luxuriance, and forms a fair sample of the high state of cultivation in that part of the continent. The building in the right-hand fore-ground is attached to the terrace, and was much out of repair when this view was taken. In the same direction, at some distance, is seen Marli, celebrated for its curious water-works.

PLATE 18.

View of Versailles, coming from St. Germain.---P. 62.

THE principal object worthy of remark in this scene is the palace of Versailles. The view was taken in the morning, about eight o'clock, at which period the sun was in

such direct opposition to the eye of the artist, that it deprived him of the advantage of perceiving the various angles and projections which such buildings generally present. Yet, as it was the only opportunity which offered, in the course of the tour, to make a drawing from this spot, there was no alternative. The great paved road so distinguishable in the fore-ground, runs in a direct line towards the palace. Versailles appears in the distance, on the left of the palace.

PLATE 19.

Château of Versailles from the Terrace.—P. 66.

THE view before us presents only the central projection of this magnificent pile; the first floor of which forms one capacious apartment, and was occupied as a state-room by the late court of France. The ceiling is ornamented with paintings by the celebrated Le Brun, the founder of the French school. In the front of the palace are two large basins, one of which only appears in the present view, in consequence of the horizon of the artist being so very low as not to admit of the introduction of the other.

The gardens attached to this building are very extensive, and display a greater degree of taste than most others in France. In various parts are several capacious basins, on the margins of which are placed gigantic figures in bronze; and in the centre of each rises a fountain, which, from the brilliant effect produced by the rising and setting of the sun, appears like showers of gold.

PLATE 20.

Sporting Apparatus.—P. 70.

THE groupe of sporting implements here introduced are entitled to particular notice, on account of the superior excellence of their manufacture, as well as for the peculiar plan upon which they are constructed. The air-gun stands among the foremost, and is particularly described as above. The others are as follow:—

A. Three-barrelled pistol, presented to the First Consul by the author.

B. Sporting-case, which contains a fowling-piece, shot-bag, bottle and cup, marked

M. and every thing necessary for the pursuit of game. The lid is so contrived as to enclose refreshment. When shut, it is slung on one side of the saddle, and carried with great ease.

C. Case for gun-barrels, carried as the before-mentioned articles. All the author's guns are ingeniously contrived to take to pieces in an instant, which makes their portability very desirable. The barrel is screwed on near the lock, as may be seen at K. L. and is as firm, as if the gun were in one piece.

D. Fourteen-barrelled gun, of very superior workmanship, and remarkably light. This piece is more worthy of notice as a curiosity, than for its service in sporting; notwithstanding, it may be let off with wonderful facility and effect. The barrels are beautifully browned; the bore formed as at E. F.

G. Shot-case, made from a piece of double-barrelled gun, and is extremely convenient.

H. Patent shot-moulds.

I. Powder and shot-case; made from the same material as the article G.

Indeed, it may be fairly presumed, that the author possesses a greater quantity of sporting apparatus of the most valuable and curious manufacture than any other sporting gentleman in England; as he has been at a very considerable expence, and spent a great portion of time and pains in the accomplishment of this desirable end.

PLATE 21.

Tomb of Rousseau on the Island of Poplars.---P. 87.

In contemplating this scene, it is probable the reader will feel more than a common degree of interest. The spot is particularly distinguished on account of the remains of the above celebrated character being once deposited there. It has been a principal object with the artist to produce a correct representation; how far he has succeeded, he is content to leave to the memory and judgment of those who have visited the place.

In addition to what is already mentioned on this subject in pages 87 and 88 of vol. 1. it may not here, perhaps, be improper to introduce some further account of Rousseau, and the famous place of his interment.

M. Girardin, the proprietor of Ermenonville, formerly granted free access to any one who applied to visit the Island of Poplars. This liberty, however, was soon abused,

by many idle and wanton people, who wrote offensive inscriptions on the tomb, and even mutilated the sculpture; which ultimately occasioned the place to be shut to strangers. Scarcely a week passed in which there were not gates to repair, which had been violently forced; or persons caught amusing themselves with destroying, merely for the pleasure of doing mischief.

The design of the monument was executed by M. Robert, and the sculpture by Le Sœur.

On the south side is a bas-relief representing a woman seated at the foot of a palm-tree, the emblem of fecundity: she supports with one hand her son whom she is suckling, and in the other she is holding *Emile*. Behind her is a group of women who are offering fruits and flowers on an altar erected before a statue of Nature. In one corner is seen a child burning swaddling-clothes, and different bandages formerly used for infants, while others are leaping around, and playing with a cap, the emblem of liberty. The pilasters on each side of the bas-relief are decorated with two figures; one representing Love, the other Eloquence, with their attributes.

On the corresponding pilasters is seen Nature represented by a mother suckling her children; Truth by a naked female holding a torch. Lachrymatory vases are sculptured at each end. On the pediment on this side two doves are expiring at the foot of an urn, on torches smoking and reversed. Such is, in all its details, the monument which contains the ashes of Rousseau: and for the gratification of the inquisitive reader, a correct representation is here introduced.



During the period that the following sheets were in the press, some particulars of the death of Rousseau were put into the hands of the editor of these pages, a gentleman of the first respectability as a traveller, and which he has introduced in this place. How far this may be consistent with propriety must be left to the decision of the candid and impartial reader; and, at the same time, he begs to observe, that an *anxious desire to interest and gratify the enquiring mind* has been his *only* inducement.

“ We descended by a path called *le sentier de Rousseau*,” says this gentleman, “ and taking a circuit round the lake, returned by the other side of it to the village, to procure a guide to conduct us through the park; the objects of curiosity in which, we had been informed, were too numerous to be all discovered without such assistance, as well as too deserving of attention to hazard the missing of any of them. We passed by the *château*, which is the usual country residence of the Marquis de Girardin, to whom Ermenonville belongs. It stands on a river, and its situation in the midst of water, was all we observed remarkable in it. Two *pavillions*, as the French call them, standing in a line, about thirty yards on each side from the body of the house, serve as wings to it. In that on the right hand as we faced the house, died Rousseau. He had resided there but a little time before his death. We made several enquiries about his manner of living, and were informed that he got his meat from the market of Ermenonville; his table, as may be supposed, was modest and frugal, suited to the simplicity of his taste, and mediocrity of his circumstances. He sometimes dined with the Marquis de Girardin, but much less frequently than his noble patron would have wished. He had conceived a fondness for his younger son; he called him his little governor, and as he brought him every day to walk with him, he used to shew great impatience, if the boy delayed too long coming to him of a morning. He instructed him in the first principles of botany, and took pleasure in opening his mind to the beauties of nature. He also gave lessons in music to *Mademoiselle de Girardin*, and this was to him a favourite amusement. We enquired of our guide if he was affable, and if he conversed much with the inhabitants of the village. He told us he did, particularly with those that were poor, whom he delighted to assist by his instruction and advice. We made several other enquiries, and the answers we received, tended all to confirm us in the opinion we already entertained of him. But as the last moments of life are those alone in which the situation and sentiments of the human heart appear without disguise, and constitute therefore the best criterion, by which the virtues of the man can be ascertained; in justice to Rousseau’s memory, I shall beg leave to subjoin the following account of his death, written by an eye-witness, with that air of candour and sincerity, which sufficiently warrants the truth of the circumstances related in it.

“ In the afternoon of Wednesday, July 1st, 1778, he (*Rousseau*) took his usual walk with his *little governor*, as he called him ; the weather was very warm, and he several times stopped and desired his little companion to rest himself (a circumstance not usual with him) and complained, as the child afterwards related, of an attack of the cholic ; which, however, was entirely removed when he returned to supper, so that his wife had even no suspicion of his being out of order. The next day he arose at his usual hour, went to contemplate the rising sun in his morning walk, and returned to breakfast with his wife.

“ Sometime after, at the hour she generally went out about her family business, he desired her to call and pay a smith that had done some work for him ; and charged her particularly to make no deduction from his bill, as he appeared to be an honest man. His wife had been out but a few minutes, when returning she found him sitting in a straw-chair, and leaning with his elbow on a nest of drawers. What is the matter with you, my dear, says she : do you find yourself ill ? I feel, replies he, a strange uneasiness and oppression, besides a severe attack of the cholic. Madame Rousseau upon this, in order to have assistance without alarming him, begged the porter’s wife to go to the *château*, and tell that her husband was taken ill. Madame de Girardin being the first whom the news reached, hurried there instantly, and as that was with her a very unusual hour of visiting Rousseau, she, as a pretext for her coming, asked him and his wife, whether they had not been disturbed in the night by the noise made in the village ? “ Ah ! madam,” answered Rousseau, in a tone of voice that declared the feeling he had of her condescension ; “ I am perfectly sensible of your goodness, but you see I am in pain, and to have you a witness of my sufferings, is an addition to them ; and both your own delicate state of health, and the natural tenderness of your heart, unfit you for the sight of other people’s sufferings. You will do me a kindness, and yourself too, madam, by retiring and leaving me alone with my wife for some time.” She returned therefore to the *château*, to leave him at liberty to receive, without interruption, such assistance as his cholic required, the only assistance in appearance, which he stood in need of.

“ As soon as he was alone with his wife, he desired her to sit down beside him. Here I am, my dear ; how do you find yourself ? The cholic tortures me severely, but I in-treat you to open the window ; let me once more see the verdure that covers the face of nature ; how beautiful it is ! My dear husband, what do you mean by saying so ? It has always been my prayer to God, replied he with the most perfect tranquillity, to die without doctor or disease, and that you might close my eyes ; my prayers are on the

point of being heard. If I have ever been the cause of any affliction to you; if by being united to me, you have met with any misfortune, that you would have otherwise avoided, I intreat your pardon for it. Ah, it is my duty, cried she all in tears, it is my duty and not yours, to ask forgiveness for all the trouble and uneasiness I have occasioned to you! But what can you mean by talking in this manner? Listen to me, my dear wife: *I feel that I am dying, but I die in perfect tranquillity; I never meant ill to any one* and I have a right to reckon upon the mercy of God.*"

"My friends have promised me never to dispose without your consent, of the papers I have put into their hands; the Marquis de Girardin will have the humanity to claim the performance of their promise. Thank the marquis and his lady on my part; I leave you in their hands, and I have a sufficient reliance on their friendship, to carry along with me the satisfactory certainty, that they will be a father and mother to you. Tell them I request their permission to be buried in their garden, and that I have no choice as to the particular spot. Give my *souvenir* to my little governor, and my botany to Mademoiselle Girardin. Give the poor of the village something to pray for me, and let the honest couple whose marriage I had settled, have the present I intended to make them. I charge you besides particularly, to have my body opened after my death, by proper persons, and that an exact account of the appearances and dissection be committed to writing.

"In the mean time the pains he felt encreased; he complained of shooting pains in the breast and head. His wife being no longer able to conceal her affliction, he forgot his own sufferings to console her. What, said he, have I lost all your affection already; and do you lament my happiness, happiness never to have an end, and which it will not be in the power of men to alter or interrupt? See how clear the heavens look, (pointing to the sky, in a kind of transport that seemed to collect all the energy of his soul) there is not a single cloud; don't you see that the gate of the blessed mansions is open, and that God himself waits my approach? At these words he fell forwards, dragging his wife down along with him. Attempting to raise him, she finds him speechless and without motion. Her cries bring all within hearing to her assistance; the body is taken up and laid on the bed. At that moment I entered, and taking his hand, I found it

* Here the reader is left to pursue his own opinion of the character of a man whose doctrines have made a considerable noise in the world; and upon which many distinguished characters have been greatly divided. Let his principles have been what they may, his confession, at the awful moment of dissolution, it is earnestly to be hoped, flowed from a pure stream; and that if he had lived, in error, he felt a thorough conviction of it before the moment of his death.

still a little warm, and even imagined his pulse beat; the shortness of the time in which the fatal event had taken place, the whole having passed in less than a quarter of an hour, left me a ray of hope. I sent for the neighbouring surgeon, and dispatched a person to Paris, for a physician, a friend of Rousseau's, charging him to come without a moment's delay. I called for some *alkali volatil fluor*, and made him smell to, and swallow it repeatedly, all to no effect. The consummation so delightful to him, and so fatal to us, was already completed, and if his example taught me how to die, it could not teach me to bear his loss without regret."

PLATE 22.

Great Lake at Ermenouville.—P. 130.

THE view before us presents to the eye a magnificent sheet of water; and affords a fair specimen of the numerous lakes with which the fertile parts of the continent abound.

The great advantages of water are justly appreciated by most men of landed property; and generally considered an indispensable by all those who possess extensive domains. It will be perceived, in the course of the work, that the author is a great advocate for this valuable acquisition.

PLATE 23.

Château de Mereville.—P. 145

WHILST the eye of the contemplative traveller is gratified with the appearance of this elegant seat, the mind receives a sudden shock on enquiring the name of its former possessor, whose untimely fate excites compassion in the breast of humanity.

Monsieur Le Bord, the king's banker, once possessed this mansion; it is now occupied by his widow, who is the only branch of this unhappy family which has survived the dreadful ravages of the revolution. The *château* is situated on a rising ground, and commands an extensive prospect over the adjacent country.

PLATE 24.

Château de Mereville, from the Top of the Pillar.---P. 146.

THE point of view from which this drawing was taken, is in the garden at some distance from the house, and gives a correct idea of the appearance of the surrounding scenery. The gardens are interspersed with numbers of lofty poplars, which break in upon the scene, and produce an agreeable variety. The beauty of this subject is considerably improved by the intersection of a serpentine rivulet which runs through the garden.

PLATE 25.

The Bridge at Blois.---P. 165.

THIS plate presents to the eye a faithful representation of the ancient city of Blois; which suffered considerably during the late revolution. At different periods of the year the river runs above the surface of its banks, and overflows the foreground as described in the drawing.

The road on the left hand leads to Chambord, the celebrated residence of Francis the First, which joins to the forest of that name.



VIGNETTES.

On account of there not being sufficient room for the introduction of the whole of the following Vignettes in their proper places, without interrupting the narrative, it was thought proper to place them at the end of the nearest letter to which they allude. The pages are here given where they may be found, also the reference (if necessary) where each particular subject applies:---

Wolf-Hunting, p. 39.---*Horn* used in the field in the reign of Henry IV. It is made of ivory, curiously wrought, inlaid with silver; and is classed among the sporting-implements in the Library at Thornville Royal.

Page 19.---*Jack-boot*, from a drawing made in Paris, by Mr. Bryant. Described in p. 18.

----- 27.---*Un Sabot*; or wooden shoe; worn by the people of Dieppe, where the drawing was taken. See p. 16.

----- 41.---*Un Chapeau*, in p. 15. This is a correct portrait, taken at the same time with the above.

----- 53.---From the top of a building in the botanical garden, p. 51.

----- 61.---Fountain in the gardens at St. Germain, p. 58.

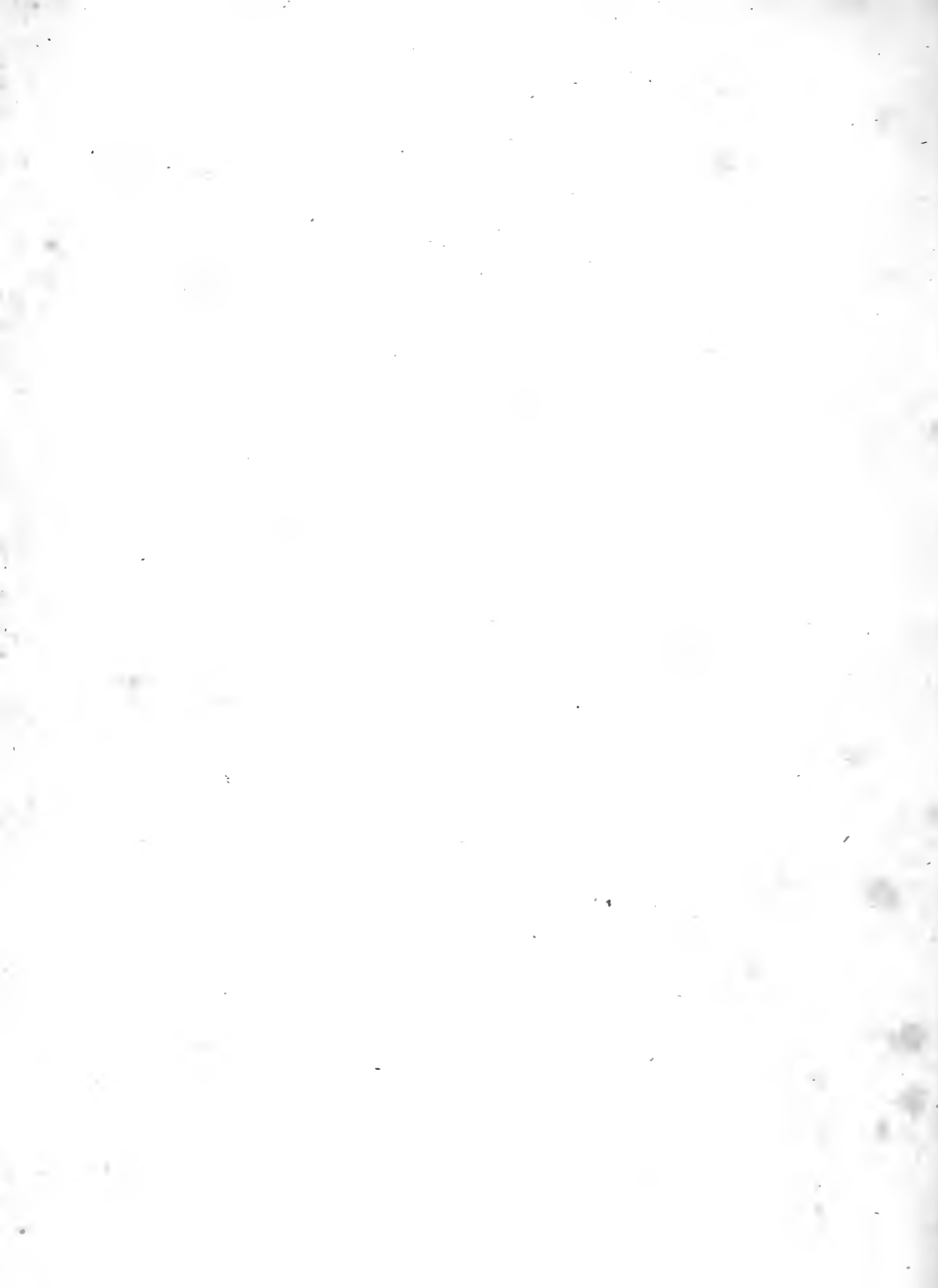
----- 73.---Ruins of an ancient castle in the environs of Paris.

----- 97.---Scene on coming out of Fontainbleau.

----- 105.---*Cabin du Berger*; or travelling-carriage, used by the shepherds in various parts of the continent.

----- 128.---Scene in the garden at Versailles.

----- 138.---Pagoda at Mereville.



OBSERVATIONS

ON

THE EMBELLISHMENTS TO VOLUME II.

VIGNETTE.—*Partridge Shooting,*

PLATE 1.

Part of Tours, coming in from Vendome.—P. 8.

IN the fore-ground, appears the cathedral of Tours, on the left; and on the right stands part of the city of that name, the capital of the Touraine. It is bounded on the near side by the Loire.

PLATE 2.

Village and Castle of Mont-Bazon.—P. 12.

THIS place was formerly of some consequence, when its prince resided there; at present it contains but few inhabitants. The last occupier of this castle was the Prince of Montbazon, who was in the carriage with Henry IV. when he was stabbed by Ravillac.

PLATE 3.

Horses drinking, from a Picture of Paul Potter, in the Louvre, with a distant View of Tours.—P. 22.

IN the scene before us appears a correct view of Tours, taken at a distance, as described in p. 22. At the foot of the hill runs the Loire, which takes its course through the city of Tours, till lost in the distance among the surrounding woods.

ON returning to Paris after taking this view; the artist, on visiting the Louvre, was struck with the natural beauty and simplicity of the celebrated painter, Paul Potter, from which he copied the horses drinking, and introduced them in the foreground of the present view, in order to fill up the vacancy, and complete his picture.

PLATE 4.

View on the Side of the Loire.---P. 24.

THE banks of the Loire abound with the most charming and picturesque scenery. The present view delineates the country between Tours and Amboise. In the distance appears the cathedral of Tours, from whence to Amboise is a delightful ride along the margin of the river.

About the time this view was taken, a dreadful accident happened on the spot:--A tilted-cart, in which were seated two women and a child, passing along, through the carelessness of the driver, went too near the edge of the banks, and was precipitated into the river. Dreadful to relate, the child was unfortunately drowned; the females were saved by clinging to the cart, from which the horse had disentangled himself, and struggling in the water for some time, with difficulty reached the opposite shore in safety.

PLATE 5.

Chanteloup, the Seat of the Duke de Choiseul.---P. 26.

THIS drawing forms one of the most magnificent subjects taken by Mr. Bryant during the course of the tour. The general effect of this elegant building was much injured by an enormous pile erected behind one of its wings for a temporary accommodation; this it was thought proper to omit in the representation. At each end of the centre building are placed two bas-reliefs, representing the seasons, beneath which are four beautiful antique statues much mutilated. The square buildings by which the pillars are terminated have similar ornaments. This magnificent edifice, the whole front of which is composed of stone, did not escape the ravaging hand of the late revolution.

PLATE 6.

Château of M. Le Mercier, near Blois.---P. 34.

THIS building, like many others of a similar nature, in that part of the country where it is situated, is built of stone. Of the gardens we can say but little, having neither elegance, beauty, nor novelty to recommend them. The faithful regard, however, which has been paid by the artist to the original, certainly entitles it to notice; by which some idea may be formed of the manner of laying out estates in France.

PLATE 7.

Lake near Cheverney.---P. 38.

THIS scene was taken on the Cheverney estate. Here the united beauties of an interesting landscape are seen at one view. This spot abounds in fertility, and affords a fair sample of the advantages derived by the introduction of water into landscape-scenery. These lakes abound with fine fish.

PLATE 8.

In the Forest of Fontainebleau.---P. 43.

THIS sketch was hastily taken in the evening; yet it gives a just idea of the country. In the distance, on the right, is seen Fontainebleau.

PLATE 9.

Specimen of Cattle taken near Fontainebleau.---P. 50.

AT the period of time at which this drawing was taken, the light was much in favor of the artist; as the objects appeared in a striking point of view, so as to enable him to form a bold and correct Indian-ink sketch of the portraits here represented.

IN the distance appears the true charater of a cabin du berger, or shepherd's cabin, used in various parts of France by those who have the care of flocks. In these vehicles they sleep, and frequently travel to a considerable distance.

PLATE 10.

View from the Bois du Boulogne.---P. 61.

THE Bois du Boulogne, formerly called the Bois de St. Cloud, and afterwards the Bois de Rouvrey, bears its name from a little village in that neighbourhood, being a kind of wood or forest, beautifully situated, is much frequented by the Parisians, as a place of amusement; and has been the scene of many a fatal duel. From Paris you arrive at this place by the road of Passy, and Neuilly. Here are coffee-houses, tea-gardens, and other places of public resort in abundance, the principal of which is Madrid and Bagatelle.

The former of these places was built by Francis I. and the latter, from the design of Mons. Belanger, who accompanied the author to Eremonville. The pavilion is remarkable for its elegance: the house is small, but very commodious, and beautifully ornamented. The great saloon is in the Italian style. The cupola is a very fine elevation. Indeed, the whole forms a fine *coup d'ail*.

PLATE 11.

Château Thiery, on the Road to Trois Fontaine.---P. 86.

THIS view forms a pleasing scene: the river Marne conspicuously appears; above which rises the château of the famous Duc de Guise.

PLATE 12.

Château de Jaegersbourg.---P. 102.

THIS scene presents to the eye of the traveller the remains of a once sumptuous palace, formerly belonging to the Duc de Deuxponts. How far the general aspect of this

building was entitled to admiration when in its former state, the reader may, perhaps, be enabled to form some estimate from what now appears; but as to the traditionary observations (p. 102) respecting the reverence due to it, or to its former illustrious occupier, we consider quite incompatible with common sense.

PLATE 13.

On the Road to Trois Fontaine.---P. 126.

THIS view affords an additional specimen of the face of the country towards the German dominions. From this spot the surrounding scenery appears to great advantage. Here it was that Mr. Lucas (a French artist, of considerable eminence, who also accompanied the travellers) lost his book of sketches, which was afterwards recovered by our author.

PLATE 14.

Environs of Beaulieu.---P. 128.

A RICH display of rural scenery is here seen: bounded on every side by charming landscapes, and the rising ground naturally improves the beauty of the country.

PLATE 15.

The Horns, from an original French Air, adapted to the Piano-Forte.---P. 130.

FOR the convenience of playing the above, the two pages should be placed, so as to face each other; that when the book is opened, the whole may appear at one view.

PLATE 16.

Convent du Trois Fontaine.---P. 134.

THIS view presents a correct representation of the once celebrated convent of the Three Fountains; which with the accompanied description of the entrance, display at once the remains of a magnificent pile, partaking equally of much grandeur and simplicity.

PLATE 17.

Jack-Boots seen in the Forest of Trois Fontaine.---P. 140.

IN this subject the true character of the jack-boot is very correctly detailed. In the course of a sporting excursion in the forest of the Three Fountains, these appendages of travelling in France were seen. Upon a moderate calculation, they were considered to be little short of 60lbs. weight, which, on account of their ludicrous appearance and enormous size, induced the artist to make a sketch from them.

PLATE 18.

View of the Château at Chantilly.---P. 157.

THIS subject affords a specimen of the disposition of the various buildings of which the establishment at Chantilly were composed. The gardens, it was generally admitted, far surpassed every other in France.

PLATE 19.

Entrance of the Château at Chantilly.---P. 165.

THIS view of the palace of Chantilly cannot fail to strike the eye, on its first appearance. The magnificence and splendor of this estate was once without a parallel; no one can form so just an idea of the astonishing change in the aspect of the spot altogether as the traveller who had an opportunity of witnessing it in its former state.

PLATE 20.

Water-Carrier---Wood-Cutter---Flour-Porter---Fish-Woman.---P. 179.

THESE characters are actually taken from life, and with the accompanying scenery exhibit a correct specimen of the Parisian costume, which is more fully described in the page above referred to.

PLATE 21.

Market of La Halle, in Paris.---P. 181.

IN this view the Fontaine des Innocens form the principal object. It is a beautiful *morceau* built by Pierre L'Escot de Clugny; although an ancient style of building is nevertheless admirable for the beauty of its proportions. Nothing can be more graceful and appropriate than the Naiads in bas-relief, which were executed by Jean Gougeon. On this column is written---“*Pontium Nymphis;*” also the following beautiful lines of Santeuil:---

Quos duro cernis simulatus marmore fluctus,
Hujus Nympha loci credidat esse suos.

PLATE 22.

Itinerant Musicians.---*Shoe-Black.*---*Blancoïses.*---*Chesnuds.*---P. 183.

PLATE 23.

Ptisan.---*Stocking-mender.*---*Grapes.*---*Porter.*---P. 184.

THESE, as well as the foregoing, add to the number of characters of the lower order of persons, in Paris, which exhibit the costume of the city, and are depicted with a faithful pencil.

PLATE 24.

Female Characters.---P. 191.

TAKEN from life, and are thus particularized:

1. Peasant's wife at Dieppe.---The peasants throughout France, particularly in Normandy, are remarkable for their cleanliness, yet their houses but ill correspond with their persons.

2. Farmer's daughter at Dieppe.---This figure affords a back view of the remarkable cap mentioned in P. 15, Vol. I.---In Fig. 7, also, is given a side view of the same kind of cap.

3. Woman in the market-place at Orleans.

4. Daughter of an inn-keeper at Dieppe.

5. Sketch of a young lady at the Comedy at Rouen;—head *à la Grec*.

6. Wife of an aubergiste at Rouen.---The ear-rings of silver; hair plaited behind; characteristics of that part of the country.

7. Servant of an ivory-turner at Dieppe.

8. Market-woman at Vernon.

9. Peasant's wife at Louviers.---This character was drawn on a fair day.

PLATE 25.

Male Characters.---P. 192.

1. Water-carrier at Dieppe.

2. French dragoon.---The helmets worn by these men are made of polished steel, partly covered with the skin of an animal, and from the hinder part is suspended a horse's tail; it is by the different colours of these tails that the respective regiments are distinguished. The helmet is fastened under the chin by a piece of brass or polished steel, of which their cuirasses are also made. It is hardly possible to describe the brilliant effect produced by one of these regiments in motion, when opposed to the sun; having all the appearance of an immense sheet of glistening steel.

These regiments are generally composed of stout, athletic men, of high stature.

3. Subaltern officer at Rouen.---The cockade is composed of a tri-coloured silk rib-band; but among the lower order, they are made of cotton; the colours are white, red, and blue. White indicates *law*; red, the *nation*; blue, the *king*. The violent republicans put out the *blue*, and wear *red* and *white* only.

4. Portrait of a Frenchman at the opera at Paris, taken in the parterre.

5. Parisian mechanic.

6. Postilion, taken on the road from Orleans.

7. Sans Culotte---a cap of red woollen, and national cockade.

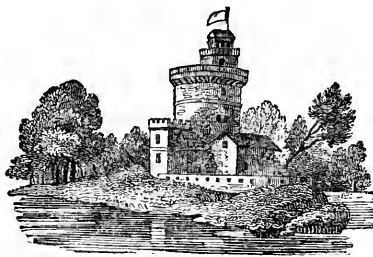
Characters taken on the Boulevards.---P. 198.---Described in P. 191.

THESE grotesque figures attracted the attention of the artist when walking on the Boulevards; and will serve to shew the striking contrast between the costume of the last and present century.

PLATE 26.

Library at Thornville, Hawk-Houses, and Temple of Victory.

It is deemed unnecessary in this place to enter into a descriptive account of these plates, which appear in the concluding part of the second volume, where they are particularly noticed.



VIGNETTES TO VOLUME THE. SECOND.

View of the old Church at Blois.---P. 28.

Water-fowl, p. 80.

Ditto, p. 92.

Hen and Chickens, p. 105.

French Hound, p. 114.

Monastic Ruin, p. 127.

Seat in the Gardens at Ermenonville, p. 152.

The Round-Table, or Hunter's Rendezvous, p. 173. Described in p. 170.

Fish-stall in the Market La Halle, in Paris, end of Contents to Vol. 2.

Many of these stalls, instead of being covered in from the weather, in a manner similar to those in the English markets, are sheltered by a kind of umbrella, which is made portable, and removed at pleasure.

Entrance intended for Thornville Royal. See the end of the volume.



TOUR THROUGH FRANCE.

LETTER I.

Departure from Thornville Royal.—Burleigh.—Arrival in London.—Passport.—Pitt Place.—Description of the Country in the Vicinity of Brighton.—Observations on the Beagle.—Brighton—Prince of Wales's Pavilion—Assembly Rooms—Public Libraries—Hot and Cold Baths—Wheat-ears.—Embarkation for Dieppe.—The State Cabin of a Packet-Boat.—Shooting Wild-Fowl.—Trial of a Gun of a singular Construction.—Enormous Oysters and Fish called Toads.—Politeness of a Swedish Captain.—Striking Similarity between the Coasts of Brighton and Dieppe.—Debarkation.—Honours paid to Col. T— by the Soldiers and Seamen.—Harbour of Dieppe—Pier—Quays—Description of the Town and its Environs—Inhabitants—Cauchoises.—Diversity of Manners between the French and English.—French Carriages and Horses.—Tree of Liberty.—Interview with the Prefect.

MY LORD,

Dieppe, June 10, 1802.

YOURSELF and numerous friends have frequently asserted, that Thornville Royal, both with respect to the beauty of its scenery and the variety of its sports, is scarcely to be equalled: but as I am not so decidedly prejudiced, I have formed the resolution of visiting a neighbouring country, whence I shall send you a faithful account of my various excursions, blended with observations on such subjects as may promise to yield you any amusement. The sports of the field will, of course, demand my particular attention, and I shall embrace every op-

portunity of drawing a comparison between those of France and England, yet carefully avoiding all invidious reflections, considering myself merely as a citizen of the world, and consequently divested of national prejudice, and undue partiality. It has, indeed, been my uniform wish to enjoy myself through life; and as the race of man is but of short duration, I am still solicitous to skim the cream of existence, and leave the blue milk for such as may happen to prefer it.

Having previously made every necessary arrangement, I bade adieu to Thornville on Monday morning, and set out on my intended journey to the Continent. After passing Stamford, Mrs. T—— requested me to show her Burleigh, the magnificent seat of the Marquis of Exeter. The entrance, though in an unfinished state, appeared grand and correspondent, and an attentive survey convinced us, that Burleigh, as a Gothic building, cannot easily be surpassed. The Duchess of Hamilton, with whom I spent many pleasant days at Hamilton, was then in London. But at Burleigh, as elsewhere, her taste in every thing is universally allowed.

After a pleasant journey I arrived in London, and flattered myself I should meet with no impediment in my departure for the coast; but, as the beings of this earth are constantly subject to disappointments, I found that my coach-maker, who had positively promised to have every thing in readiness, had only completed my travelling carriage,* and that I should consequently be under the necessity of commencing my journey without my boat-carriage, which was to me a source of infinite vexation.

* This was very complete indeed. The conveniences for the dogs, were sufficiently capacious to contain six or eight couple, of different sizes: they were on springs, and equally useful if applied to trunks. An addition was, however, made, of which notice will be taken hereafter.

Having waited on Monsieur Otto, I received a pass, couched in the most flattering terms, and addressed to the prefects of Calais, Boulogne, and Dieppe. The kind expressions made use of in this pass were occasioned by a correspondence I formerly had with some of his Majesty's ministers, wherein they thought proper to condemn the marked attention I paid to Mess. Moneron and Senovert, two French commissioners.—That correspondence, however, and another in which I was engaged with his Royal Highness the Duke of York, and other distinguished personages, will fully and more properly appear in the memoirs of my life, at this time arranging for the press.

We now set out from London, our party consisting of myself, Mrs. T——, and Mr. Bryant, as secretary and draftsman; two valets, gamekeeper and huntsman. We first rested at the beautiful residence, Pitt-Place, Epsom, the seat of Mr. Jeudwine, well known for his hospitality, which we felt most forcibly. The dinner, wines, and desert were of superior quality; and Mrs. T—— (being an amateur) was particularly pleased with the choice collection of paintings.

We slept the first night at Horsham, and rose early the ensuing day. In the course of our morning's ride we passed a very handsome park, but nothing material occurred. The country was, for the most part, sylvan and irriguous, apparently well adapted for pheasants and woodcocks. A gentle ascent of the road brought us to the pass of the Devil's Ditch, and we, shortly after, gained a distant view of Brighton, the circumjacent country appearing remarkably naked, and bounded by a shipless sea.

The entrance into the town did not by any means correspond with my expectations. A total want of woody scenery fatigued the eye, which had to rove over a barren waste of extended down, rendered still

more dreary by the recent aridity of the weather, which had withered up all appearance of verdure.—

“ Far as the eye could reach, no tree was seen,
Earth clad in russet scorn'd the lively green.”

In short, there was nothing to rivet the attention—nothing to diversify this dull monotony, so ill-calculated to please, and which continually presented itself. These downs, however, are much admired, for the fine opportunity they afford the visitants of Brighton for equestrian exercises; as the rider is here enabled to pursue his pleasures, even after the heaviest rains, with ease and satisfaction.

Entering one of the narrow streets of Brighton, the carriage had nearly sustained a very serious injury, by coming in close contact with a post; but I fortunately stopped the postillions in time to prevent the threatened disaster. The mechanical appearance of my carriage seemed to excite universal admiration; but it was the opinion of the spectators that it would fail in the French roads.

You are perfectly acquainted with my partiality for every thing referring to the chace, and that predilection naturally led me to inspect the Prince of Wales's dog-kennels, but more particularly his dwarf-beagles, which were *originally* of the same breed as my own.

Here I must observe, that the beagle, in point of height, should be regulated by the country he is to hunt in; but he ought, at any rate, to be very slow. In a dry country, free from walls, the beagle cannot be too low; but where there are such impediments, he should be larger, to prevent being stopped by fences; as also when the waters are out, he is the better calculated for swimming. In the country where my pack hunt, the turf is like velvet, a circumstance much in their favour. The prince's

beagles are of a much larger growth than mine, and mixed; but it is a rule with me in the breed of all animals to *get the most stuff in the least room*, in consequence of which I naturally give the preference to my own pack. Another circumstance tending to strengthen my opinion is, that the lower they are, their noses must be closer, and their scent necessarily stronger; but in point of speed, they all go *too fast*. I have seen several valuable horses distressed, and some very high-bred ones killed, in following these insignificant-looking animals. Many gentlemen, unacquainted with the powers of the beagle, have imagined they could overtake them on a poney; but the speed of these hounds is regulated by the head they carry when they sheet well. Horses are much more distressed in an open, hilly country, where nothing intervenes to impede the hounds, than they are in an enclosed one, as every fence, more or less, impedes the velocity of the hound. Fox-hounds, indeed, fly the fences, but then the game, turning up one fence, and down another, obliges the hounds to cast back; and the frequency of these casts afford a decided advantage in favour of the game, as well as ease to the horses; but when a burst is made, and there is no impediment on the plain, both game, hounds, and horses are done up together.

But to resume my narrative.—Returning to our hotel, which commanded a fine prospect of the sea, I agreed with a captain, on pretty moderate terms, for our passage to Dieppe, as well as for the conveyance of my carriage and dogs. He engaged to reserve the state-cabin for myself and suite, and assured me that in twelve hours, at farthest, we should reach the Gallic shore. I then ordered dinner, and whilst it was preparing, strolled about the town.

It was not my intention to have attempted a description of Brighton, but being so much the resort of the fashionable world, I shall indulge

myself in a few remarks on this place, which has gradually risen from an obscure fishing-town to its present celebrity and importance.

Brightelmstone, now called Brighton, on the coast of Sussex, stands on an elevated situation, gently declining towards the Steine, which is the fashionable promenade of the company who make it their summer, or, more strictly speaking, their autumnal resort. The air is remarkably pure and salubrious, and the town is effectually sheltered from the rude blasts of the north and east winds, by a range of hills, sloping from the downs toward the sea, and (except in very dry seasons) covered with an agreeable verdure.

It is of little consequence what situation the Prince of Wales selects for his residence; elegance and fashion being his invariable attendants. The Pavilion which his Royal Highness has built and rebuilt at Brighton, contributes to the fascination of that watering-place, which is so frequently honoured with the presence of its royal visitor.

This pavilion is situated on the Steine, and has been built about twenty years. It has a very handsome *façade* towards the sea, two hundred feet in length, in the centre of which is a circular building, with a lofty dome, supported by pillars. The addition of two wings since its erection has given a more interesting appearance to the edifice, and has considerably augmented the internal accommodations. The interior of the Pavilion is characteristic of the taste of its illustrious owner, utility and elegance being happily blended. Perhaps the only appendage necessary to render it a complete *sejour* would be a surrounding plantation: this has, indeed, been already attempted, but there is no prospect of its arriving at any degree of excellence, as the air is so strongly impregnated with salt as to check every species of luxuriant vegetation.

There are two assembly-rooms in the town, which are alternately opened for the amusement of dancing, with adjoining card, and tea-saloons. But the most rational amusements of Brighton consist in the public libraries, of which there are several on the Steine, and on what is called the Marine Parade; and these are regularly supplied with newspapers and new publications, from the metropolis.

It is an indisputable fact, that all things in the course of time are subject to mutation, and even the Steine, which is now the promenade of fashion and beauty, was originally nothing more than a place set apart for the poor fishermen to dry their nets. Contiguous to this resort of elegance are the hot and cold baths, for the accommodation of invalids; nor must I dismiss this part of my letter without observing, that the adjacent downs abound with those delicious birds called *wheat-ears*, which the shepherds catch by the simple contrivance of a horse-hair noose placed in a little excavation.—You may probably deem this account of Brighton very unsatisfactory; but as my projected tour is in *France*, I shall here close the description of the place of embarkation, and hasten to relate the manner of our conveyance to the territories of the republic.

The custom-house officers treated us with great civility: indeed there was little cause of apprehension on that score, as, with the exception of a trifling quantity of gunpowder, we had no contraband-goods in our possession.

Having repaired on board at rather an earlier hour than any of the other passengers, I proceeded to take possession of the state-chamber, which, although bad enough, appeared more convenient than the others. I then persuaded Mrs. T—— to follow my example in feigning a sudden indisposition, and we retired to our cot. Tranquillity, however, is

by no means the inhabitant of a packet-boat; for in a little time the arrival of a second boat-full of passengers put a complete termination to our repose. The *state-cabin* had been promised to a gentleman and his wife, and the former strenuously insisted on what he, perhaps, considered as his right; but our possession, being eleven points of the law, was an insuperable bar to all his remonstrances. I endeavoured to comfort him, however, by assuring him, that although we had all been completely duped with respect to the promised accommodations, a few hours would put an end to these trifling difficulties. These observations had the desired effect, and mutual good-humour soon made us satisfied with each other.

But with respect to the *state-chamber* which was, at first, our bone of contention.—Figure to yourself a cabin five feet six inches high, and utterly destitute of light, except what was admitted through a small glass-door, and you will have a tolerable idea of this *enviable* place, which had probably been promised a dozen times over. However the sketch taken by Mr. Bryant (whom I had engaged to delineate such views as appeared most worthy of his pencil), will illustrate this subject much better than any literary description.

Our fellow-passengers consisted of about twenty-four persons, ladies and gentlemen; and as several of them appeared equally well-bred, and convivial, we soon became perfectly sociable, and flattered ourselves with the expectation of a very agreeable voyage.

We had not proceeded far when we found ourselves becalmed, and, shortly after, the cannon of the forts announced the commemoration of his Majesty's birth-day. The weather was peculiarly fine, and our almost stationary situation afforded me an opportunity of shooting several wild-fowl.

After indulging for some time in this diversion, I determined, as it was perfectly calm, to try a gun I had not used, the following account of which you may not, perhaps, consider uninteresting:—

Joseph Manton, the gun-smith, was of opinion, that he could make a double-rifle gun sufficiently stout to carry seven balls each barrel, and that they would do more execution than one of my seven-barrelled guns, which were only stout enough to carry three balls each, *i. e.* twenty-one from the seven barrels. This piece carried very small balls, about the size of what is called buck-shot.

Great pains were taken in hammering the barrel of the new gun, and when it was finished, I went to witness its execution, and resigned to Manton the honour of making the first experiment, which was to take place in a narrow passage adjoining his shop. He loaded the piece with the utmost exactness, and, by his appearance, he would cheerfully have relinquished the *honour* to me; but I thought it no more than justice that the inventor should be first gratified. Accordingly he placed himself, and took exact aim; but the subsequent concussion was so great, and so very different from the firing of any other gun, that I thought the whole shop was blown up, and fully expected, when the smoke dispersed, to find that the piece had burst. This, however, was not the case: it appeared that the whole force of the powder, being insufficient to drive the balls, had come out through the touch-holes, and, what was very extraordinary, the gun was uninjured.

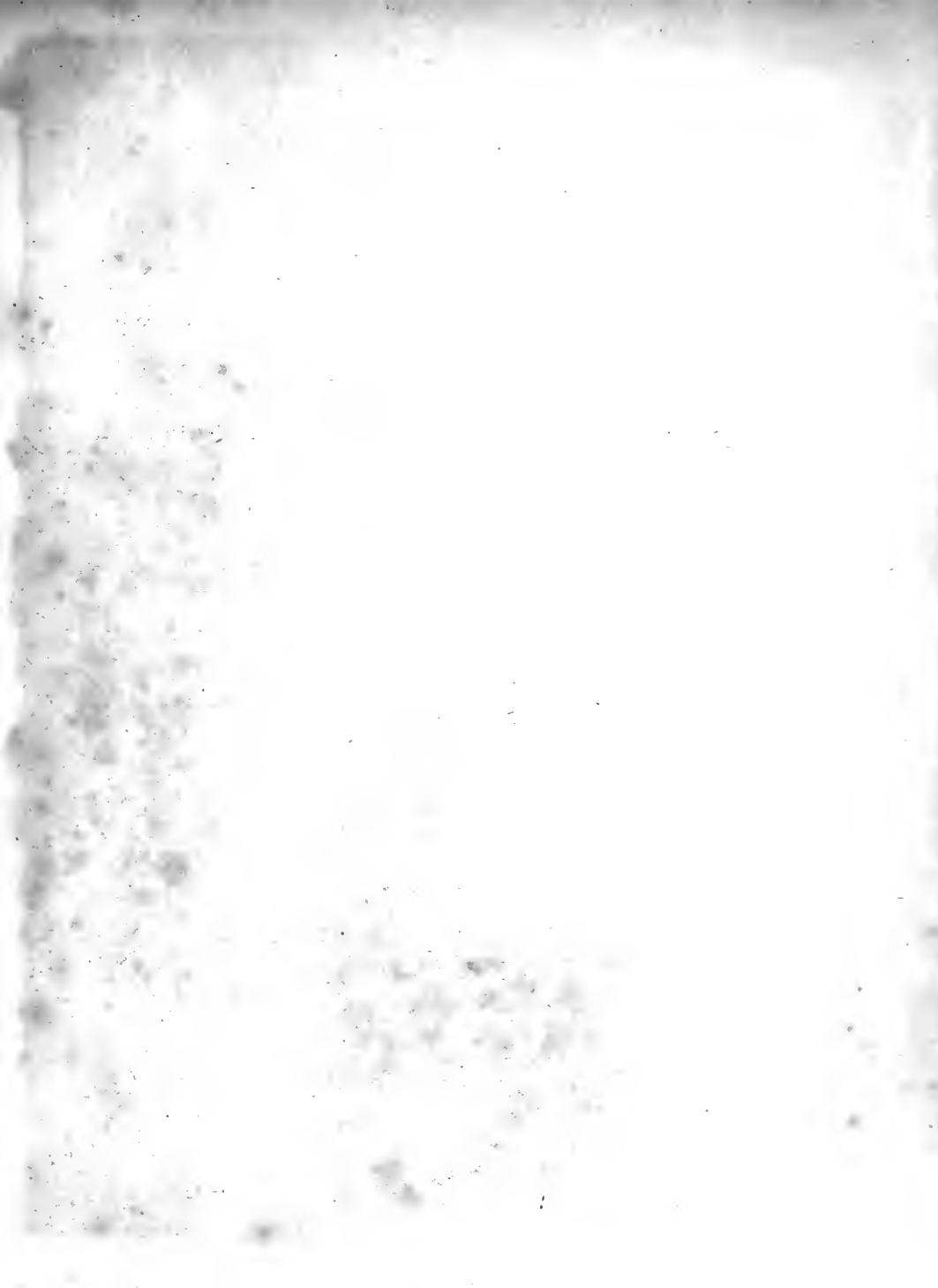
This circumstance affording an indisputable proof of the excellency of the metal, and the firmness of the touch-holes, we took out the breech, and then gently forced the balls, which had only moved six inches. It was now, therefore, sufficiently obvious, that to use this in competition with a seven-barrelled gun was quite out of the question.

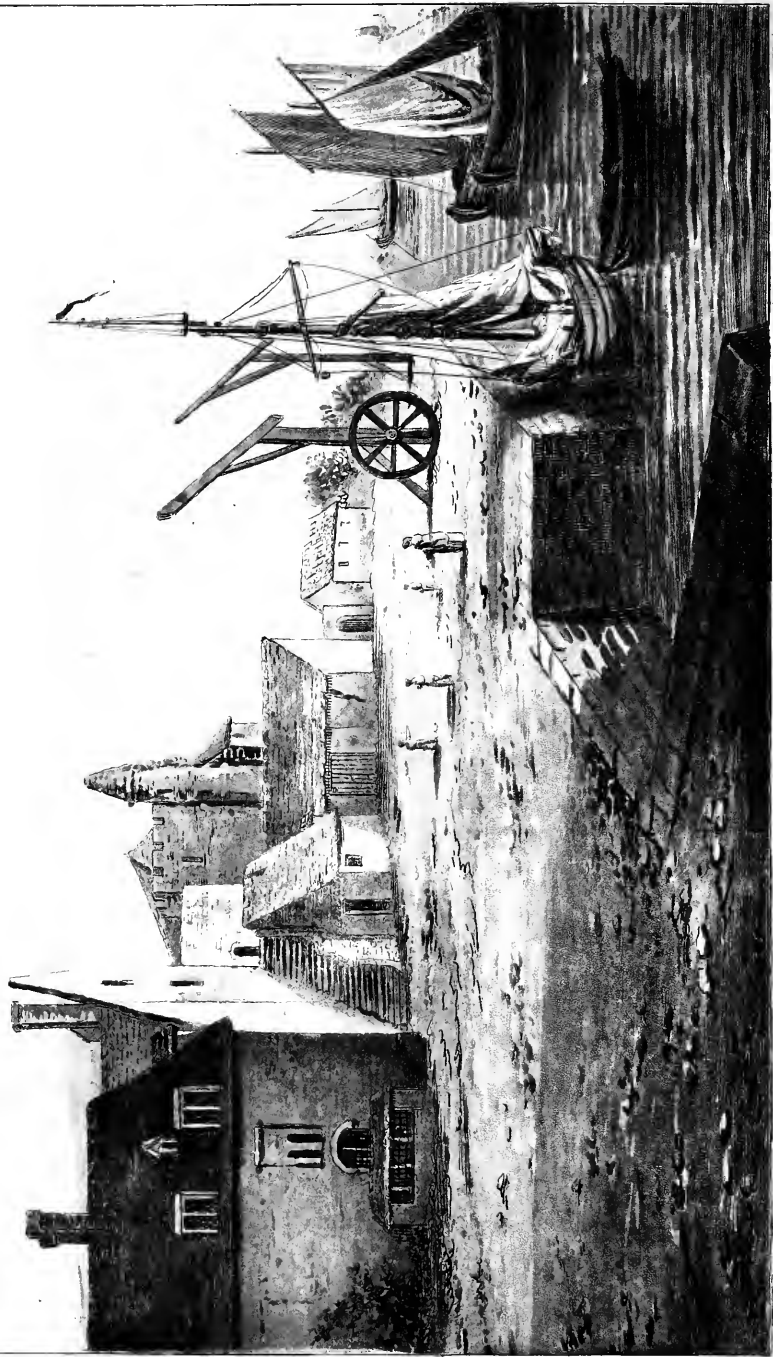
I afterwards took an opportunity of trying my piece among some deer, but it shot so very ill that it was entirely useless. As the above-mentioned experiment had given such ample proof of the excellency of the metal, I determined to have it bored out as a shot-gun. I resolved to have the best borer that could be engaged, and as I had seen guns made by Fisher, of Greek Street, shoot so as to surpass all others, and almost the belief of even the number of sportsmen that were present when I was president of the Chalk-Farm Shooting Society, I thought I could not give it into better hands.

It had stood proof after boring, and had shot very well at a mark. Now was the time, therefore, to try at what distance it could do execution.—As the gun, with respect to its neatness, appeared a mere bauble, several sportsmen who happened to be aboard the vessel, seemed inclined to doubt its utility, except with small shot at snipes or woodcocks. But in the present instance it was to be tried with No. 2 shot, at water-fowl. I killed the first bird, a large gull, which fell at about fifty yards distance, with which we were all well pleased. Seventeen subsequent shots took effect at very great distances, one of which was supposed to have been upwards of an hundred yards. I then cleaned the piece and packed it up. Of the safety and execution of guns I shall speak in a future communication.

Some of the crew having, in the mean time, taken a quantity of fish, they were prepared for dinner. Among the most remarkable were some enormous oysters, and a curious species of fish called *toads*; but even these were so delicious, that if the *frogs* of France prove equally good, I shall easily get the better of an old prejudice.

In the evening we perceived the light of a large ship, which proved to be a Swede, commanded by Captain Ankar, who no sooner heard that





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View from the Hotel du Paquet, Boat, at Dieppe, looking towards the Harbour.

our female passengers were indisposed, than he politely sent us several bottles of Madeira, a quantity of fine oranges, a basket of almonds, raisins, &c. One of our gentlemen, who went on board upon this occasion, happened to mention my name; in consequence of which the captain observed, that his relative, Baron Ankar, had frequently spoken of the festive days he had formerly spent at Thornville Royal, and that nothing could be more gratifying to his feelings than the opportunity which now presented itself of rendering me any acceptable service. Understanding that Mrs. T. was indisposed, his generosity was unbounded. The captain was also very liberal in dispensing his presents to many other passengers.

We passed the night more pleasantly than might have been expected; and a light breeze springing up in the morning, we very soon made Dieppe. The coast is the counterpart of that of Brighton, and this striking correspondence certainly adds weight to the conjecture, that the separation between our island and the continent owes its origin to some great convulsion of nature, although the era of that event is now totally hidden from our view by the impenetrable clouds of uncertainty. Of this, however, I am fully persuaded from the appearance of both coasts, that were it possible to bring them together they would perfectly tally.

Among the crowd assembled to see us disembark were some artificers from Ripon, in Yorkshire, which is not far from Thornville Royal. These men immediately recognized me, and hastened to inform their French companions of my family, and the unprecedented respect I had received from the soldiers under my command, whilst I was Lieutenant-Colonel of the York* militia. This intelligence was no sooner com-

* The editor of these letters cannot omit this opportunity of recording the very honourable circumstance of Colonel Thornton's father having been the first projector of the English militia. During the time that he was a member of the House of Commons, he repeatedly endeavoured to

municated to the soldiers and sailors, than they seemed to vie with each other in testifying their respect and civility, nor could my repeated

bring in a bill for its permanent establishment, which was as frequently rejected. At length, however, he convinced the House of its absolute necessity, and the bill, in consequence, passed. To that gentleman's strenuous endeavours, therefore, is the nation indebted for this grand, constitutional, military defence, now grown into such consequence as to excite the admiration of all Europe. The West-York militia was the first corps of this nature established in England, and the *father* of the militia, as he may be justly styled, was appointed to the command of that regiment, which he not only raised according to the Act of Parliament, but also led it against the rebels in Scotland, during a most inclement winter; on which occasion the conduct of that corps amply justified those arguments which had been adopted to forward its establishment.

In this place it may be necessary to observe, that few novel institutions, however evident their merit, utility, or importance, are received without some instances of popular disapprobation.—Such *was*, and still *is* the case of the militia, among those, who, regardless of public good, approve of nothing that in the least interferes with their private interest or convenience.—Many, likewise, of the men, who composed the first allotment, being obliged to leave their homes and their families, execrated the occasion that subjected them to that necessity, and assembled at the rendezvous with a reluctance which might have rendered a dependance on their services extremely precarious. But the liberality and natural urbanity of their commander almost instantly removed their prejudices: and the paternal attention he paid, as well to their accommodation and the supply of their wants, as to their instruction and improvement in military discipline; soon reconciled them to their new occupation; and enabled him in a short time to evince, that *mildness* is at least as efficacious in the formation of soldiers, as severity; and the affection of love as powerful an incentive, both to their moral and professional excellence, as that of fear. For, though the soldiers of the York regiment were treated by their commander as children, and he honoured and regarded by them as a father; they were neither excelled in discipline, orderly behaviour, nor military appearance, by any regiment in his Majesty's service; and, when called upon to act in their constitutional capacity, performed their duty with the steadiness and alacrity of veterans.

His preferring (in so critical a case) the application of lenient and conciliatory means, to measures of severity, and his silencing their murmurs by correcting the prejudices that occasioned them, were alike honourable to his feelings and his understanding; and, if his conduct on that occasion be appreciated by its immediate and *consequent* effects, it will not be reckoned among the least of his public services. For, as the first mover of the militia bill, and Colonel of the first *embodied* regiment on that establishment, the eyes of all who had embarked in the same service (as if they waited the event of his proceedings), were fixed upon him. The success of his efforts, being manifested by the zeal and cordiality with which every man of the West York regiment adopted his sentiments, promoted his purpose, and (as if actuated by inspiration) entered into the spirit of the institution;—other regiments were embodied;—the emulation which never fails to animate the breasts of Englishmen, in objects which so evidently conduce to the good and safety of their country, was naturally excited; and the militia of England ranked among the first military establishments of Europe.

remonstrances make them forego the determination they had formed of drawing my carriage from the Pier. This circumstance was immediately spread through the town, and the attentions we experienced in consequence of it, were flattering beyond description.

The custom-house officers gave us very little trouble; and many of the inn-keepers attended at our landing, each speaking highly in commendation of his own house. We at first put up at an inn where some of our fellow-passengers had engaged to dine, but the accommodations were so execrable that we soon quitted it in disgust, and removed to the hotel of the packet-boats.

Here I must beg leave to observe, that any Englishman, desirous of rendering himself comfortable at an inn in Dieppe, must endeavour to

It may, likewise, with justice be asserted, that the institution of a NATIONAL MILITIA has been the *generative and efficient* cause of that military and patriotic ardour from which the numerous corps of all descriptions have arisen; and whose services have so materially contributed, as well to the security of the nation against foreign invaders, as to the preservation of its domestic tranquillity, by *over-awing* the seditious disturbers of the PUBLIC PEACE. For the free communication and cordial intercourse it opened between counties widely distant from each other, the high, and just sense of its services, with which the public mind has been long impressed—and the participation in its duties, to which every member of the community (not otherwise employed in the service of the public) is bound; have gradually caused a general acquaintance with military affairs, reconciled all ranks of men to the military garb and discipline, and influenced even children to throw away the usual instruments of their amusement, and, like their fathers, to assume the sword and firelock.

Among the benefits derived from the institution of a NATIONAL MILITIA, also, the jealousy of the people has been obliterated, which influenced the measures of former times; and convinced the present rulers of the land, that, as long as self-interest and preservation is an actuating principle of the human mind, the PEOPLE *must* be the *best and most assured* defenders of their KING and COUNTRY. The unity of their interests, in a *constitutional* view, is too obvious to need elucidation: and, while the experience and events of the present era are remembered, no future minister can hesitate to rest the safety of the kingdom, and the security of its Sovereign, on the spirit, the fidelity, and affection of the people.

Colonel Thornton, the author of the letters now submitted to the public, had, in his youth, a commission in the before-mentioned regiment under the eye of his father. Upon the demise of his worthy parent, the Lieutenant-Colonelcy was sent him by his ever revered friend the late Marquis of Rockingham; but after a series of years he retired in disgust, from what cause will be seen in the

obliterate from his mind all idea of comparison between French and English accommodations. In the hotel, however, where we had now fixed ourselves, we enjoyed the luxury of wooden floors—a circumstance not usually met with in French houses. Here, also, we had the good fortune to meet my worthy friend the Hon. Admiral Thomas Shirley, who with other gentlemen, our *compagnes de voyage*, consented to dine with us. We had an exceeding good repast, and some excellent *Champaign* at three livres per bottle, after which we walked out to view the town.

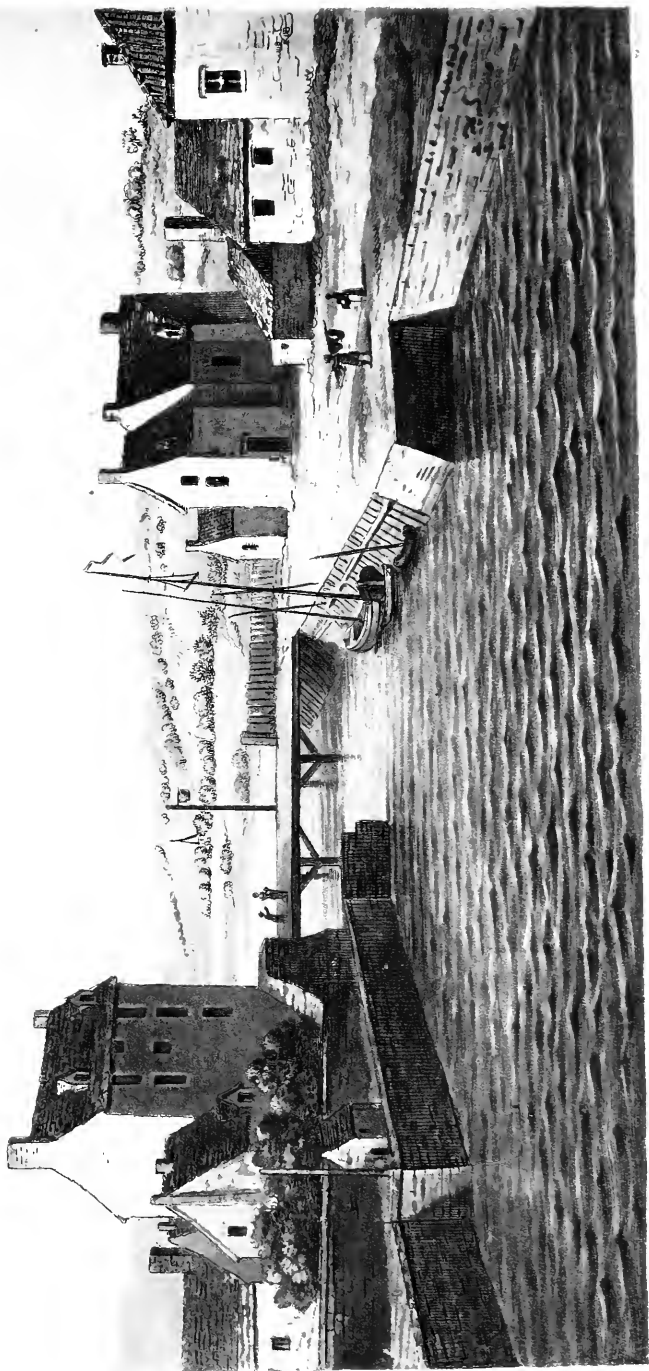
The entrance into the harbour of Dieppe is beautiful, and well calculated for the purposes to which it has been applied during the war with Great Britain. The vast number of small privateers here fitted out, have proved a great annoyance to the trade of the English Channel, and on this account the English and Dutch fleets united, in a former war, for the purpose of demolishing the port.

The pier, during the convulsions produced by the revolution, has been almost entirely neglected, and the channel is so obstructed with sand and gravel, that even the *possibility* of its being again cleared is extremely doubtful.

The quays are very commodious, and every liberal mind must feel a sensation of pleasure while contemplating the general hurry and bustle which has, at length, succeeded the solemn stillness that reigned throughout the custom-house and docks, whilst the public attention was principally engrossed by the vicissitudes of war.

The town of Dieppe, though planned in a style far superior to the

account of his life before-mentioned, although the soldiers under his command exhibited the most unequivocal proofs of their gratitude and respect, by presenting him with an elegant medallion, a magnificent service of plate, and a beautiful sword, as testimonials of the regard they entertained for his character both as a soldier and a gentleman. It may, indeed, be justly said, that they regarded him in the light of a father, and honoured him as their stanch and generous protector.



View of the Pier at Cape Cod, Mass.



Portrait of a Farmer's Daughter near Dieppe.



Character taken at Dieppe.

generality of those in France, is ill built. The windows of the houses, which generally reach from the floor to the ceiling, have balconies of wrought-iron, usually covered with shirts, stockings, &c. hung out to dry. This does not, indeed, disgust the taste of Frenchmen, but an English traveller beholds at one *coup d'œil* the striking difference between the filthy state of this town and that attention to neatness which is universally predominant even in our villages that lie most remote from the capital.

The pavement of the streets is extremely bad, and a common-sewer is a luxury which, I presume, has not hitherto been deemed worthy of attention.

The environs of the town are beautifully picturesque, and in some instances very romantic. A fine wood overhanging the river Arques, together with the majestic ruins of an old castle of the same name, produce an effect peculiarly interesting to a contemplative spectator. I must also observe, that in the vicinity of this place Hen. IV. won the first battle against the Duke de Mayence, chief of the Ligueurs, in 1589.

The inhabitants of Dieppe are celebrated for their neatness and ingenuity in all works of ivory, horn, and tortoise-shell; and they are also said to make excellent quadrants and mariner's compasses, with every other species of astronomical and mathematical instruments. But with respect to their *appearance*, it would certainly afford you much amusement.—The men, from the highest to the lowest, are distinguished by hats of an enormous size; and the women wear caps called *cauchoises*,*

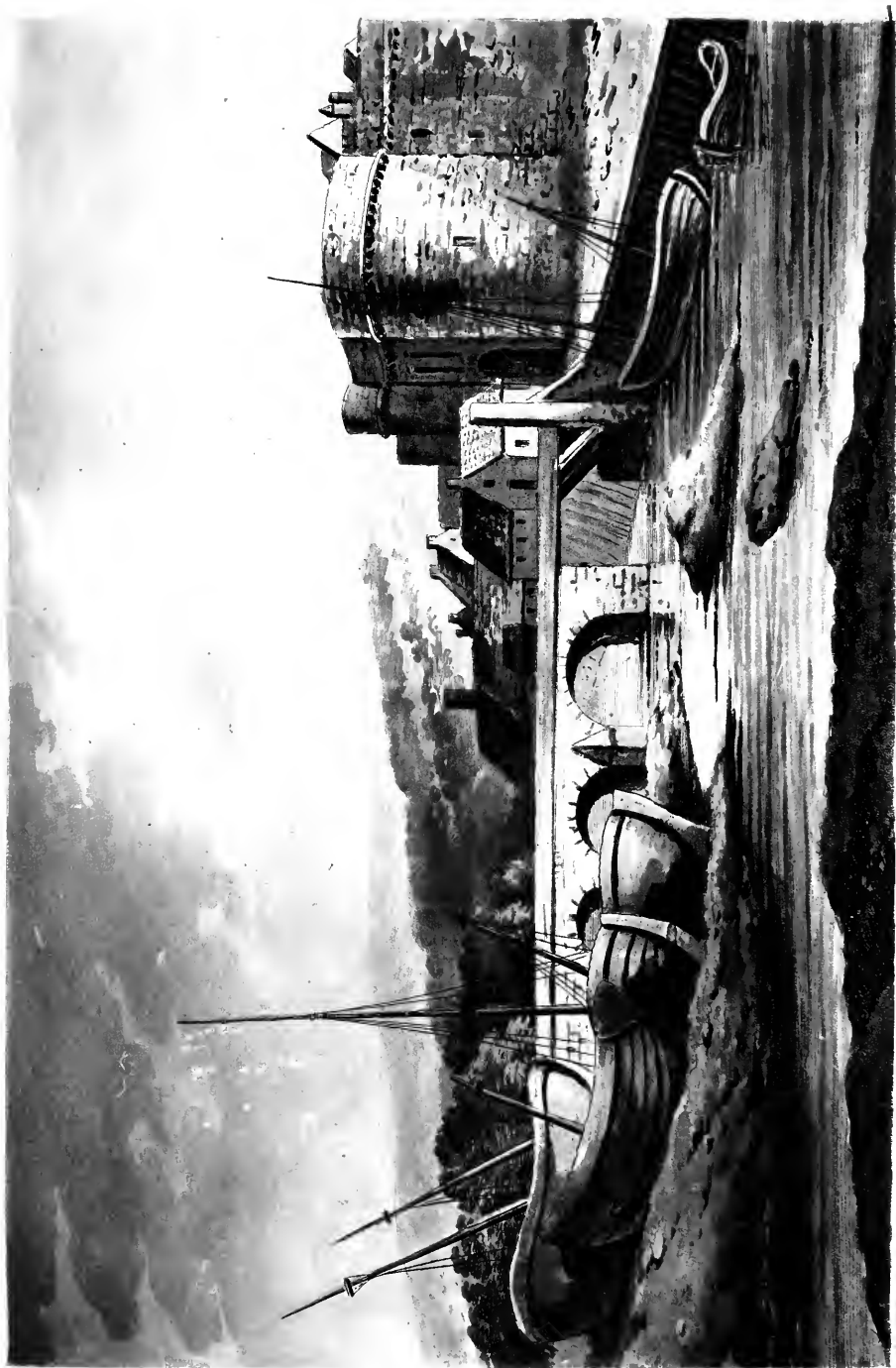
* When women in any other part of France, are observed to wear caps of this description, they are called *Cauchos'es*, from the *Pays du Caux*, the province in which Dieppe is situated. This province contains ten towns, thirty villages, and about six hundred parishes; although it is only ten

at least a yard high, with lappets falling from the ears to the extremity of the waist. For these caps they commonly give sixty or a hundred Louis, and they entail them to their posterity. This must certainly be considered an enormous price for people who do not appear to have sixpence in their pockets.—The rest of their dress consists of a red or blue-jacket, a petticoat of a different colour, and *sabots*, or shoes, of wood, the tops being covered with sheep-skin. The *tout-ensemble* produces, I do assure you, a most risible appearance.

Here I cannot abstain from making a remark, which, I think, must have struck every Englishman on his first landing in this country. After traversing a wide extent of ocean, we naturally expect to find a great diversity in the manners and customs of different nations; but on considering the very trifling distance between the French and English shores, and the constant communication between them, we contemplate with astonishment the alteration as well in manners as in language, which is observable in the two countries.—English solidity is here exchanged for French gaiety, our simple costume for the extravagance of Gallic taste, neatness for external show, and, in every respect, the contrariety is so apparent, that, except in the complexion of the skin, the Ethiopians are not farther removed from Britons, in their general character, than are the inhabitants of the French republic.

I have abundant reason to congratulate myself on my precaution in bringing my own carriage to this country, since no sum is equivalent to procure a vehicle approximating to the neatness and accommodation of even an English pedlar's cart; and with respect to a French diligence,

leagues broad, and eighteen long. It produces a great quantity of grain, flax, hemp, and fruits, and is peculiarly famed for the excellency of its sheep-folds. It abounds, also, in venison and fish. Caudebec is the capital.

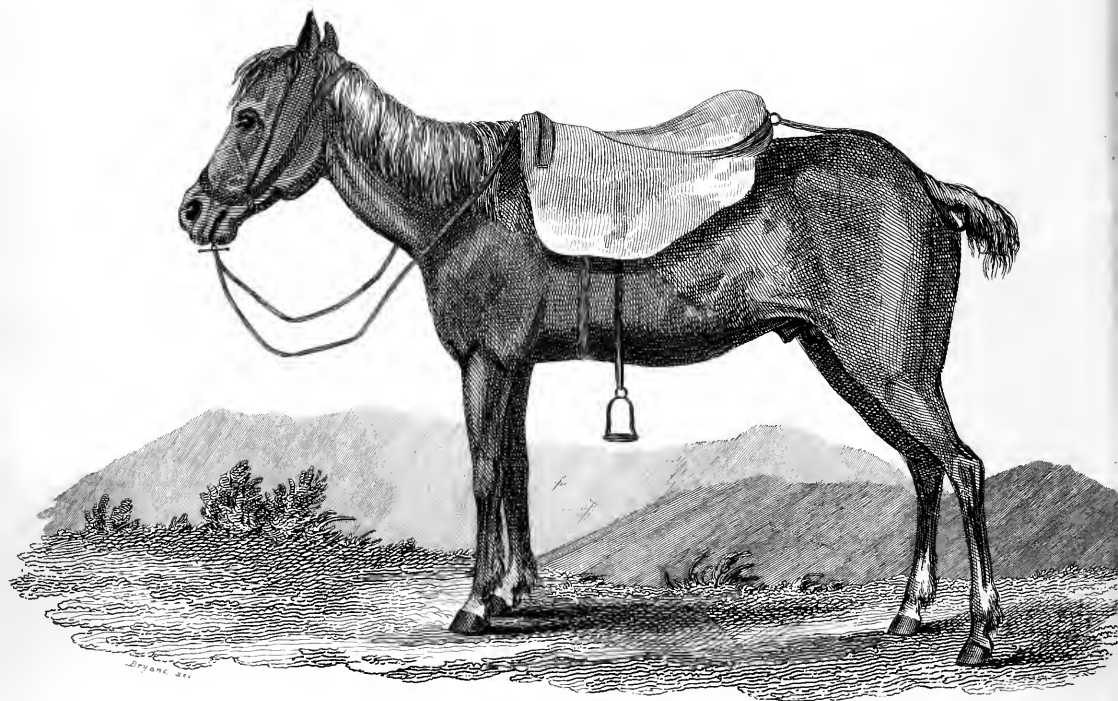


The Harbor of Genoa





French Diligence.



Horse rode by Col. Thornton, when on a Hunting-party.

the most inferior of our common stages is, I assure you, an elegant conveyance when put in competition with it. But all consists in habit, and it is a curious fact, that the people here think lightly of shocks which would probably dislocate the firmly-knit joints even of our pugilistic Jackson.

Here it is necessary to observe, that when all is settled with the *auber-giste*,* which, by the bye, is no very easy matter, he concerns himself very little about the weight his horses are to draw, but every thing is *counted*; and a horse must be engaged for every one attached to the carriage—no matter whether inside or behind—whether the occupiers of the carriage are children, or weigh twenty stone each, there must be a *horse for each*, and one extra. There may, possibly, be great propriety in this arrangement; but, as it is unfortunately beyond my comprehension, I shall leave the solution of this knotty point to your superior ingenuity.

With respect to the French horses, I believe that beauty and proportion, combined with strength, which are universally admired in England, never entered into the head of a *maitre de poste*, who conceives it unpardonable to reduce any part of the mane, so as to give it the appearance of neatness, or to pay the least attention to the heels of the animal, all being left to nature. These miserable horses are frequently put three abreast, in consequence of which the principal labour devolves on the middle beast, which foams and sweats to such a degree as to excite commiseration in the bosom of every man capable of appreciating the useful properties of this noble animal. The harness is very little superior to what is appropriated to English waggons. The jack-boots of

* Innkeeper.

the postillions are also monstrous,* and their whips are, in some instances, three yards long, that they may be the better enabled to produce those harmonious smacks for which the French drivers are universally renowned.

Trees of Liberty are planted in several parts of Dieppe, and carefully watered every evening; but those which I have seen do not appear in a flourishing state:—perhaps the *soil is not congenial* to them.

The prefect of this place, M. Cartier, waited upon me; and, in consequence of a recommendatory letter from M. Otto, he treated me with the most marked civility, and that winning attention which is calculated to inspire sentiments of respect and esteem. He insisted on my accompanying him home, that he might furnish me with letters of recommendation to his friends; and observed, that I, who had shown so much civility to his countrymen, at a time when they needed protection in England, ought to have every possible attention paid me in France. On my arrival at his residence, I was ushered into a very handsome apartment, and introduced to some of the principal persons in the town, with whom I partook of an elegant collation and some of the finest *vin de Champaign de rosé*. Their conversation was sprightly and agreeable, and, on my rising to take leave, they unanimously expressed a wish to see me on my return.

For the sake of form, my trunks were just opened, and then permitted to be reloaded on the carriage, on the payment of a very mitigated duty. In a word, I had no cause of complaint; for although I found the ac-

* Notwithstanding the ridiculous appearance of Jack-boots, they are considered as indispensables by the French drivers, in securing them from injury; to which they would otherwise be exposed in the great agitation occasioned by the bad state of the roads in France. They are called *bottes fortes*; are made of strong leather doubled, and padded on the inside, towards knee.

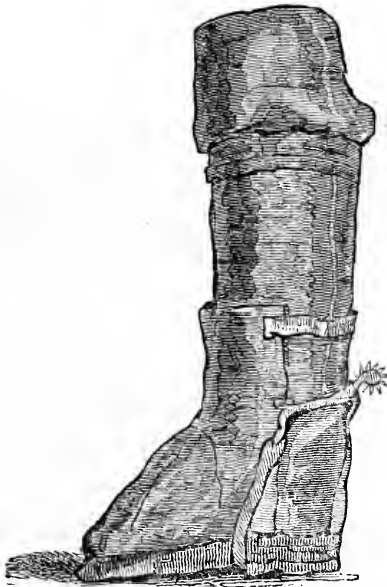
commodations at Dieppe very inferior to those of my native land, that circumstance was more than counterbalanced by the polite and respectful behaviour of all with whom I had occasion to converse, either on matters of business or amusement.

* Having extended my letter to a length which, I fear, has exhausted your patience as well as my powers of description, I shall conclude by subscribing myself,

My Lord,

Yours, very sincerely,

THOMAS THORNTON.



LETTER II.

Description of the Country beyond Dieppe.—Rouen—Cathedral of Notre Dame—Church of St. Ouen—Bridge of Boats—Marché aux Vaux, the Scene of Joan d'Arc's Execution—Market for Horses held on Sunday—Singular Prerogative of the Archbishop under the old Régime—Poplars improperly chosen as Trees of Liberty—Botanical Garden—Manufactures.—Humorous Mistake respecting coloured Eggs.

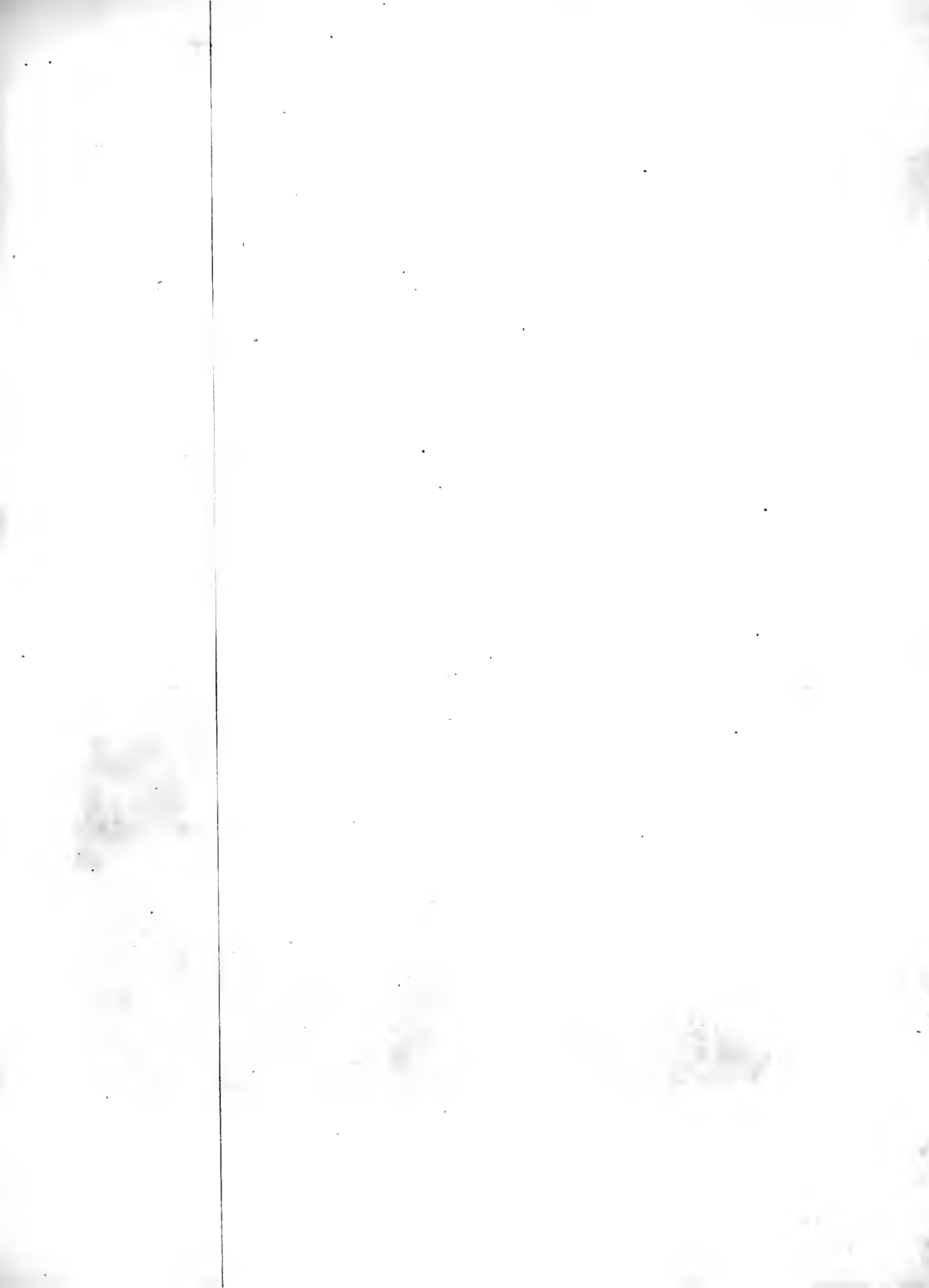
MY LORD,

Rouen, June 14, 1802.

I RESUME my pen to inform you, that our next stage towards Paris was Rouen, the capital of Normandy, where I was desirous of arriving as soon as circumstances would permit.

Having taken an early breakfast on the morning subsequent to the date of my last communication, we quitted Dieppe, and pursued our route through an immense tract of champaign country, which, for the most part, appeared fertile and well cultivated, although the cottages were so thinly scattered, that it seemed almost impossible for them to furnish one hundredth part of the population necessary for the purposes of agriculture. The rural scenery fell short of my expectations, and I remarked with astonishment, that, notwithstanding the advanced state of the season, the corn was very unripe.

The approach to Rouen is certainly well contrived, and has a very agreeable effect. The road, being well paved, is excellently adapted





to winter-travelling, and on the gravel causeways that are raised on each side, pedestrians are effectually sheltered from the intense heat of the sun, by rows of lofty and umbrageous trees. The adjoining lands are spotted with some elegant pavilions, whither the citizens of Rouen occasionally retire from the fatigues of business, to enjoy the fruits of their industry, and not unfrequently to devote their evening hours to dancing in the open air, while the feathered tenants of the grove warble responsive to the cheerful airs of the musician, and all nature seems to participate in the general hilarity. In the perspective are some extensive sheep-walks, beautifully clothed with herbage, and extending to the very summits of the surrounding mountains.

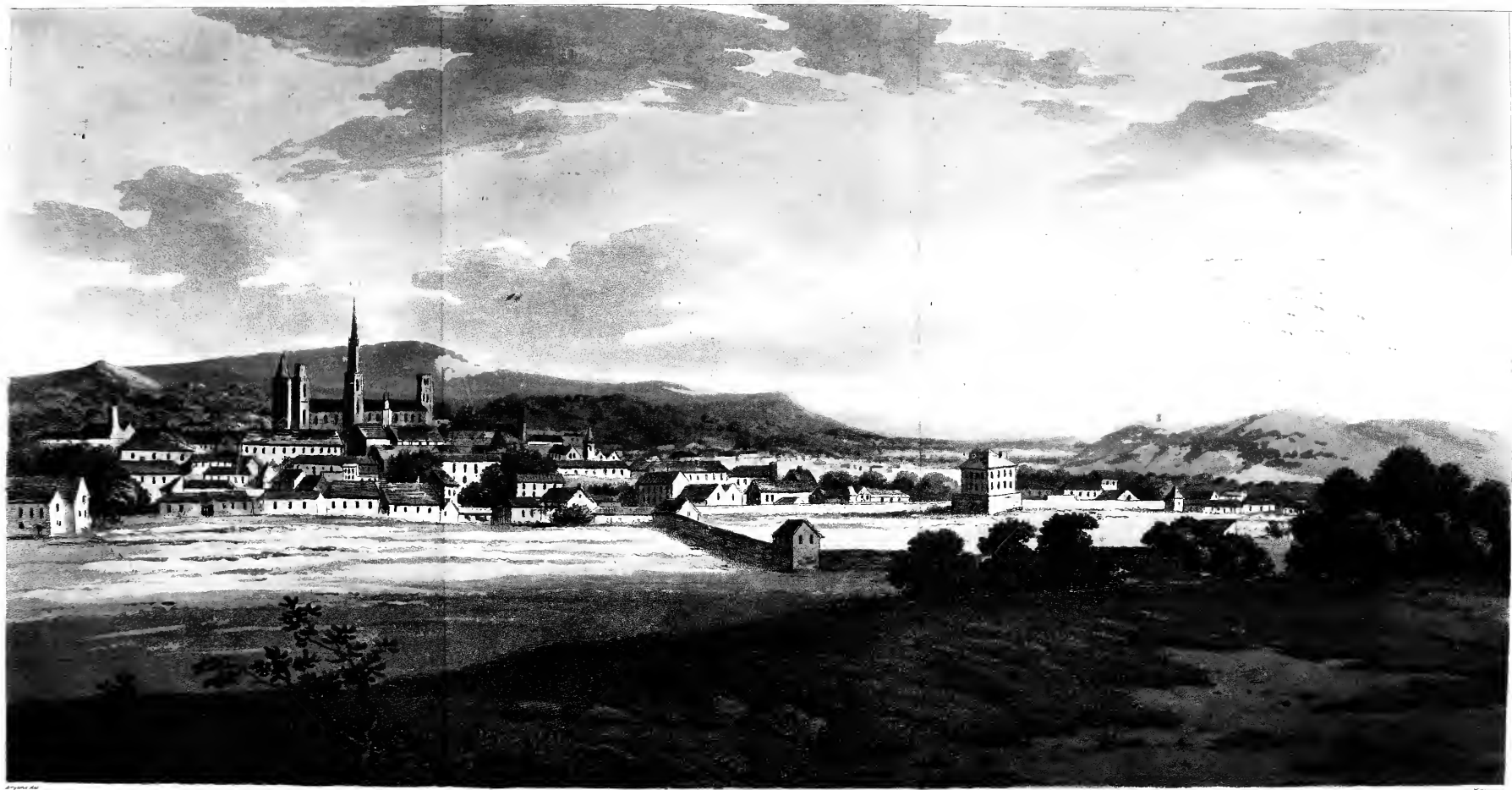
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Rouen, situated at the distance of about forty-five miles from Dieppe, is a very old town, the streets of which are narrow, crooked, and dirty; and the houses, being chiefly built of wood, have a very disagreeable appearance. This city was formerly strongly fortified, and the castle of St. Catharine, which stands upon an eminence, was deemed capable of defending it against a besieging army.—Here were, likewise, in ancient times, several venerable monasteries,

“Where pious beadsmen from the world retir’d
In blissful visions wing’d their souls to heav’n.”

But the cathedral of Notre Dame and the church dedicated to St. Ouen are, at present, the principal objects of attraction.

The cathedral, dedicated to the blessed virgin, is a very magnificent structure surrounded by three towers; one of which, called *La Tour de*



Reims, from the Chartrouse

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Beurre, or "Butter Tower," received its appellation from the circumstance of Pope Innocent the Eighth having permitted the use of butter during Lent to such as would contribute to its erection.—In this tower was a bell of prodigious size called *La Cloche George d'Amboise*, from the prelate who founded the tower. It was ten feet in height and ten in diameter, weighing thirty-six thousand pounds. The same benefactor, as well as William the Conqueror, bequeathed an immense treasure in jewels, gold, silver, and sacerdotal habits, to this cathedral.

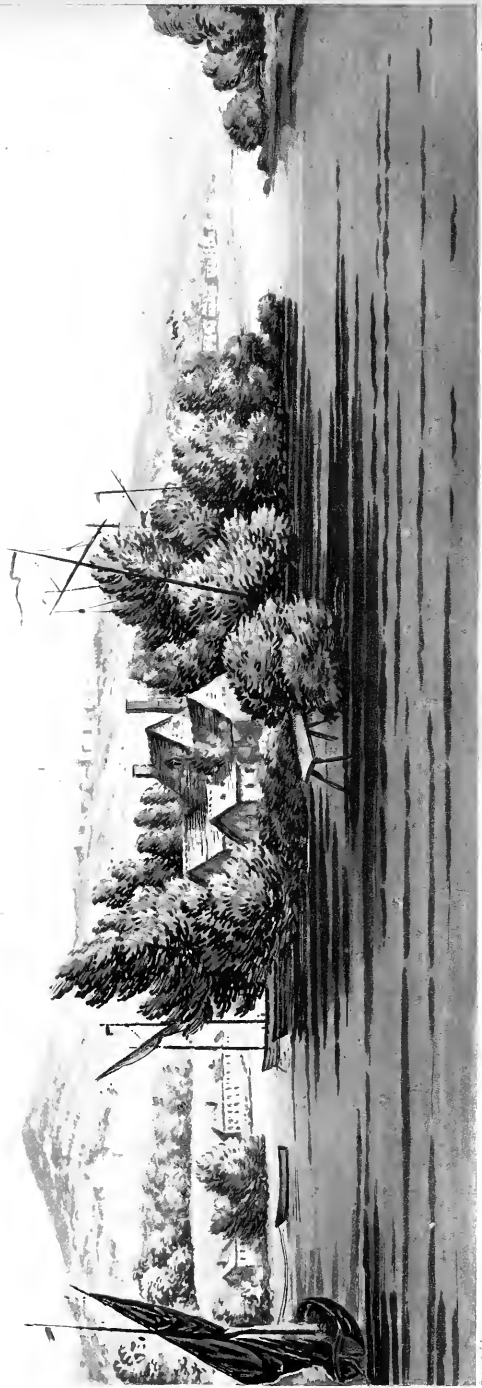
When the present marble pavement was laid, the old monuments were removed from the choir, and in their places were substituted inscriptive memorials, highly deserving the attention of an English traveller.—In this hallowed spot repose the bodies of Richard the First of England and his younger brother Henry, together with John Duke of Bedford, and regent of France; and in the middle of the choir formerly stood a marble statue of King Charles the Fifth of France, whose heart was here deposited.

Our guide informed us, that one of the chapels formerly contained a curious clock, with the representations of St. Michael and the Devil, the latter being struck, every revolving hour, by the destroying sword of the archangel. In times of superstition such an object could not fail of exciting the veneration of the multitude, although the mechanism was doubtless as simple as that which moves the well-known figures at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street.—Such, however, have been the effects of the revolutionary mania, that they have, like a resistless torrent, swept away all vestiges of the bell, the monuments, the riches, the archangel, and the *devil himself*.

The church dedicated to St. Ouen* is a beautiful Gothic structure, and

* Formerly, when the kings of France visited Rouen, they were accustomed to lodge in the Benedictine's abbey, belonging to this church.





View from the middle of the Bridge of Boats at Froun.

Weymouth

Weymouth

its formation is so extremely delicate, that it appears almost superior to the workmanship of mortals; but the same spirit of equalization which has caused such numerous and dreadful devastations, has also despoiled this venerable pile of all its richest ornaments. In the chapel of St. Agnes is the sepulchre of the celebrated Alexander de Farnese, with that of his pupil who put him to death, and afterwards strangled himself with the very cord with which he had inflicted immolation on his master.

There are several other buildings in this city which an antiquary might deem particularly worthy of attention; but as I do not take upon myself the task of an elaborate tourist, this account of the most conspicuous religious edifices must plead my excuse for the neglect of the remainder.

The bridge of boats* at Rouen has been frequently mentioned by travellers, and from the singularity of its construction, is worthy of notice. It consists of a number of barges of great burthen, strongly lashed together, and paved with large stones; and is about a thousand feet long, extending from the middle of the quay of Rouen to the Fauxbourg of St. Sever. Each barge is separately arched over, in consequence of which, the ascent and descent from one barge to another renders it exceedingly inconvenient to carriages, especially when heavily laden. It rises and sinks with the ebbing and flowing of the tide; and is easily taken to pieces in winter, when any danger is apprehended from the floating masses of ice. The time occupied in opening it, to admit the passage of large vessels, by detaching one barge from another, is very tiresome, when persons are waiting on each side of the river for an opportunity of crossing; and I am inclined to think that all your

* The annual expence of keeping this bridge in repair is computed at ten thousand livres, or four hundred pounds sterling.

philosophy would avail but little were you to be detained three hours in such a situation. A Frenchman, however, accommodates himself to this inconvenience with the most perfect *sang froid*, and if he happen to come a few minutes too late, a *Peste!* or *Sacre Dieu, quel Malheur!* is the only symptom of his disappointment. A little lower, are the remains of the stone-bridge, built by the empress Maud, daughter of Henry the First, king of England; and we were given to understand, that these ruins frequently prove dangerous in the navigation of the river.

The *marché aux vaur*, or veal market, in this city, is celebrated in history, as having been the spot where the renowned *Pucelle d'Orleans*, after being made prisoner by the English, and undergoing a disgraceful trial for sorcery, was inhumanly burned alive at the stake. I am aware that the superstition of the age, and some other points may be adduced in extenuation of this barbarity; but there is certainly no feasible argument to excuse such a flagrant violation of the established rules of war; and, for my own part, I must ever regard *Jeanne d'Arc* as a noble heroine, struggling for the rights of her native country, which was then nearly subjugated by the conquering swords of my countrymen.

You will probably be surprised to hear, that a market for horses is held every *Sunday* morning at the *Boulevards* on the opposite side of the city, where the noise and clamour is extremely offensive. If it be within the power of the police to remedy this abominable evil, it is greatly to its dishonour that the several officers should remain silent spectators of such a nuisance. Decency and order, however, will again rear their heads in France, and already have they moderated, in some measure, the exuberance of revolutionary furor; though one generation will, in all probability, pass away, before the French resume that urbanity



Bryant del.

Merrill sc.

which was formerly their most distinguishing characteristic. The dregs of the community are alone desirous of perpetuating the enormities of the revolution: moderate men hailed the return of their long persecuted priests, and accompanied them to their deserted altars with every demonstration of devotion.

Every city of note has some peculiar rights and privileges, which more or less excite the astonishment of those who live in the present age, because they generally deduce their origin from times long since passed, and always partake of the superstition of the era which gave them birth. Under the old *regimé* of France, the archbishop of Rouen, who styled himself primate of Normandy, had the privilege, once a year, of pardoning a condemned criminal, who, after solemnly promising to amend his conduct, was led in procession through the city, accompanied by the religious orders, and set at liberty in a chapel called the Innocents. This prerogative was derived from an old legend, which stated, that St. Romanus, archbishop of Rouen, overcame a dreadful dragon, with the assistance of two malefactors who had received sentence of death; and in remembrance of this surprising event, a statue was erected in the above-mentioned chapel, representing St. Romanus in the act of killing the monster.

There are two play-houses in Rouen, called the *Theatre des Arts*, and the *Theatre de la Republique*, which are generally well attended by the fashionables of the city. The performances in general have little merit; but the chief actors from Paris make their appearance during their vacation.

At Rouen we again saw the tree of liberty, but here, as in almost every other place, this exotic, from the lopping and pruning it has undergone, seems to be in a very sickly condition. In this city, however, it is well protected, being planted opposite the barracks, by which means



View of Bergen, from Mount au Malade.

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it is constantly defended by several regiments. I have been surprised that the Lombardy poplar should have been generally selected for this purpose; for the rapidity of its growth, and the shortness of its duration, are certainly very inconsistent with that stability which the republican politicians seem anxious to connect with the ideas of liberty instilled into the minds of the French people. Our sturdy oak, which continues to flourish amid the war of elements and the ravages of time, might have answered the purpose much better.

We also visited a large botanical-garden; but when I have stated that it is *large*, nothing can be added in its praise. The few curious exotics which it contains do not appear to be much better off than the tree of liberty; as some of them are decaying for want of proper care, and others are in an equally deplorable condition, from too much unscientific nursing.

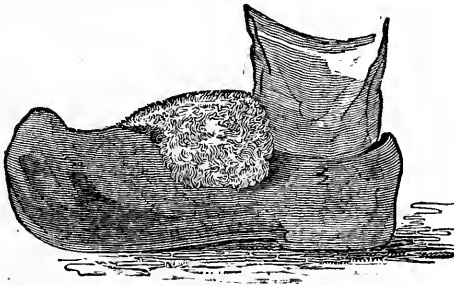
Rouen is particularly famous for that kind of manufacture called *Rouennerie* or *Siamoises*, a kind of cotton, which is here sold at a very cheap rate. Ships of two hundred tons burthen can go as far up the Seine as the bridge of boats; and, in time of peace, a very brisk trade is carried on, as it is considered the port of Paris. It is also necessary to observe, that Rouen is the birth-place of the tragic poet Corneille, and the celebrated philosopher Fontenelle.

In the course of our stroll through this city, the whole of our party were astonished on seeing *coloured eggs* placed for sale in a confectioner's shop, as they supposed them to be naturally of those varied hues. I humored this mistake, and am convinced you will laugh when I tell you, that a high-blooded Hibernian gentleman, in company, exclaimed, "By Jasus, and I wonder if the *whites* are of the same colour. Faith and I'll take some of the breed to Ireland." I now undeceived my companions, and a hearty laugh ensued. The fact is, the French have a

custom of colouring eggs after they have been boiled hard, which, produced upon a table, have a very whimsical effect.

I have, perhaps, been too laconic in my account of the capital of Normandy, where so many British heroes figured in ancient times. Fully assured, however, that your goodness will pardon all omissions,

I remain, &c.



Un sabot, p. 16.

LETTER III.

Civilities received by Col. T. from the Prefect and Inhabitants of Rouen.—Description of his travelling Equipage.—Interview with Mr. Morris.—The French-horn.—Introduction to several Sporting Gentlemen.—The Farm-house.—Similarity of Character between the Sportsmen of France and Yorkshire.—A Rendezvous.—Picqueurs.—A Fox-hunt.—Normandy Cider.—Shooting Excursion.—Mr. Godart's.—A Boar-Hunt.—Champ de Bataille.—Elbæuf.—Dinner given by the Sportsmen of Rouen. Col. T.—'s Arrival announced in the Newspaper.—Cote rotie Grapes.—Curious Dining-Table.

MY LORD,

Rouen, June 22, 1802.

MY last letter was principally occupied with a description of this city and its environs; but in consequence of a recent introduction to a party after my own heart, I now sit down to communicate some intelligence on a subject which I venture to prognosticate you will not deem uninteresting; particularly as it relates to the *commencement* of my Sporting Tour in the territories of the republic.

Through the medium of a Mr. Hartley,* I was introduced to the prefect, M. Beugnot, a very sensible and respectable man, who, on perusing the letters I had received from M. Otto, and the under prefect of Dieppe, treated me with the utmost civility. At the same time

* This gentleman had formerly hunted with the Colonel's hounds in Yorkshire; but having afterwards married a French lady of fashion, he fixed his residence at Rouen, where he lived about twenty years, when he rendered the above-mentioned service to our author.

my acquaintance with most of the English inhabitants led me into the best societies; and several emigrants of consequence, whom I had the good fortune to protect during the sanguinary reigns of Robespierre and Marat, took every opportunity of testifying their gratitude, by rendering my stay in Rouen as agreeable as possible.

The singularity of my * carriage excited general attention; and several sporting gentlemen waited upon me at my hotel, in order to inspect my hounds †. I hailed them with real joy; for sportsmen, you know, are *generous souls*. Finding many of my visitants perfectly conversant with

* Colonel Thornton's equipage, which was purposely constructed, after his own plan, for this tour through France, was remarkably commodious, and enabled him to transport a dozen dogs, in boxes upon springs, at the front and back of the carriage; whilst the interior of the vehicle contained a secret repository of guns and fishing-tackle. The dickie, on which the servant sat, was formed to carry two terriers, if necessary, and might be removed behind the carriage at pleasure. The imperial, also, might be put on before or behind, for the purpose of using the post-chaise, if required, as a landaulet, by which the travellers were greeted with an uninterrupted view of the surrounding country. In addition to these conveniencies the Colonel ordered a light circular box, which, being placed under the windows, so as not to derange the symmetrical appearance of the carriage, was designed to preclude those unpleasant bickerings which frequently arise in journeys from the multiplicity of the ladies' band-boxes; necessary indeed to the softer sex, but which generally prove very objectionable to gentlemen when travelling.

Colonel T—— mentioned to the editor a case in point, where a certain duke and his amiable duchess had some altercation on the subject of a band-box, which she wished to convey to Edinburgh. The duchess pleaded her cause with so much sweetness and affability, and so very pointedly, that it seemed impossible but she should have softened his Grace into acquiescence, particularly after stating, that as she paid all due deference to his Grace's *bull-dogs*, she conceived he might pay some attention to her *band-box*. But intreaty and argument proved equally unavailing, as the duke remained inexorable to all that was adduced on this topic.—The Colonel resolving to obviate such difficulties, and still consult the accommodation of the ladies, planned the above-mentioned box, which very commodiously contained all the caps, bonnets, flowers, and laces that were purchased during the tour; and it is really inconceivable what a quantity of articles were thus transported without receiving any injury.

† The Colonel took with him in this tour, twelve fox-hounds, viz. Caustic, Consul, Conqueror, Madcap, Marngo, Twister, Chaunter, Morthier, Mahomet, Echo, General, and Jocund; but the last was unfortunately lost at Brighton. To these may be added, Carlo, a pointer; and Vixen, a beautiful parlour-terrier.

the joys of the chase, I readily accepted an invitation to dine at the house of a Mr. Morris, where all the best men of the field were collected.

Having introduced myself at Mr. Morris's, and inspected his sumptuous residence, I was ushered into the drawing-room, and left for a few moments to my own contemplations, my kind host having some trifling business to transact. Being rather drowsy, I threw myself upon a sofa with an intent of taking a nap; but I was suddenly roused by the burst of a French-horn, which proceeded from the opposite house. I listened attentively 'till the performer arrived at proclaiming the *Points de la Chasse*; when my anticipation of the joys of the field effectually drove away dull sleep. At that moment, Mr. Morris entered the apartment, and enquired whether my short repose had refreshed me? I replied, that the notes of the French-horn had put the popped god to flight. He expressed much sorrow at the disturbance, but observed that the performer, General Ruffin, was engaged to dinner, in order to be introduced to me. "Equally solicitous," continued he, "to be deemed a finished sportsman, as he formerly was to gain the *renommée* of a brave soldier on the plains of Marengo, the general plays so incessantly, that all the neighbours fervently wish he may shortly arrive at perfection. However, you will find him a plain unaffected gentleman, and I trust his manners and conversation will lead you to pardon the ill-timed obtrusion of his music."

Shortly after, Mr. Morris introduced me to his amiable family, as well as to Monsieur, the *ci-devant* Marquis d'Hallé, General Ruffin, and Colonel Marigny, of the twenty-fifth regiment of Light Dragoons. The dinner was sumptuous, and the wines, as may be supposed, of the first quality.

After dinner, a hunting party was made, to try for wolf; and my fox-hounds followed us to the field, myself being mounted on a fine Hungarian horse belonging to Colonel Marigny. By dusk we arrived at a small village, and alighted at a farm-house, when the huntsmen proclaimed our arrival by the enchanting unison of six or seven French-horns, which they managed with superior skill. Many apologies were made for the reception I should experience in such a dwelling, but I soon made the inmates easy on that score, and hastened to inspect the hounds, which I had the satisfaction of finding musical, fresh, and well. About nine o'clock supper was announced, and after taking a few bumpers of Burgundy, we retired to rest; four beds having been made up for our accommodation in this humble mansion,

“ Where easy quiet, a secure retreat,
A harmless life, that knows not how to cheat,
With home-bred plenty the rich owner bless,
And rural pleasures crown his happiness.
Unvex'd with quarrels, undisturb'd with noise,
The country king his peaceful realm enjoys :
Cool grots, and living lakes, the flow'ry pride
Of meads, and streams that through the valley glide:
And shady groves that easy sleep invite,
And after toilsome days, a short repose at night.”

DRYDEN.

I found that the gentlemen of Rouen prided themselves (as indeed do the Normans in general, in the same manner as the inhabitants of Yorkshire,) on their knowledge of all the branches of the chase, and affected to despise the sportsmen of every other part of France. Normandy has, indeed, ever been renowned for the breed of its horses; a circumstance by no means surprising, the richness of its pastures being almost unequalled. As a proof of this, I may adduce the proverbial saying, that a broom-stick thrown on a grass field the over night, will be found with difficulty next morning. Speaking of my companions, however, as

gentlemen, no society could afford greater satisfaction, as they enabled me, in a few hours, to form my judgment, and compare the sportsmen of France with those of England. In these gentlemen I found precisely the same *ideas*, the same *keenness*, and the same *frank character* which marks our Yorkshire sportsmen. In point of science, however, they far surpass us; for if our goss covers in England, where we find our foxes, consist of from ten to thirty acres, here forests of from ten to fifteen thousand acres are the scenes of action.

At five in the morning we turned out, and I equipped myself à l'*Anglaise*, having brought over every thing necessary. The French sporting dresses, with the exception of large cocked-hats, which are worn instead of caps, are as neat and appropriate as those of the English.

Monsieur D'Hallé is grand *louveter*, or wolf-hunter, a very honourable appellation, although no salary is annexed. It is necessary to observe, however, that it gives the owner an exclusive right to try for wolf whenever he thinks proper, and makes him, as well as in Yorkshire, a lord paramount, or *freewarren*; or, as they term it in Sussex, a commander over a rape.

Having quaffed some excellent milk and white brandy, we advanced about a mile, and then entered the *Forête-Verte*, or Green-Forest. Here we soon came to a *rendezvous*, where we found a cloth laid on the turf, horses at *picquet*, hounds in couples, or leashes, tied to the trees, and every thing in good style; our breakfast being exactly similar to that described by Jacques Fouilloux, in my Scotch Tour.*

The *picqueurs* then made a report of what they had observed; for in their mode of hunting, very experienced men examine all the roads and moist places, to discover what animal frequents them. For this purpose

* See Col. Thornton's Tour through the Highlands of Scotland, page 126.

they have a hound, thoroughly bred and sagacious; and on seeing the impression of a wolf, they allow the dog to scent, when, if he flourishes, or gives any sign of scent, either stronger or weaker, they are enabled to decide what time may have elapsed since the game in question passed that way. They then examine where he has dunged, and from the size of that, and the print of the foot, they can generally ascertain the sex and age. Lastly, they take the dog, called *levrier*, and go round the avenues; where if the print of the foot is not visible, they conclude, that the game is laid down in that direction.

After we had eaten a very substantial breakfast, the keeper belonging to the wolf-hounds informed us, he had seen the print of a wolf, but that it was not fresh, and he thought it very unlikely we should find him, even if we devoted the whole day to the search; but if we would condescend, he said, to hunt fox, there was one in the division close to us. I confess I was very desirous of hunting wolf, but as it was politely referred to me, and all the company seemed anxious to view my hounds in work, I readily decided for fox. Accordingly, after one more bumper to good sport, I uncoupled my hounds, and I may safely affirm, that before the fifth couple were allowed to dash into the cover, the first hound had found the fox, which ran close by me, as I gave a cheering talliho. The scent was good, and the hounds pressed their fox, which appeared in view several times. By the pace they went, I knew he could not stand long, and, as I stuck very close to them, I was so fortunate as to be the only person near when they killed, after a run of forty minutes. My companions were absolutely delighted, and I immediately presented a couple of my finest hounds to *M. d'Hallé*, to add to his wolf-pack, as also another couple to Mr. Morris and Gen. Ruffin, for their fox-packs.

The morning proving remarkably pleasant, it was proposed that the French hounds should join with mine, but the former were soon left nearly a mile behind. The forest was beautiful, but so very extensive, that although the horns blew incessantly we were all thrown, and after a search of nearly two hours, we fell in with the huntsman, who had had a good run to recover his hounds, but could give no account of my six couple. My terrier, a beautiful white dog, was also lost. However I was assured that all possible pains would be taken to recover them; and whilst we were debating on what measures could be most prudently adopted, I thought I heard them at a distance. By degrees the sound grew stronger, upon which I rode forward, and, falling in with them, we viewed a fox very much distressed. The French hounds then came forward, and we laid them on before mine, which they soon joined, and after twisting their game briskly, parted views. They also killed this fox, which seemed an old dog, having little or no tag.

The sun now burst forth, and the day proved extremely warm; but the beauty of the forest scenery, and the cheerfulness of my companions rendered this one of the most delicious mornings I ever witnessed. We then returned to the farm, the horns blowing tunefully the whole way, and arrived at the mansion about twelve o'clock.

After changing our dress, some of the gentlemen undertook to prepare certain dishes, -whilst I saw the hounds fed. We then sauntered about the grounds 'till summoned to a very comfortable repast, accompanied with the best of wines. After each of us had drank about a bottle and a half of Burgundy, I was invited to taste some of the best Normandy cider. I was struck with the singularity of its colour, which was perfectly red, but although very palatable, I thought it inferior to that given me by my friend Mr. Stephens, of Camerton House, which was

the finest *cockagee*. I noticed particularly in the Normandy cider, that it was too powerful, and rather too sweet.

At six o'clock we remounted our horses, and returned to Rouen, where we all went to the theatre. My friends, and particularly the ladies, were very anxious to learn the sport of the day. How many wolves and foxes had we destroyed? How many deer were killed? and, in particular, how had my favourite terrier, *Vixen*, behaved?—In short, the ladies, as usual, made a *thousand* enquiries, without giving us time to answer *one*.

Hearing that game was extremely scarce, the ground parched, and little or no scent, I procured a basket so constructed as to go on the top of my carriage; and filled it with a dozen quails, those birds being very plentiful in the market. The ladies agreed to accompany us in our expedition, and as the before-mentioned gentlemen were all keen shots, they wished to see my pointers tried. Accordingly, we drove about 'till we arrived at some marshy ground, when I let fly the quails, and after an hour's rest, I hunted for, and found them all. One quail, indeed, escaped us, when, at that instant, a Merlin-hawk appeared and raked* him. This hawk came so near me, that I easily killed him, and as he fell, the quail flew away, apparently unhurt. The hounds gave great satisfaction, and we tried an English dog belonging to one of the gentlemen, who seemed to esteem him very highly, as they all do every thing English;† but he was not half broke. General Ruffin, and Colonel Marigny shot uncommonly well, and our excursion altogether was remarkably pleasant.

On our return to Rouen, we all dined with the officers of the twenty-fifth regiment, and in the evening repeated our visit to the theatre, which

* A term used in falconry, for seizing the quarry.

† Indeed it is proverbial, "*Anglo mania*."

was badly lighted, and as ill-attended; but the performers were tolerably good.

The ensuing forenoon we strolled about the town with the ladies, who purchased some lace, and found that their English veils were much in *ton*. The sporting gentlemen, the officers, and some of the principal people of the city partook of a dinner with me, and the evening passed very pleasantly. The French are gay, and drink nearly as much wine as we do, but it is all during the repast; for as soon as the cloth is drawn, the wine disappears, and is immediately succeeded by coffee and sweet *liqueurs*.

Next morning my hounds were sent forward to a Mr. Godart's, where I understood there was great variety of stags, roe-bucks, wild-boars, foxes, rabbits, and other game. On our arrival we were introduced to Madame and her two daughters, her husband being then at Paris. The mansion was entirely out of repair, the owner being a keen sportsman, very liberal, and so passionately fond of horses as nearly to have ruined himself, which so many others have done before him.

We rose early the ensuing morning, and, perceiving a great deal of dew, we took our guns, and threw the hounds into cover, being determined to shoot whatever we saw. They soon discovered a litter of foxes, and rose them very sharply, but they all got to ground. We shot several rabbits, but as the cover was remarkably thick, we only viewed one fox.

After returning to a plentiful breakfast, I took my air and shot-guns, and proceeded to the park, which was well protected with a clay-wall, the top being thatched. This work, called *pissé*, seems to form an excellent fence. We soon roused a fine stag, which bounded so near to my lady, that she was much alarmed, and ran to me for protection,

conceiving it to have been a wild-boar. The stag had only velvet;* of course had he been disposed to attack us, the pain he must have endured by using his horns in that state, would have prevented any danger.

I soon afterwards perceived, in a thick part of the cover, a large wild sow, and nine pigs, or *marcasins*, as they are called in France. The sow was nearly black, but the pigs were mottled, or striped with brown.

I now thought fit to take my air-rifle, of whose powers my companions had no conception; and conceal myself in the cover. The hounds being brought up, a young wild-boar passed me, when I got a fair shot at him at about fifty yards, and heard the ball hit him, though he did not seem to feel it. However at about thirty yards he began to stagger, and I followed, my gun being re-loaded instantaneously. The keepers now advanced, when we perceived the boar stretched on the turf, and so effectually wounded, that it seemed unnecessary to shoot at him; but in order to try my gun, I took aim at his skull, and he immediately expired. On examining the first wound, it appeared that the ball had passed through his heart; in consequence of which, Colonel Marigny placed a hat in a tree, and requested me to trot his Hungarian horse, and endeavour to hit it at about sixty yards distance. I did as

* Deer cast their horns about the month of May. Nature seems to have intended this for the purposes of supplying those which have broke their horns by fighting, with new ones the succeeding year; as no animal fights more desperately, or viciously, than the deer. Their fencing and parrying, to those who have witnessed it, is beyond every thing, and, it may be said, scientific. During the time of the velvet they remain concealed as much as possible, conscious of their inability to attack or defend themselves; as the most trifling touch upon the velvet, in this state, gives them exquisite torture. The velvet, when fried, is considered by the Epicurean sportsmen, the most delicate part of the deer. The growth of the horns only occupies about six weeks between the casting to the bringing them to perfection, when they have been known to weigh twenty pounds. It is a mistaken notion, that the antlers impede the deer in cover, as they enable him, on the contrary, to dash through thickets and save his eyes, as also to aid him when reared on his hind legs (which they do to an extraordinary height) to draw down the young branches for sustenance.

he desired, and very luckily took my aim so true, that the ball passed through the centre of the crown. The colonel was highly gratified, and, having heard me extol his Hungarian horse, as the surest-footed animal I ever rode, begged that I would recollect this shot, by accepting his horse, which he pressed so strongly upon me, that it was impossible to refuse the present. We then returned to the mansion, and, after expressing our obligations to the ladies, we set out for Rouen, having killed the wild-boar or *marcasin*, a score of rabbits, and several swallows.

Mrs. T— was close by me when the French hounds were at bay with the *marcasin* which they durst not approach. Having seen my first shot, she appeared less timid, but I and my companions persuaded her to take her station behind a tree. There was, indeed, no great danger from this animal, as it was mortally wounded; but had it been slightly hurt, it might have proved a most desperate and dangerous antagonist. Having been previously informed by the huntsman, that the aged boars were intended as a present to the First Consul, I resolved not to encroach on the politeness shewn me, by shooting at one of a very large growth; and for the same reason I singled out the above-mentioned *marcasin*, which seemed about four months old.

After quitting Madame Godart's, we visited the beautiful *chateau* of the Duc de Beauvron, called *Champ de Bataille*, which would be rendered far more interesting, were it well supplied with water; for without that most essential appendage, no large estate can, in my opinion, be considered complete. This estate had been strongly recommended to me by way of purchase, but the want of water is always an insurmountable objection.

Having traversed, for some time, the most luxuriant forest-scenery, we arrived at the enchanting town of Elbœuf, much celebrated for

its manufacture of cloth, whither Col. Marigny and Mr. Morris had previously dispatched a courier to order dinner. In the cool of the evening we rode gently back to Rouen, highly gratified with the rich scenery on the banks of the Seine, and agreeably entertained by the calls of innumerable quantities of quails, which were heard in every direction.

At the breakfast-table, next morning, the gentlemen of Rouen were very inquisitive respecting the nature of boar-hunting, but the trifling specimen I had witnessed, did not enable me to speak very satisfactorily upon the subject. Shortly after, however, the *marcasin* appeared on a sledge, and myself and friends were requested to partake of a dinner which was to be given by all the sportsmen that could be collected, at the principal tavern of the city. We readily accepted the invitation, and the whole party, when assembled, consisted of about twenty persons. The dinner, for its novelty, I shall here describe,—

First was produced a large tray full of *green* oysters, as they are termed, in the same manner as Solan-geese are served up at Edinburgh, to whet the appetite. This spur to eating being removed, the dinner was served up, consisting of

Soup, and Bouille.

Capons. Un Salamis de Livre, being our hashed hare.

Maintenon cotelets.

Rabbits. Pâtés.

Petits of all sorts.

The *marcasin* barbacued, very sumptuously dressed up with fruit and flowers, forming a most showy dish, and smoking hot, then appeared. The gentlemen, with great pomp, poured on the *marcasin* two bottles of Champaign, after which it was served to the company; and the entertainment concluded with an immense turbot. All kinds of melons were

on the table, which you will be astonished to hear, were eaten with boiled beef, but such is the custom here, and even figs are occasionally eaten in the same manner!

That part of the boar which I partook of was the fillet, and I assure you I never tasted any thing superior. The bottle and conversation circulated freely, and many compliments were paid me as a sportsman, in consequence of my recent success. Indeed the very flattering attention I received, and the frequent solicitations to drink a variety of wines with every gentleman present, very nearly reduced me to a state of inebriation.

Previous to my leaving Rouen, I begged Col. Marigny's acceptance of a very valuable gun, which had been highly approved, as some return for his politeness in having presented me with his Hungarian horse; and, at the same time, I ordered six leash of hounds, as a present to Mr. Morris. Letters of introduction were then given me, to the prefect of Evreux, and to the proprietor of the ancient and magnificent castle of Navarre, which formerly belonged to the celebrated family of the Duc de Bouillon. I must also inform you, that through my friend Mr. Hartley, who is concerned in the Rouen newspaper, my arrival at this place had been announced in the most dashing style, and a regular journal of my sporting career laid before the public. This was certainly much in my favour, as it announced me with an *eclat* I little deserve, to the surrounding country.

Mr. Morris has kindly engaged to send me fifty dozen of the finest Champaign, and the same quantity of *Clos de Vougeot*; and Colonel Marigny, on whose estate in the south of France grow the hermitage and *côte rotie** grapes, has also promised me four hogsheads of each.

* *Côte rotie* is derived from the powerful effect of the sun on that part of the country, which is rendered in English, "scorching or burning shore." These grapes are peculiarly delicious.

Mr. Morris has likewise presented me with a curious dining-table, composed, as it appears, of different roots of trees. It is said to have been the property of the late king, and is regarded by me as a very great treasure.

So much for my sporting and convivial amusements, which wanted but your presence to have rendered them complete.

Adieu,

Yours, &c.



Un Chapeau, p. 15.

LETTER IV.

Aspect of the Country beyond Rouen.—A dilapidated Monastery.—Delightful View from a Hill in the Vicinity of St. Ouen.—An Intruder.—Magnificence of Rural Scenery on the Continent.—A public Holiday.—Climate of France peculiarly favourable to Vegetation.—Observations on the French Wines.—Exorbitant Charge for a Breakfast at Vaudreuil.—The Aubergiste and the English Ambassador.—Chateau de Vaudreuil.—Remarkable Show of Oats.—Chateau de Marquis de Conflans.—Reception at Louviers.—Beauty of the adjacent Country.—Evreux.—The Archbishop of Narbonne.—Chateau de Narbonne.—Brief Account of the Artist Poussin.—Botanical Garden.—Passy.—Property of the Noblesse transferred to Plebeians.

MY LORD,

Vernon, June 30, 1802.

I FEEL myself greatly obliged by the solicitude you express for my happiness, and your friendly anticipation of those pleasures I may probably enjoy in the course of the tour which I have undertaken. My primary object in visiting France will, perhaps, carry me to places hitherto little frequented by English travellers, and, so far, the intelligence I shall occasionally communicate, may perhaps prove an agreeable source of amusement.

The hospitality I received at Rouen, rendered my short stay in that city so very pleasant, that I confess I left it with much regret.

The country, after leaving Rouen, was exactly similar to that through which we passed from Dieppe; very flat, and entirely covered with

corn. The road is good, and rendered particularly pleasant by its following the course of the Seine. The first object which attracted our attention was a dilapidated monastery, formerly belonging to an order of Benedictines, and contributing by its venerable appearance to heighten the sublimity of the surrounding landscape; but its magnificence has been annihilated by the fury of the revolution, and a few pillars and arches are all that now remain. These, however, have a very striking effect, and induce the contemplative traveller to exclaim,

“ Where burn the gorgeous altar’s lasting fires ?
Where frowns the dreadful sanctuary now ?
No more religion’s awful flame inspires ;
No more th’ asylum guards the fated brow !

No more shall charity, with sparkling eyes
And smiles of welcome, wide unfold the door,
Where pity, list’ning still to nature’s cries,
Befriends the wretched and relieve the poor !”

KEATE.

The scattered chateaux of the ci-devant nobility, also, broke occasionally upon the view, but most of them exhibited some melancholy proofs of the excesses attending popular fury, and the overthrow of legal organization.

Having changed horses at the small village of St. Ouen, we ascended a steep hill, from the summit of which we had a most delightful view of Elbœuf, and the romantic village of Vasell, which is built on a gentle declivity, and skirts the very margin of the Seine. In the fore-ground the river appears, whimsically spotted with small islands, some clothed with wood, and others in a state of luxuriant cultivation. By these agreeable breaks the broad expanse of water assumes the appearance of three branching streams, and the body of the river, after flowing to a great extent, seems to lose itself under some chalky hills, covered with

immense forests. From our elevated situation, we had also a distant view of the city and cathedral of Rouen, with an extent of country that might excite the attention of even the most volatile spectator.

Charmed with the magnificence of the surrounding scenery, I desired Mr. Bryant to take a couple of drawings from this spot; but whilst he was complying with my wishes, we were suddenly interrupted by a plain-looking man, who saw our object, but who might also have known that the taking a view of Rouen at seven or eight miles distance, could not be for the purpose of ascertaining its attackable position. However he demanded my passport, and, although I informed him it was in my carriage, he seemed much inclined to have me taken up; but after a little conversation, I persuaded him to go quietly home and, eat his breakfast; assuring him, on the word of a gentleman, that when the sketches were completed, I would follow, and produce my passport. All my company trembled for the event, seriously anticipating the horrors of a republican prison. For my own part, however, I was perfectly easy, and when Mr. Bryant had finished his business, I presented myself at the door of the intruder, whose lady appeared much more lenient in her administration of justice than her husband, for on examining my *porte-feuille*, she begged I would give myself no farther trouble. The official gentleman also seemed to imbibe a little of his wife's urbanity, for he apologized for his conduct, and intreated that I would consider he had done no more than his duty.

We now descended into a luxuriant valley, and advanced, through a winding road, to the pretty town of Elbœuf, where we ordered dinner; and I wish I could say as much for the entertainment as I have already done for the adjacent scenery; but I believe I shall be correct in observing, that while England, abounds to a certain extent, in the beautiful and picturesque, on the continent nature assumes a bolder style, arrays her-



J. J. Van der Meer, 1811.

N. 100000.

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View on the Loire, near Amboise.

self in magnificence, and presents her works to our attention on a grander and more extensive scale.

In the evening we resumed our journey, having an extensive view of the forest where we had recently enjoyed our pastime of the chase. The road to *Pont de l'Arche*, a small town in the province of Normandy, and the first that submitted to Hen. IV. is rather heavy; but on the left are some beautiful meadows, richly clothed with pasturage, and watered by the Seine. On approaching the town, we perceived, that the churches and crosses were adorned with garlands of flowers. This is a signal for festivity among the French on every public holiday, and upon such occasions they give the rein to that gaiety which was formerly considered as their peculiar characteristic: but I am sorry to observe, that the effects produced by the revolution, seem to have cast a *sombre* tint over this horizon. It may, indeed, be asserted, that the French begin to feel themselves of consequence as men, and to this may be ascribed the gradual disappearance of their natural frivolity; but which of the two is the happiest state I leave to your determination, as you have, at present, more leisure than myself to discuss the question, and the climate of England, with all its accompaniments, is more adapted to philosophical reasoning than that of France.

But to return.—After passing through a majestic forest, we entered on a plain, which, though rather gravelly, appeared fertile and well cultivated; exhibiting a fine show of wheat, oats, barley, onions, French-beans, carrots, cucumbers, and sun-flowers. Here were, also, some plantations of cherries, apples, pears, and walnuts. The apples and pears of Normandy have long been famous, and, from their present luxuriant appearance, they seem justly entitled to celebrity. Indeed the genial climate of France seems peculiarly auspicious to the vegetable

tribes; and the French wines, which surpass, in flavour and delicacy, those of every other country, are more numerous and varied in their respective species than is usually imagined. It is my intention to gain some knowledge of their different kinds, together with the method of preparing them; and in some future communication I shall make you acquainted with the result of my enquiries. The lower orders of people in England, are perfectly contented with their beer of different sorts, although such beverage does not tend to exhilarate. But in France the same order of people, if they cannot purchase the wines of Burgundy and Champaign, gratify their palates with Hermitage and *côte rotie*. They have, however, wines of easy purchase, which are at once pleasant and exhilarating to the spirits. Here I shall dismiss this subject for the present: It is a wide field to range in; but you may probably think, that realization is the best criterion; and although I cannot transport to you what is now in my possession, I never quaff the delicious juice without rendering it more palatable by giving you as a standing toast.

On our arrival at Vaudreuil we took up our quarters at a pleasant *auberge*, where we breakfasted on a few eggs and a bottle of wine; but not such as I have been speaking of, for it was sour and scarcely potable. However, our host thought proper to charge us eight livres, and an additional one for the servant. I remonstrated of course; but of what use are remonstrances when the time taken up is more important than any abatement they can possibly procure? Monsieur the *aubergiste*, being an excellent proficient in his business, was well aware of this fact, and therefore prepared, with a volubility entirely his own, to harass and torment his customers, who, wearied at length with the unavailing contest, relinquished the point in despair. Our only remedy would have been an application to a magistrate, who would unquestionably have clipped the

exuberancy of the bill; but here delay presented its formidable barrier, and I was therefore obliged to abandon the conquest, by liquidating the account.

It may not be amiss to introduce in this place an anecdote, familiar to Frenchmen, in illustration of this mode of imposition practised by the inn-keepers upon English travellers.—An English ambassador going from Paris to Fontainebleau, alighted at an *auberge* for refreshment; on calling for his reckoning he found, to his great surprise, that his host had charged the enormous sum of a Louis d'or for two eggs! The ambassador naturally remonstrated, and enquired whether eggs were so scarce in that part of the country as to justify such a charge? “No,” replied the honest *aubergiste*, “eggs are not, but *ambassadors* are.” Upon this affair being afterwards related at court, it occasioned much laughter.

Having tamely submitted to be non-suited (you see I have not forgot the jargon of the courts), we proceeded to the *chateau* at Vaudreuil, which had been described to me in terms of the most lavish praise, but upon inspection I found it to be in ruins. The circumjacent country is certainly very fine, and the property extensive, but much intersected by the lands of different owners. Here is plenty of water, which was so much wanting at the *Champ de Bataille*; but in winter, for want of drawing, it overflows the whole estate.

We procured some excellent tench and trout from a fisherman; but he informed us, that the fishery, as well as every other species of game, had been destroyed by poachers.

I particularly noticed about six acres of very fine oats, and heard that they were computed to bear eighteen quarters to the acre. I have known fourteen or fifteen produced in England, and have had a third

crop valued at thirteen quarters; but this was the most astonishing growth I had ever witnessed.

Having sufficient time, we proceeded to the *chateau de Marquis de Conflans*, (a relative of the celebrated commander who was defeated by the English under Admiral Hawke, off Brest, in 1758,) which is also in ruins. It is surrounded by a river which has the appearance of a moat, and the grounds are exceedingly formal. A considerable forest is said to belong to the estate, and indeed such appendages were constantly attached to the domains of persons of rank. It was there they felt their consequence, while attended by the necessary establishment for the chase, their favourite diversion. This remark, however, can only be applied to the old *regimé*, when the *noblesse* proudly lorded it over their subject peasantry.

From Vaudreuil, which is seven miles from Pont de l'Arche, we continued our route to Louviers,* through a cross-road, but enchanting country. On our arrival a great concourse of people pressed round the carriage, and the landlady, who said she had for some time expected us, received her guests with a cordiality which would have proved most agreeable to me, had I been so circumstanced as to have profited by her *tendresse*.

Our road to Evreux ran through a delightful country, the beauty of which was increased by a rich valley to the right, consisting chiefly of meadow-land, the forest scenery being in the first style of magnificence. This domain is the property of M. Danville, who formerly possessed some very large estates here, and whose family are still resident on the spot. From the summit of a steep hill, we had a commanding view of two fine valleys; and as we approached Evreux we perceived, at the dis-

* A small town in Normandy where the best cloths are manufactured.



Chateau of the Marquis de Conflans.

tance of about three miles, the former residence of the old religious order of the Chartreux, or Carthusian friars. The valley is well adorned with wood, and the capability of adding a large sheet of water, together with a neat mansion, unites at once the picturesque and beautiful.

Having put up at Evreux, I immediately waited upon the mayor, M. Lamadelaine, and, by a very curious mistake, delivered into his hands a letter from the under prefect of Dieppe, which I ought to have delivered to the prefect of Evreux.

This city, situated about ten or twelve leagues from Rouen, is very extensive, and of great antiquity. The church is a noble edifice, and under the old *regimé* there were many rich monasteries in the environs. We visited the college, which is extensive, and contains a capital picture from the pencil of the celebrated Poussin,* which was presented by the First Consul to this seminary, in remembrance of that great artist.

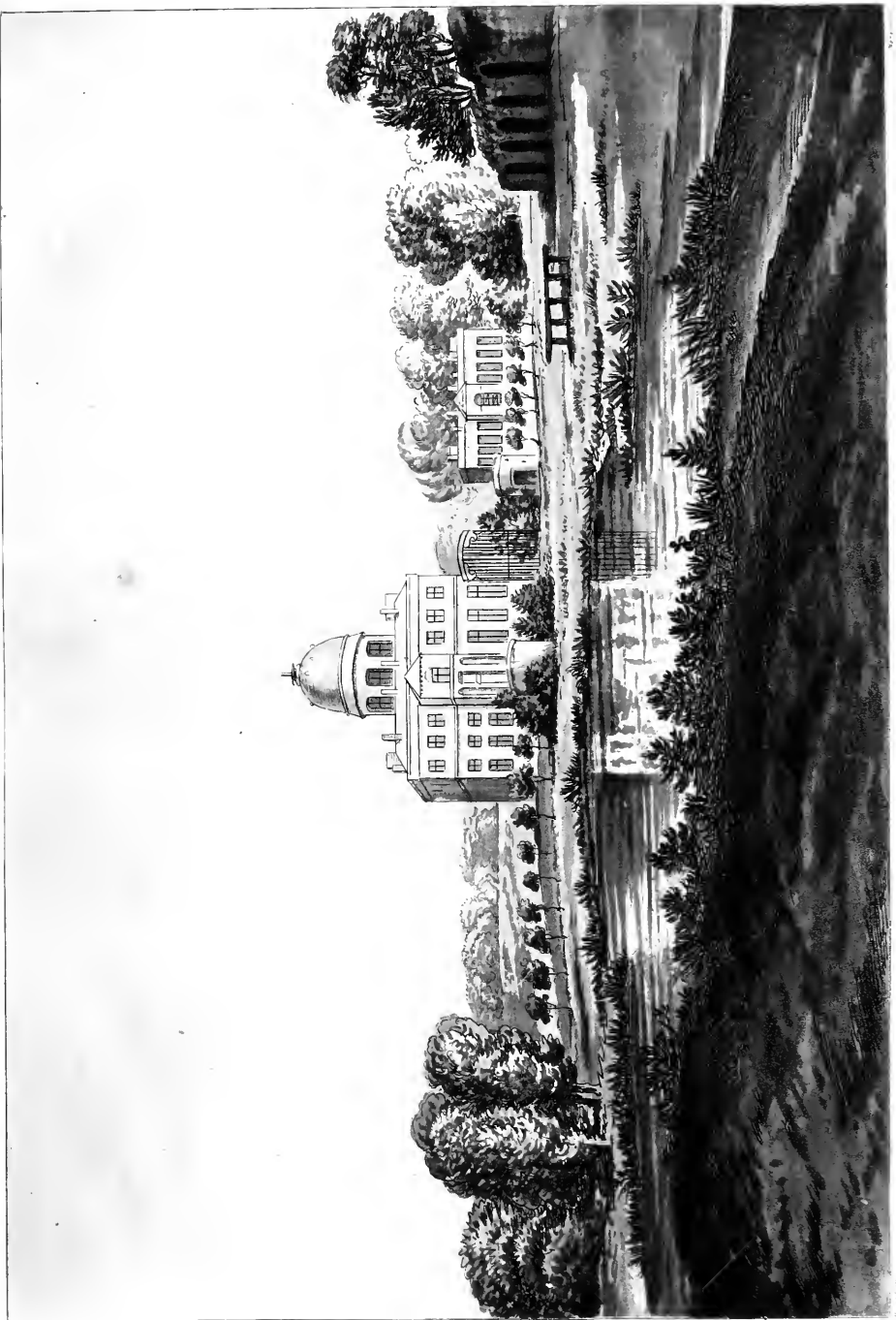
The Archbishop of Narbonne was formerly bishop of this city, from whence he was removed to the archbishopric of Toulouse, and from thence to Narbonne. He is at this time in London, among the emigrant clergy, and enjoys the sum of 15*l.* per month, from the munificence of the English government, besides the assistance he receives from his nephew the Lord Viscount Dillon. This prelate was a distinguished sporting character, during the period of his prosperity, for

* Poussin was born at Audely in Normandy, in 1594. He was one of the most extraordinary painters, and his glory would have been unbounded, had he not regarded nature in a secondary point of view, when put in competition with the performances of the ancients. On Poussin's being asked how he had carried his art to such perfection, he very modestly replied—" *Je n'ai rien négligé.*" "I have neglected nothing." He died at Rome in 1665, aged seventy-one years. Poussin painted historical subjects in the grandest style: he was chaste in his colouring, correct in his outlines, and sublime in the art of grouping his figures, and producing on the canvass what a poet's fancy would picture of the subject which occupied his pencil.

which he incurred the censure of the French devotees, such pursuits being derogatory to the canon of the Romish church.

Having made application to see the *Chateau de Navarre*, we were attended by Monsieur M—— an advocate, and a gentleman of great information, who very politely offered himself as our escort. The *chateau* is about one milé from the town, and was bequeathed by Captain d'Auvergne *Prince de Bouillon*, now a captain in the British navy. The entrance is strikingly magnificent, and the mansion is very extensive; but a considerable sum of money must be expended before it could be rendered even a comfortable residence. There is a very fine *orangerie* before the mansion, and a green-house, but the latter is so large that it destroys the uniformity of the building.

In the park, and close to the *chateau*, are a number of farm-houses which certainly ought to be pulled down. The gardens, which are here deemed very fine, are divided, by clipped-hedges, into small inclosures, in the centre of which are several ponds of water of different shapes. There are also several cascades and *jets d'eau*, the annual expence of which is estimated at three hundred pounds, but they are on a very contracted scale, and are in every respect inferior to those at the Duke of Devonshire's seat at Chatsworth. These, however, with some Chinese bridges and temples, form the *tout ensemble* of this much admired garden; for in the art of disposing ground to produce the best possible effect, the French are indeed very far behind us. A dull formality, devoid of light and shade, if I may be allowed the expression, seems to pervade this pleasing science. Nature is here distorted by art, and made to produce shapes, which her own beautiful simplicity never gave birth to; and I am inclined to think that even the shade of our famous Brown could not flit amidst such gardens without dismay and horror. Here I cannot forbear quoting Pope's admirable lines on this subject:—



The Capitol at Tallahassee.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
 To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
 To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot,
 In all let Nature never be forgot;
 But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
 Nor overdress, nor leave her wholly bare;
 Let not each beauty ev'ry where be spy'd,
 Where half the skill is decently to hide.
 He gains all points who pleasingly confounds,
 Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.
 Consult the genius of the place in all,
 That tells the waters or to rise or fall;
 Or helps th' ambitious hill the heav'ns to scale,
 Or scoops in circling theatres the vale;
 Calls in the country, catches op'ning glades,
 Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades;
 Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending lines,
 Paints as you plant, and as you work designs.
 Still follow sense, of ev'ry art the soul,
 Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole.
 Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
 Start ev'n from difficulty, strike from chance:
 Nature shall join you; time shall make it grow
 A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stow.

Such ideas on gardening never, I believe, obtruded themselves into the mind of a Frenchman.

The forests are, as usual, magnificent, and M. Le Roy the proprietor, or rather the possessor, (for in the present unsettled state of France it is absolutely necessary to make this distinction) very politely invited us to his house. With respect to game it is all destroyed; and as for fish, there is not one to be had of a pound weight.

Our next excursion was to the botanical-garden, but in this, as in every other branch of horticulture, the French are very deficient. The prefect, however, presented me with a book of the place, and the professor, who honoured me with his particular attention, gave me some letters to the board of agriculture at Paris. These I deemed a valuable

acquisition, as the agriculture of France is a subject to which I mean to bend my serious attention, as well as to the culture of the vineyards. My ramble will be extensive, and, if I can add one novel circumstance to the practice of agriculture, I shall think my researches amply remunerated.

In the evening we left Evreux, a little disappointed, as I expected to have found objects sufficiently interesting to have detained me there two or three days at least. We were also obliged to pass the night in a wretched inn at Passy, after travelling some miles through a fine open country, the soil and appearance of which nearly resembled Saffron-Walden.

On quitting Passy the next morning, we beheld a vineyard for the first time, and soon after entered a noble forest, cut into ridings, belonging to the estate of Bissy, formerly the property of the *Duc de Penthièvre*, one of the naturalized branches of the family of Louis XIV. But here, to speak in the language of our inimitable Rowe,—

“Peasants have trod upon the heels of nobles,”

We congratulated ourselves on not having passed that road the preceding evening, as in case the night had overtaken us, we should certainly have done so at the risk of our necks, it being almost impassable even by day.

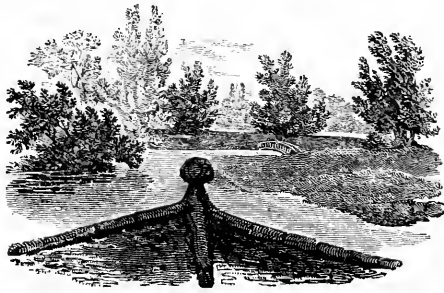
We came at length to the spot where the *chateau* once stood. It had been purchased by some merchants, who quarrelled among themselves, and pulled the greatest part of it down, but one wing which escaped their fury was afterwards bought by a merchant of Elbœuf, who is now repairing it for his own residence. Thus, in a revolution like that of France, does the property of the nobility pass into the hands of plebeians. This may, at first sight, appear an evil much to be lamented, but if by

the revolution the condition of twenty-two millions of people is ameliorated, and the industrious husbandman is enabled to enjoy the fruits of his honest labour, the memory of revolutionary enormities will be forgotten in the substantial benefits accruing to the community at large.

Under a full assurance that this observation will not, in your opinion, rank me among the friends of that exploded doctrine of equalization, which has rendered France what it is,

I subscribe myself

Yours, &c.



LETTER V.

Vernon.—Appearance of the Vineyards.—Seat of the Duc de Sully.—Chateau intended for Sale.—Horses of Normandy said to be restive in the Chierry Season.—Forest of St. Germain.—The Palace.—Conversation with an aged Frenchman respecting the Government.—Remarks on the Agriculture of France.

MY LORD,

St. Germain, July 6, 1802.

THE town of Vernon, whence I dated my last communication, is a beautiful little place in the diocese of Evreux and generalty of Rouen, situated at the distance of thirteen leagues from Rouen, and near twenty from Paris. About a quarter of a mile from the town is a bridge, thrown across the Seine, and immediately adjoining are several corn-mills, while the back ground, gradually rising from the water, is richly clothed with sylvan scenery.

Having breakfasted at Vernon, we changed our intention of going to Tours, and resolved on travelling immediately to Paris. We found the road extremely pleasant, but the vines had not so luxuriant an appearance as I expected, and the *echalas*, or white sticks, that support them, are far from improving the face of the country, as they give the distant hills an appearance of broken chalky earth; but when the vines have grown up so as to conceal them, the country may probably assume a very different aspect.



View of V. V.

I was particularly struck with some woody scenery on the left, consisting of an assemblage of poplars, grouped with some grey willows that overhung the river, while a number of passing boats contributed to enliven and diversify the landscape. On the right was a beautiful valley, rising into an amphitheatre on either side, and enriched with some magnificent forest-scenery. Here we quitted our carriage, and strolled up the bank of the Seine to some fishermen, of whom we purchased half a dozen perch, weighing about three pounds each.

We changed horses at Bonnerie, and then passed a seat of the celebrated *Duc de Sully*, the constant adherent, and faithful minister* of Henry IV. of France. His attachment to his sovereign in times of the greatest difficulty was without parallel, if we except his unfeigned love for his country, distracted as he found it at the era of his master's accession to the throne. With the finances of the kingdom in the most ruinous condition, the lofty mind of Rosney did not yield to despair. A thousand difficulties had opposed themselves to Henry's accession, and a still greater number of intrigues and vexatious circumstances rendered his throne for many years a dubious tenure; but the strict integrity, military conduct, and prudent counsels of Rosney had placed the diadem on his head; and the subsequent services of that tried adherent not only established him in the regal dignity, but rendered him the complete master of his peoples' affections. The abilities of Rosney might, indeed, be considered as a constellation, which darted a resplendent light through the thick gloom of the political horizon; and, however great the qualifications of the monarch might be, it was to the zeal and fidelity of this amiable minister that he was chiefly indebted for his final success. Henry was perfectly convinced of this, and embraced the earliest

* The name of this great character was Maximilian de Bèthune, created Marquis of Rosney, and Duke of Sully.

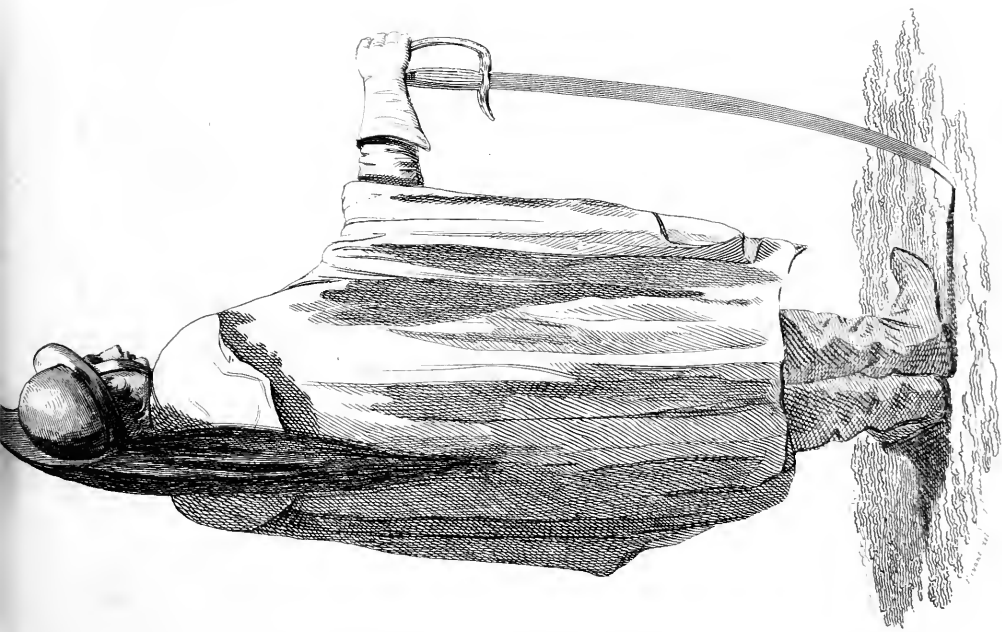
opportunity of testifying his gratitude and affection. He created Rosney Duc de Sully, and conferred upon him an estate to a very large amount; and even to the present day, the name of the adored prince is never mentioned, but that of Rosney becomes also the theme of pænegyric.

I shall not frequently have occasion to trouble you with observations of this nature; but a Henry IV. and a *Duc de Sully* are characters very rarely to be found, and it is but justice to commemorate their virtues whenever an opportunity presents itself.

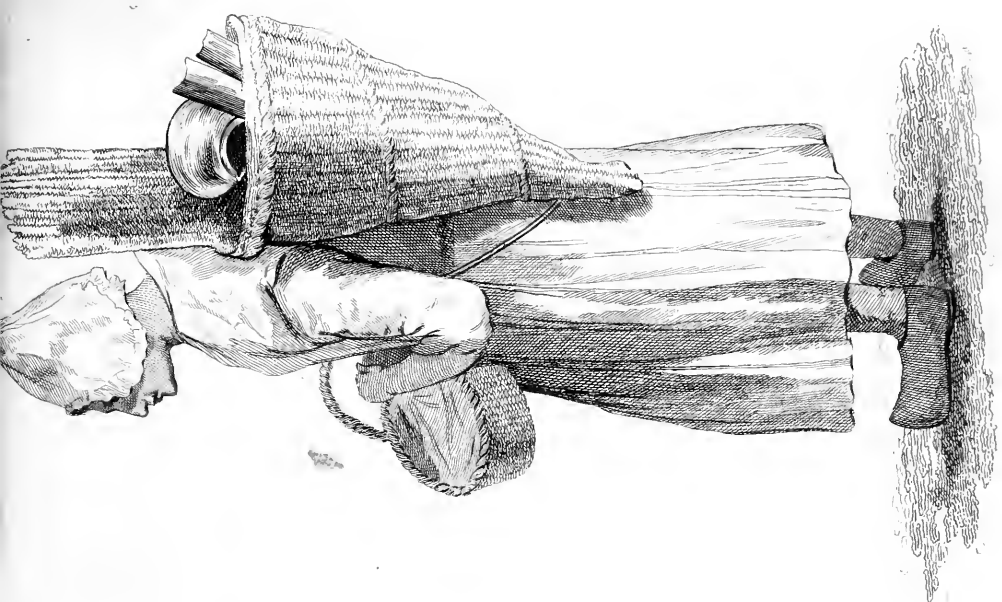
After passing the *chateau La Roche de Jenor*, and taking a view of the mount, we were again entertained with some beautiful scenery on the bank of the Seine, comprising the *chateau* of Monsieur Tallerand Peregord, and, almost embosomed in a fine wood, that of M. de Vande Morrell. This last estate was intended for sale, but the landlord was so exceedingly stupid, that I could not, for some time, comprehend his description of the place. By dint of questioning, however, I could just understand, that there was a fine park, with extensive woods; and all, as he said, to be sold for one thousand Louis. But this must have been an error, as the house alone was worth ten times that sum.

We again changed horses, and re-crossed the Seine, the course of the river having been turned. This, however, did not appear very wonderful, for it is certainly much easier to alter the current of a river, than to bring about a revolution like that of France, where custom, and the most profound veneration for the person of the reigning prince, seemed to have established monarchy on a firm and impregnable basis. But if I thus digress, I shall never get to Paris, although I am rapidly approaching that gay metropolis.

Pursuing the course of the Seine, we kept in view a well-cultivated valley, of about three miles in width. Some large uninclosed tracts of



French - Dragoon.



Market Women of Venice.

land occasionally obtruded themselves, but the remaining part of the country was laid out in corn-fields, and the sides of the hills were ornamented with a variety of *chateaus*, shaded by surrounding forests. It is, indeed, impossible to give a complete description of the scenery through which we passed, where nature and cultivation seemed to go hand in hand to render the picture more interesting and complete.

Having changed horses at B—, one of the Norman relays became rather ungovernable, and alarmed Mrs. T— very much. The driver said, this was always the case, more or less, during the cherry season; and it must be acknowledged, if that assertion were true, there were cherries enough to make all the horses in the country frisky, as the trees which grow on each side the road were loaded with that fruit. As they are of the same species with our Kentish cherries, they are called *cerries Anglois*, and are sold at the rate of a halfpenny per pound, French weight, which is equal to a pound and a half English.

We next arrived at a bridge which is peculiarly interesting from the situation in which it is placed. To the right appears an extensive succession of forest-scenery, diversified with *chateaus*, all built of stone, which, at a distance, assume the appearance of rocks, while the Seine beautifully meanders through an adjacent valley. To the left appears an expanded plain, with the river, which continually catches the eye, reflecting the beams of an unclouded sun, whilst a great number of towns, some of them of considerable magnitude, appear in front. The most prominent feature, however, is the forest of St. Germain, famous for the amusements of the chase which it afforded the kings of France, while that country could boast of kings. This celebrated forest is cut into rides, or green *allées*, three miles in length. The ground is too flat to give an air of grandeur to the scenery; but, speaking as a sportsman, that circumstance contributes to its real excellence, as the flatter the

country the better for the chase. The First Consul has lately taken this forest under his special protection, and, as the game, which was almost extirpated during the revolution, is now replenishing, it will probably soon resume its ancient celebrity.

We arrived at St. Germain about five o'clock, and found the town, which is four leagues from Paris, superior to any we had hitherto seen in France, being entirely built of white stone. We dined at a beautiful inn called the Grand Cerf, and were glad to retire early to rest. This place is particularly worthy the notice of strangers, as having been the birth-place of Louis XIV. and the residence of James II. after his abdication of the throne of England.

The morning proving fine, we took an early breakfast, that we might have leisure to visit those places worthy of inspection. The palace is a grand pile of building, but, being converted into barracks, it is now considerably out of repair, although there are still many vestiges of its pristine magnificence. Most of the windows are broken, and the words *liberty* and *equality* are written every where on the walls: on those very walls which once formed the habitation of despotic power. How the Goddess of Liberty likes her present residence in France, I have not leisure to examine. England, you know, she has long made the place of her favourite *sejour*; but if our Gallic neighbours have not decoyed her away, they have, at least, set up her representative.

I must not omit mentioning the terrace, which commands a most sublime prospect; nor could I avoid recalling to my recollection the late unfortunate inhabitants of the sumptuous palace. The contemplation was unpleasant, and my spirits became still more depressed by a short conversation which took place between myself and our grey-headed conductor. He gave us to understand, that the remembrance of their decapitated master still reigned in the hearts of the inhabitants. He also



Organo del

Fig. 10

Firm to

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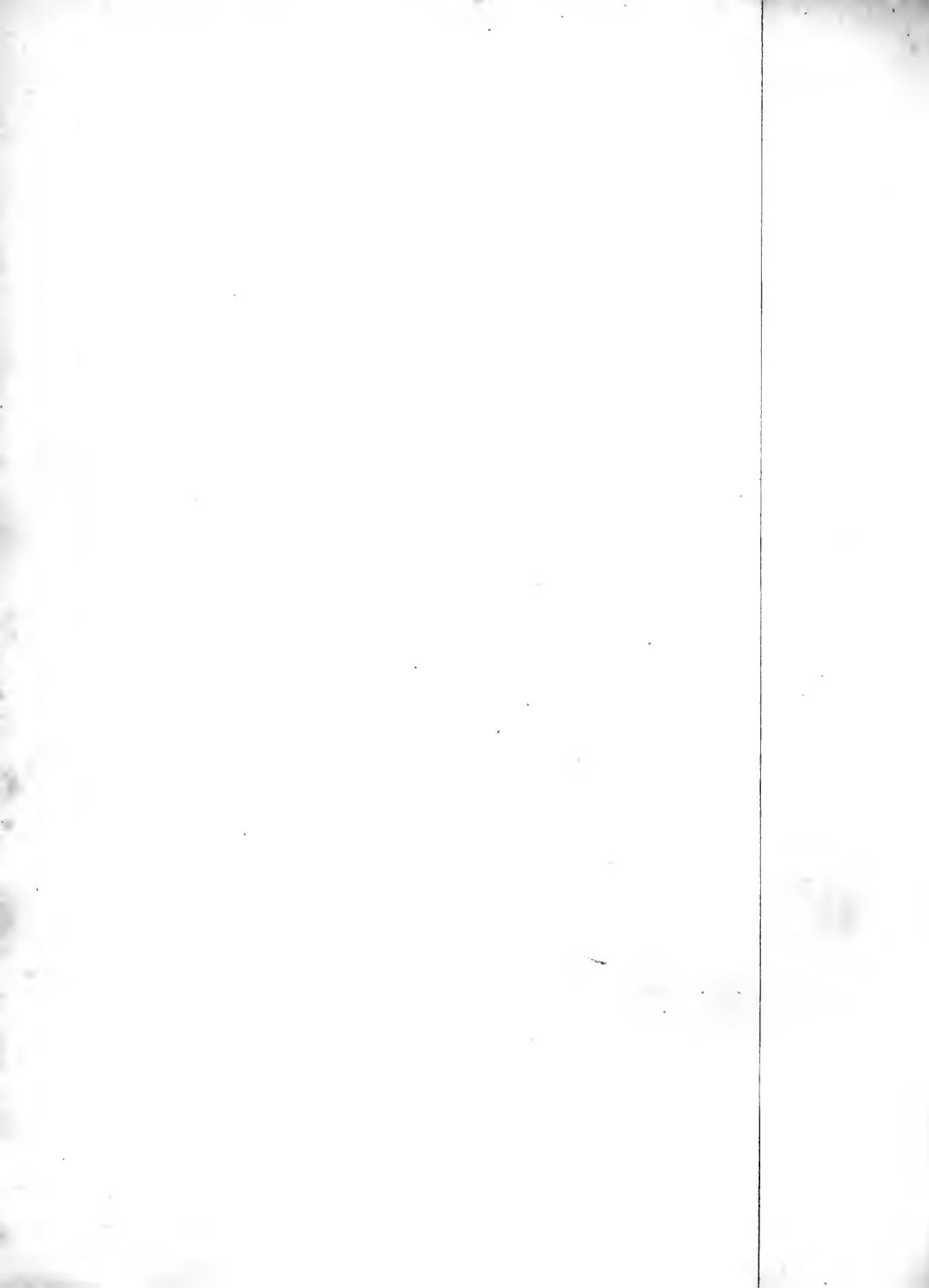
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From the Terrace of the Palace at St. Germain.



complained much of the existing government, in consequence of which (though naturally averse to argue any point with persons of his description) I requested to know his reasons for thinking as he did? He replied, that bread was *so dear*.—"But, my worthy citizen," said I, "can the First Consul command the seasons?"—"Monsieur," said the old man, while the tears trickled down his cheeks, "*Vous avez raison, je vois que j'ai eu tort.*" I gave him a trifling present, and we parted, probably never to meet again.

I must observe, that the chief consul has hunted four or five times at St. Germain. But, as the stags are yet very scarce, he comes privately, and amuses himself, attended only by four or five general officers. He always rides very hard, and is particularly fond of horses.

As I am now about to bid adieu to rural scenery, and on the point of entering Paris, I shall close this letter with a few observations, which I have been enabled to make in the preceding part of my journey.

It has invariably appeared to me, that poor land in England is, in general, the best cultivated. In France, however, this is not the case, where attention to the farm is proportioned to the goodness of the soil. Perhaps the vast population of the country, with the necessity of not trusting to a precarious supply, has induced the French agriculturists to bestow their chief attention on that soil, from which they are confident of deriving a certain crop: but this error is too obvious to require any refutation. It must, indeed, be acknowledged, that the cultivation of an ungrateful soil presents a thousand difficulties; but experience has convinced our English farmers, that, in the end, both the labour and expence are amply compensated. The French farmers are ever anxious to make the land produce as much wheat and rye as possible, and hence arise their erroneous opinions on this subject; for it does not follow, that

the more wheat is sown, the more will be reaped; but it is a known fact, that an acre of ground, if kept properly stocked with cattle, will yield more if sown only once in four years, than it would do by being sown every year, without this necessary attention.

If the cultivation of a farm be changed, in expectation of a rise in any particular grain, it will seldom be found to answer the farmer's expectation. A regular economy in farming is as necessary as in any thing else; and, although the hopes of immediate profit may dazzle the projector, a deviation from that regularity will assuredly terminate in disappointment.

If a country be rich and populous, it can never want bread, except through the errors of the existing government. The hand of power need not encourage what must be the genuine offspring of free and unfettered inclination. The great culture of rye in France, and that even in the richest provinces, is a gross absurdity; for, throughout the country, there is hardly any soil so bad as to demand rye, the land being, for the most part, good enough for the cultivation of wheat.

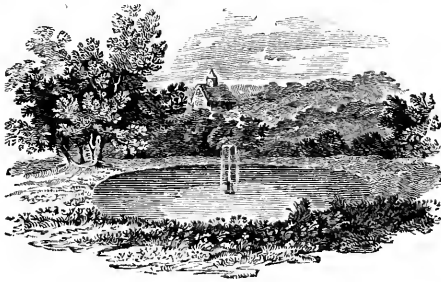
It is, however, a matter of surprise, that a country so large and populous as France, should produce grain sufficient for its inhabitants, when we consider the prodigious extent of its forests, the spacious tracts occupied by the vine, and the prodigious quantity of waste land that may be seen in many of the provinces.

I have thrown these loose remarks together as the result of my cursory observations; and, knowing your partiality for every thing belonging to agriculture, I now submit them to your consideration.

To-morrow I propose being in Paris, and when I shall have looked sufficiently about that metropolis to enable me to communicate the result of my remarks, you shall again hear from me. It is true I have been

there before, but many years have since elapsed, and such changes have taken place as will, probably, render the scene entirely new. However, let cities and governments vary their aspects as they may, I shall ever subscribe myself,

Yours, &c.



LETTER VI.

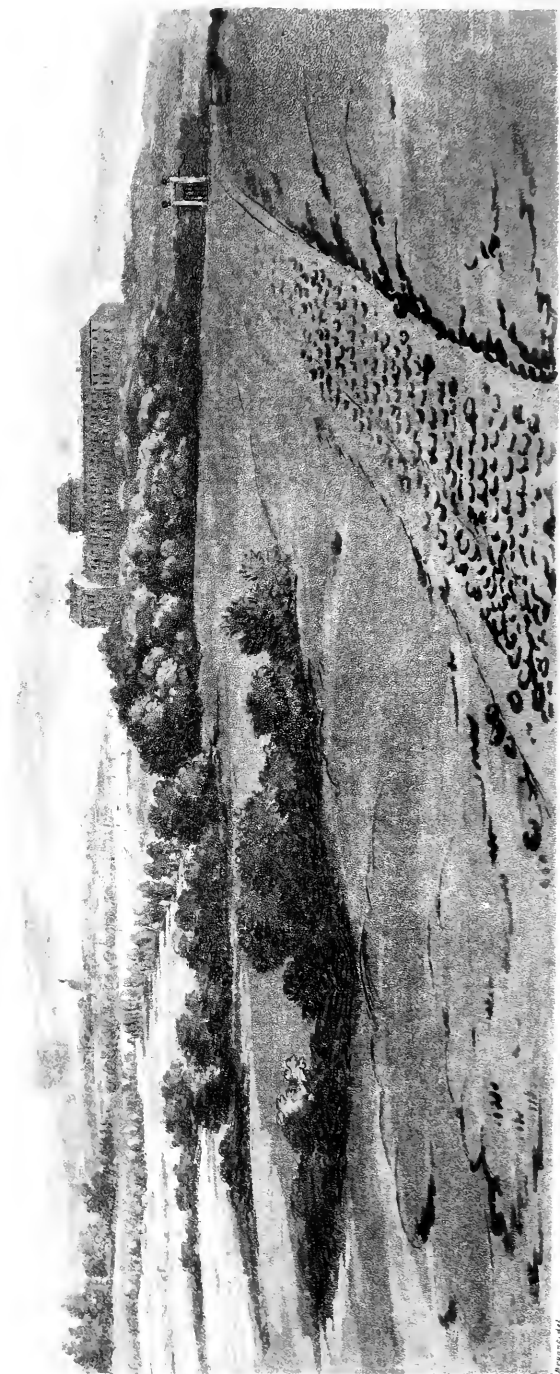
View of Versailles.—Palace, Gardens, and celebrated Water-Works of Marly. Palace of Versailles—A curious Table formed of a single Plank of Vine—Orange Trees of a prodigious Size and Age—Anecdote of the Duchess of Burgundy.—Introduction to General Beaumont.—The School of the Manege—General Fault in Shoeing Horses.—Divisions of the Palace—Sporting Subjects, painted for the late King—Singular Custom observed with respect to Visitants.—The Manufactory of Fire-Arms—Enormous Prices given for Guns and Pistols—Interview with the Director of the Manufactory, and subsequent Trials of Guns—Superiority of the English Manufactures—Place appointed for such Experiments.—Arrival at Paris.—Skettles, a favourite Recreation among French Officers.

MY LORD,

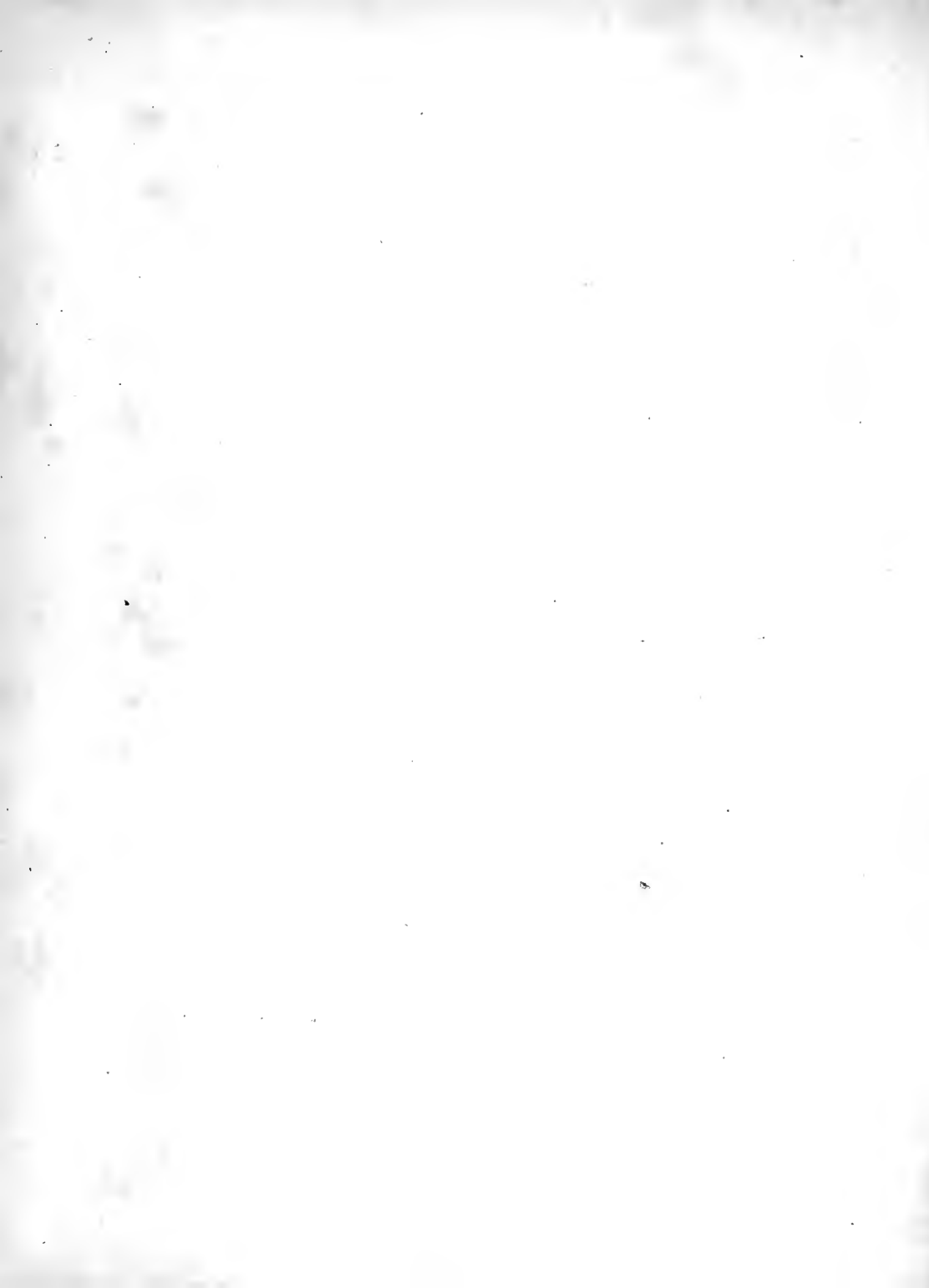
Paris, July 11, 1802.

MY last letter contained an assurance that you should hear from me soon after my arrival at this city, and I claim some merit in thus punctually performing my promise; at the same time begging leave to remind you that I am as anxious to hear from my friends in England as they can possibly be to receive letters from me. However, as I shall now be stationary for a little time, I hope to have no cause of complaint on this head in future.

On our departure from St. Germain, we ascended the hill of Marly, and were gratified with the view of Versailles, which, from this eminence, appears a considerable town, proudly exposing itself to the ad-



View of Versailles, created from St. Germain.



miration of the spectator. Formerly an avenue of stately trees rendered the approach to it peculiarly pleasant; but these have all been felled during the revolution, and the white straight road is, by no means, an agreeable object.

Contiguous to Versailles is the palace of Marly, with its extensive gardens, lately purchased by a Parisian banker. This estate, under the old *régimé*, was ornamented with every thing that taste and art could produce. On an arm of the Seine, between Marly and the village *La Chaussée*, stands the celebrated reservoir, which, by the constant working of seventy-nine pumps, forces the water, through iron tubes, into another reservoir at De Lucienne, whence it is carried by the great aqueduct to Versailles, La Butte, Roquencourt, Chevreloup, and Trianon.

The entrance into Versailles is very magnificent, the streets being wide, uniform, and well watered from the above-mentioned aqueduct.

We drove to a good hotel, and were conducted into a pleasant room, commanding a view of the garden, where several parties were at breakfast under a tent. The people of the house proposed that we should take our repast in the same manner; but Mrs. T— being in her travelling dress, and both of us completely covered with dust, we preferred a private apartment.

The palace of Versailles is an immense building, but its parts are so inharmonious, that Peter the Great of Russia is said to have compared it to a pigeon, whose wings were larger than its body. The garden front is, in my opinion, by far the most elegant, and certainly the most modern. The gardens, in the opinion of the French, are exceedingly fine; but the tiresome formality which pervades every part, is only calculated to fatigue the eye of a spectator, who is aware that the true beauty of horticulture consists in its approximation to the rich luxuriance of nature.

The greatest curiosity shown in these gardens is a table, formed from the single plank of a vine, the diameter of which measures, to the best of my recollection, two feet and a half. This object I had previously heard mentioned by my friends, Generals Behague and Priero, who were the constant attendants of the late king in all his sporting amusements.

In the *orangerie* are several orange and lemon-trees of a prodigious size, with their ages marked on small tablets: one of them, called *Le Grand Bourbon*, is said to have been brought from Italy by that polished monarch, Francis the First; and our guide assured us it was four hundred years old. This, and many of the trees, are certainly of great age, and extraordinary dimensions; but, as to the correctness of the dates affixed to them, some doubt may be very justly entertained.

I have only to add, that a series of *jets d'eau*, statues, long straight walks, and clipped hedges, present themselves in every direction, and may suffice to complete my picture of these famous gardens.

With respect to the beautiful statues on the side of the park, the following anecdote may be worthy of notice, as it shows, that even in the time of the bigotted Louis XIV. gallantry prevailed at his court. The amiable Duchess of Burgundy, a princess of the blood, observing, that the *natural parts* of the statues were covered with laurel leaves, wittily remarked, *Elles seront beaucoup plus belles à la chute des feuilles*.

As it was too late in the day to examine the interior of the palace, I waited upon General Beaumont, whose family are numbered with the best sportsmen in France, and who is now governor of Versailles. Having sent up my letter of introduction, I very fortunately met with the general's brother, whom, according to my original plan, I had intended visiting in Touraine, and from his seat I should then have proceeded to Paris; but the delays I experienced on the road had, very

luckily prevented my carrying that scheme into execution, by which means I saved myself a circuit of two hundred and forty miles.

Having accepted an invitation to dinner, I entered into conversation on the sports of the field; and the party present accompanied me to supper at my hotel, after which we retired very early to rest, according to the prevailing custom in France.

Next morning I went with the general and his brother to inspect the school of the *manège*, which is under the direction of government. The different exercises took up nearly two hours, and the professor and sub-professor, in compliment to me, ordered out four of their most capital horses, which were worked for about half an hour. These animals seem all well adapted to the purpose, being rather under fifteen hands; but the crack-horse, which is half Arabian and half Limousin, (his dam being a Limousin mare) is full fifteen hands high. Two officers from every regiment of cavalry are ordered to attend regularly at this place, to receive such instructions, both theoretical and practical, as may enable them to teach their respective corps.

I retired from the *manège*, fully convinced of the excellency of this establishment; but I could not refrain from observing, that the very same fault with respect to shoeing a horse prevails there as well as every where else. By this I mean, that the person who performs it, never cuts the toe of the horse short enough, and therefore the consequent contraction of the heel occasions the animal's tripping.

We next proceeded to the palace, which we saw to the greatest advantage, as General Beaumont had a private key, which procured us immediate admittance.

So much has been written on the subject of this palace, that I should certainly pass over the description in silence, were I not apprehensive that you might ascribe to indolence what really arises from a conviction

of my incapacity. I shall, however, venture to make a few observations, that I may not put you out of temper.

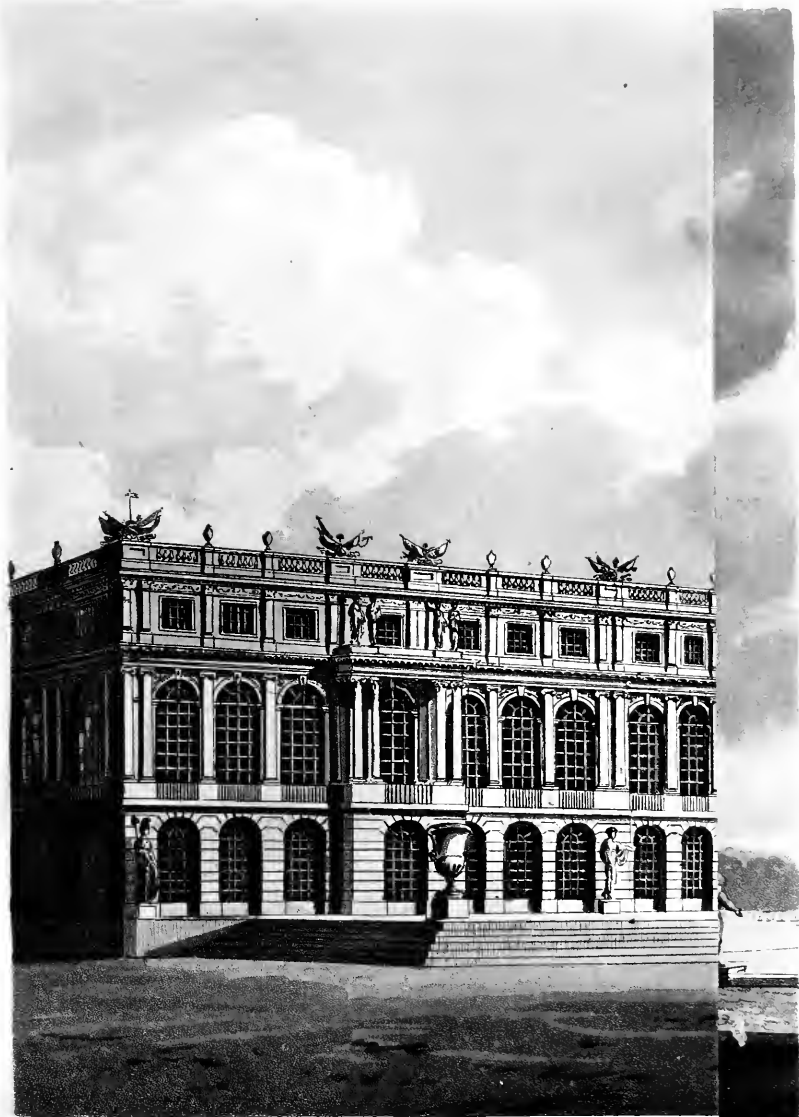
When Louis XIV. first thought of erecting this palace, there was no other than a small *chateau*, which had been built by Louis XIII. for the purposes of a hunting-seat: but that was taken down, and the plan of the present edifice laid, the subsequent divisions of which may be said to have belonged exclusively to the king and his royal suit:—

The great stables		The chamber of Mars
The little do.		————— Mercury
The front court-yard		————— Apollo
The great do.		————— War
The chateau		————— Peace
The little court-yard of the chateau		The great gallery
The baths		Apartments of the Dauphin
Chambers adjoining the baths.		The guard-room
The great stair-case		The great dining-room
The state apartments		The chamber of audience
The chapel.		The king's chamber
The cabinet of antiques		The council chamber
The billiard-room		The great cabinet
The chamber of Abundance		The great gallery and its chambers
————— of Venus		The little gallery and its chambers.

The Queen's Cabinet, &c. &c.

Such were the apartments once occupied by the kings of France.—I leave you, therefore, to conjecture the extent of the whole building, with its accommodations, for such a luxurious court, during the days of monarchy. But, if the structure now creates astonishment, how great must have been the effect when all its apartments were filled with the most elaborate sculptures of the ancients, and the sublimest performances of the justly celebrated painters of Italy and Flanders!

Among the few paintings which have been suffered to remain, are some sporting subjects, drawn for the late king; but they fell very short



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M. G. 1826

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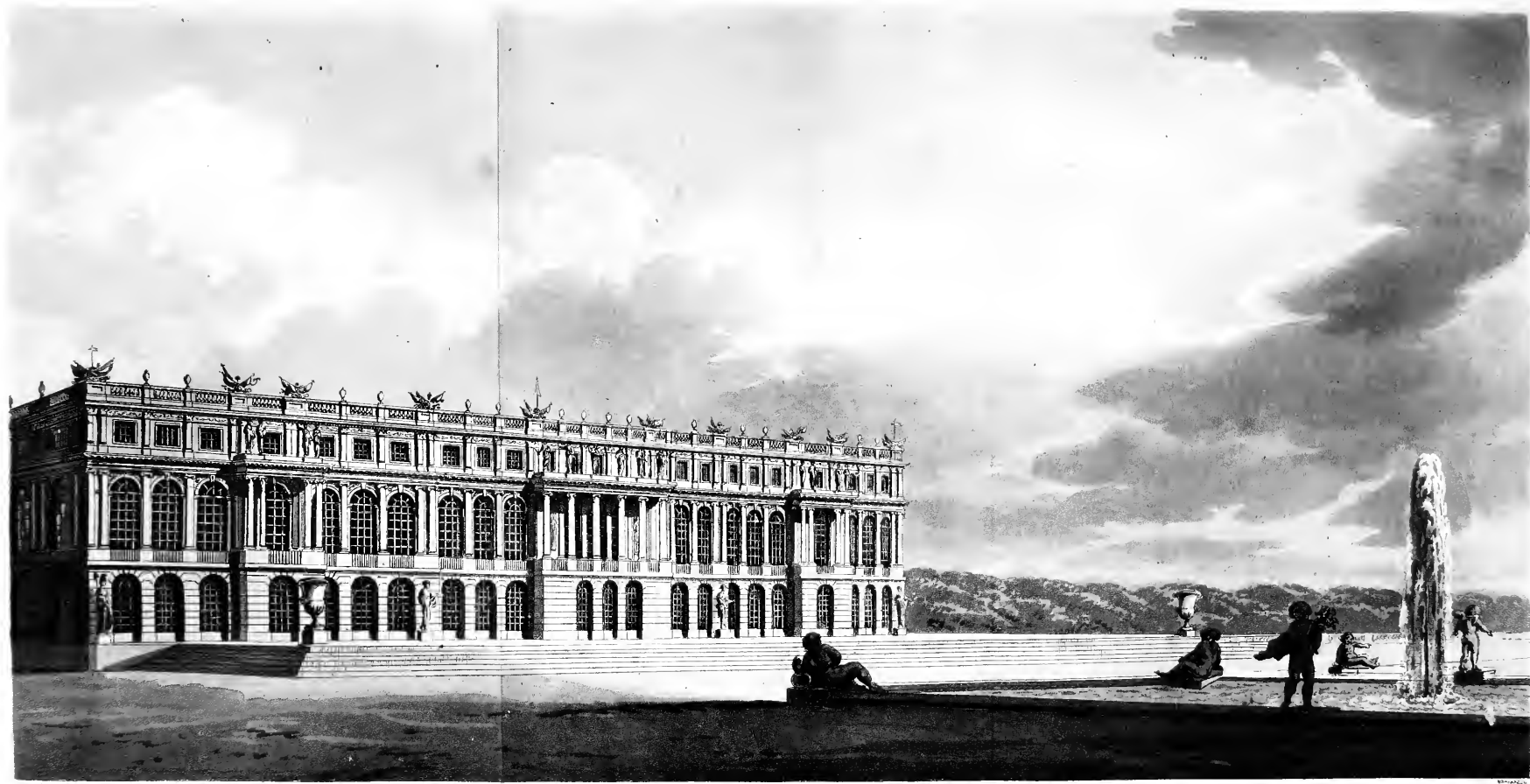
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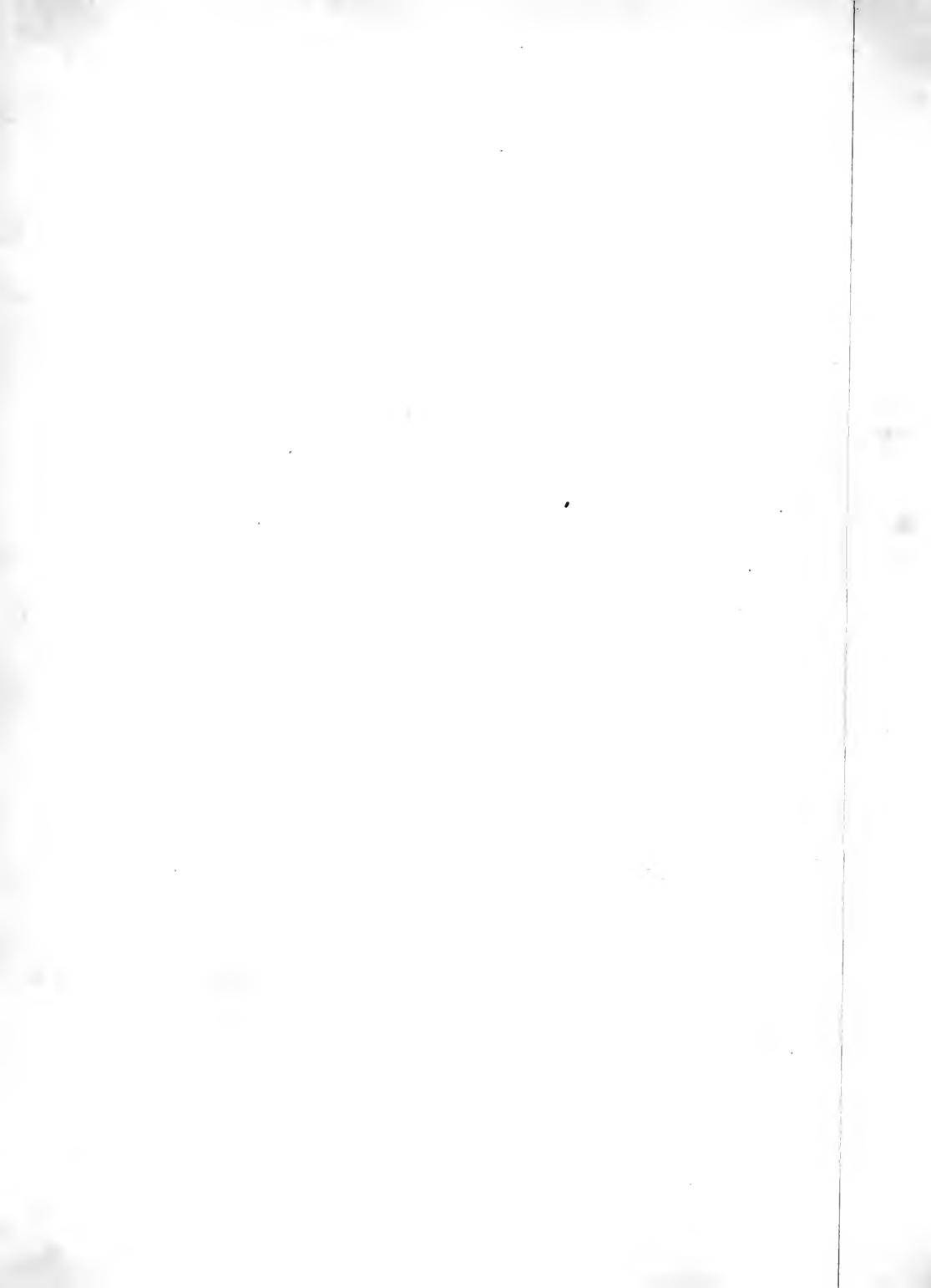
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Chateau at Versailles, from the Terrace.



of my expectations, and seemed utterly destitute of the spirit of a Reinagle,* a Barrett, a Garrard, and a Gilpin—Stubbs painted animals before Gilpin, but could not group them with the same success. He generally finished his pieces too highly, and his trees and back-grounds were, by no means, deserving of praise; but Gilpin's Jupiter, and his Death of the Fox, are certainly unparalleled.

I must not dismiss my account of this palace without noticing a singular custom observed with respect to all visitants; which is, that no gentleman is permitted to enter with a cane, nor any lady carrying a parasol.

From hence we proceeded to the manufactory of fire-arms, of which I had previously heard such representations as absolutely astonished me. The fabrication of pistols at ten thousand, and guns at fifty thousand livres a piece had been mentioned as no uncommon thing at this place; and when I argued on the impossibility of working up fire-arms to this value, and the little chance of finding purchasers at such extravagant prices, I was told, that the manufactory was under the patronage of the First Consul, and that he frequently ordered the most costly pieces, as presents for foreign princes, or general officers. One gun was produced which was then completing for the Consul, at the price of eight hundred guineas. The sum was certainly very great, but I remember receiving a fowling-piece, as a present from Lord Rockingham, which cost his lordship four hundred guineas, in consequence of my having killed a sparrow, which had perched on the top of Wentworth-House. With respect, however, to some of the enormous prices stated

* This gentleman has added greatly to his reputation, in the execution of a complete set of correct and highly-finished paintings of the various species of dogs used in the sports of the field, from which engravings have lately been published.

to be paid for the arms of the Versailles manufactory, I can only say that I have heard of them, but how far your credence will extend, must be left to your own consideration.

I confess that, as a sportsman, I was very anxious to inspect this manufactory; and was accordingly introduced to the director and his numerous partners. The superintendant of the guns is the well-known *Bouté*, and some other person has the department of the pistols. They observed, that they had heard of the pistols* I had brought over for the First Consul, and expressed a desire of being indulged with a sight of them. With this request I readily acquiesced, and had the pleasure of hearing my intended present spoken of in terms of the highest commendation, by all the directors of the manufactory.

The mounting of their arms at Versailles is certainly excellent, and the carving of their stocks is most beautifully conceived, and as capitally executed; but their barrels are not fitted in that workman-like manner, which constitutes a striking excellence in the English manufactories. They are also very inferior to my countrymen in the art of browning, and in the construction of their locks.

Gratified with the information we had received at this manufactory, we returned to a dinner, which our landlord had engaged to provide for eighteen persons, at ten livres per head, the desert *non compris*. The repast was excellent, and the attendants were particularly civil; but I could not help remarking, that although an Englishman is, at first, surprised at the cheapness of French wines, the frequenting of inns, and the great quantity there consumed, will soon alter his sentiments on this subject.

The next morning being appointed for a trial of guns between myself

* The presentation of these pistols will be noticed in the sequel.

and the directors of the manufactory, we met before breakfast, at a place purposely adapted for experiments of that nature. A distance of sixteen yards was chosen and measured off for pistols, and stone marks were placed for the feet; so that it was impossible for the advantage of a single inch to be taken by either party.

Mr. G— first tried his pistol, and made two good shots, placing the ball within an inch of a wafer. He then desired me to make trial with the same pistol, but as it had a double-hair trigger, to which I had not been accustomed, it went off before I got it to the mark. However, on its being re-loaded, I placed the ball nearer to the wafer than my competitor had previously done.

The next trial consisted of two sorts of treble-barrelled pistols, one of which was on the same principle as those intended for the Consul; and they answered at the above distance, so as to hit the iron plate, which was two feet square.

We then made trial of some guns of the manufactory, and it may be reasonably supposed, the best were selected. I had only brought two of my own, one of which was my coach-gun, not more than two feet long; but even this far surpassed those produced by the manufactory. They made some shots at the distance of ninety-eight yards, but did not succeed.

It was afterwards agreed to have a full and fair trial of my guns against the manufactory; and each party was naturally anxious for success. The *Poker*, or *Buonaparte*, as the gun is termed, opened the ball, and she threw her shot so exactly, that the French admitted, “*Une mouche ne pouvoit pas l’échapper.*”

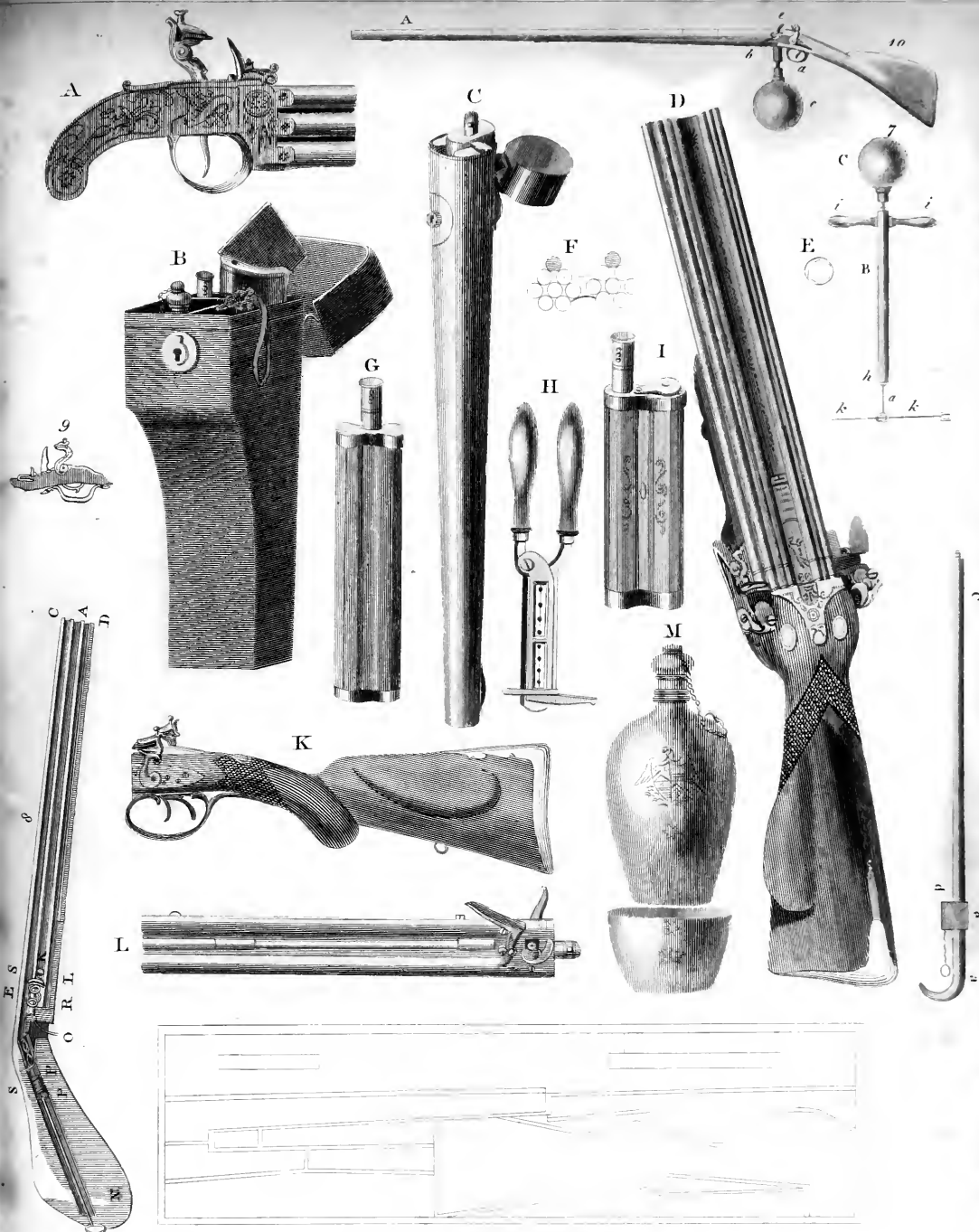
Theirs in return failed; after which they assayed about four others.

The next was my air-gun*, at ninety-three yards, against their rifle. I shot within an inch of their mark, though it was not fully pumped. The day was extremely sultry, and yet my next shot was still more exact.

* It may not be improper, in this place, to introduce some account of the air-gun; which instrument, of the common description, is usually made of brass, and has two barrels; the inside barrel A, fig. 8. which is of a small bore, from whence the bullets are exploded; and a large barrel ECDF on the outside of it. There is a syringe SMNP fixed in the stock of the gun, by which the air is injected into the cavity between the two barrels through the valve EP. The ball K is put down into its place in the small barrel, with the rammer, as in any other gun. At SL is another valve, which, being opened by the trigger O, permits the air to come behind the bullet, so as to drive it out with great force. If this valve be opened and shut suddenly, one charge of condensed air may be sufficient for several discharges of bullets; but if the whole air be discharged on one single bullet, it will drive it out with great force. This discharge is effected by means of a lock, fig. 9. placed here as usual in other guns; for the trigger being pulled, the cock will go down and drive the lever O, fig. 8. which will open the valve, and let in the air upon the bullet K.

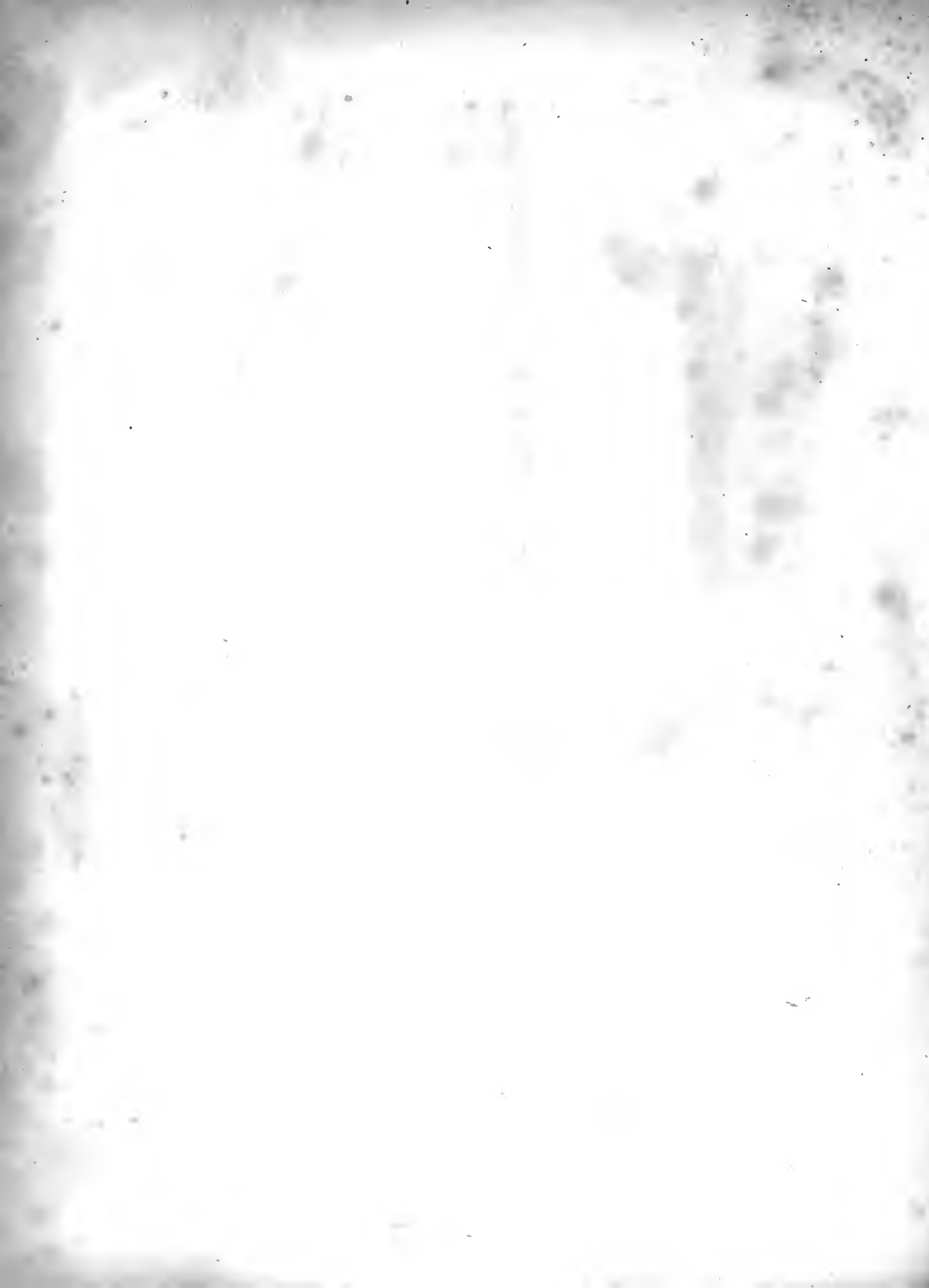
Air-guns of late years have received very great improvements in their construction. Fig. 10. is a representation of one made by the late Mr. B. Martin of London, and now by several of the mathematical instrument and gun-makers of the metropolis. For simplicity and perfection it exceeds any other heretofore contrived. A is the gun-barrel, with the lock, stock, ram-rod, and of the size and weight of a common fowling-piece. Under the lock, at *b*, is a round steel tube, having a small moveable pin in the inside, which is pushed out when the trigger *a* is pulled, by the spring-work within the lock; to this tube *b*, a hollow copper-ball *c* screws, perfectly air-tight. This copper ball is fully charged with condensed air by the syringe B (fig. 7.) previous to its being applied to the tube *b* of fig. 10. It is then evident, if a bullet be rammed down in the barrel, the copper ball screwed fast at *b*, and the trigger *a* be pulled, that the pin in *b* will, by the action of the spring-work within the lock, forcibly strike out into the copper ball; and thereby pushing in suddenly a valve within the copper ball, let out a portion of the condensed air; which air will rush up through the aperture of the lock, and forcibly act against the bullet, driving it to the distance of 60 or 70 yards, or further. If the air is strongly condensed at every discharge, only a portion of the air escapes from the ball; therefore, by re-cocking the piece, another discharge may be made; and this repeated to the amount of 15 or 16 times. An additional barrel is sometimes made, and applied for the discharge of shot, instead of the one above described.

The air in the copper ball is condensed by means of the syringe B (fig. 7.), in the following manner: The ball *c* is screwed quite close on the top of the syringe at *b*, at the end of the steel-pointed rod: *a* is a stout ring through which passes the rod *k*: upon this rod the feet should be firmly set; then the hands are to be applied to the handles *ii*, fixed on the side of the barrel of the syringe. Now by moving the barrel B steadily up and down on the rod *a*, the ball *c* will become charged with condensed air; and it may be easily known when the ball is as full as possible, by the irresistible action that the air makes against the piston when you are working the syringe. At the end of the



Plan of the Sporting Case.

Sporting Apparatus.



The next trial was my double rifle against their best single rifle,* which was, apparently, greatly in their favour, as the sight to a single rifle is far more accurate. On preparing to re-load, I found that, owing to some mistake, the loader and the bullet-moulds were either lost or mislaid. However, some bullets were found to fit, and, after loading with powder merely by guess, I made eight shots, each sufficient to pierce through a deer's head, and once even touched the edge of the white.

We had several other trials, both with rifles and air-guns; but the result afforded a convincing proof of the superiority of the English manufactures. Several betts were made on this occasion, and General Beaumont, the appointed judge, decided impartially in favour of my guns; but, out of respect for the civilities I had received, I ordered a single and double-barrelled gun of the best make.

rod *k* is usually a four-square hole, which with the rod serves as a key to fasten the ball *c* fast on the screw *b* of the gun and syringe close to the orifice in the ball *c*. In the inside is fixed a valve and spring, which gives way for the admission of air; but upon its emission comes close up to the orifice, shutting up the internal air. The piston-rod works air-tight, by a collar of leather on it, in the barrel *B*; it is therefore plain, when the barrel is drawn up, the air will rush in at the hole *h*. When the barrel is pushed down, the air therein contained will have no other way to pass from the pressure of the piston but into the ball *c* at top. The barrel being drawn up, the operation is repeated, until the condensation is so strong as to resist the action of the piston.

Sometimes the syringe is applied to the end of the barrel *C* (see fig. 11.): the lock and trigger shut up in a brass case *d*; and the trigger pulled, or discharge made, by pulling the chain *b*. In this contrivance there is a round chamber for the condensed air at the end of the syringe at *e*, and it has a valve acting in a similar manner to that of the copper ball. When this instrument is not in use, the brass case *d* is made to slide off, and the instrument then becomes a walking-stick; from which circumstance, and the barrel being made of cane, brass, &c. it has received the appellation of the *air-cane*. The head of the cane unscrews and takes off at *a*, where the extremity of the piston-rod in the barrel is shown: an iron rod is placed in a ring at the end of this, and the air condensed in the barrel in a similar manner to that of the gun as above; but its force of action is not near so strong and permanent as that of the latter.

* This gun was mechanically and beautifully mounted, and very portable, but there were no good sights. Much was said about this piece, and it was valued at a hundred and fifty guineas, which sum I agreed to give, provided that, on trial, it should prove superior to mine. The sights of a single rifle may be easily made correct; but to have two barrels equally good, and the sight to answer for both, is quite another affair.

The place allotted for these experiments is adjoining the palace, and immediately opposite is a sheet of water, in the centre of a garden surrounded by high walls. The avenue is remarkably handsome, the walls being clothed with vines, and skirted by espaliers, which are covered with rose-trees, now in full bloom.

Having received fresh letters of recômmendation from the Beaumont family, and one in particular addressed to General Duroc, governor of the Tuileries, I proceeded towards Paris, and, after changing horses at a small village, crossed the Seine, which we had so long followed. It is, in this part, divided by a little island, and has a tolerably pretty appearance; but I assure you, neither the river nor the suburbs can be put in competition with those of London.

I remarked, on passing the *Champs Elysées*, that numerous parties of officers were playing at skettles. I think it would appear rather extraordinary were we to behold our officers of the guards thus amusing themselves on the Parade at St. James's. But every nation has some peculiar customs, and, among the French, this seems to be a favourite recreation.—“*Qui n'a point vu Paris, n'a rien vu*,” said a Frenchman; and, in my opinion, there was much rationality in the remark, though London, in many instances is certainly preferable. Perhaps you may retort upon me by saying, that I myself fall into the very error I am reprehending. Be it so, if you please: nevertheless, Paris is so obviously changed since my last *sejour* here, that I really retrace it with great difficulty.

We alighted at the *Hotel des Etrangers*, *Rue de la Concorde*, where we, at present, occupy a suit of apartments, at forty-eight guineas per month, not superior to those which may be engaged in London for fifteen guineas at the utmost.

Having now ushered myself into the capital, I hope you will be willing to allow me some respite, that I may commence a fresh letter *comme il faut*, for I assure you that I am now completely jaded.

Feeling as I ever shall, on recurring to my best friends, I conclude, as usual, with stating, that

I am

Yours, &c.



LETTER VII.

General Remarks.—Monsieur Perregaux.—Interview with General Duroc.—Presentation of Pistols, designed for the First Consul.—Particular Attention shown to Col. T—— by the Soldiery.—Monsieur Pellerin.—Public Walks rendered unpleasant by the Dust, and want of Gravel.—Striking Difference between the Environs of Paris and London—That Difference accounted for.—Palais Royal.—Riding House.—Site of the Bastille.—Gun-makers.—Musée central des Arts.—Improvements at the Tuileries—Venetian Horses.—Visit to the Opera—Botanical Garden.—Gobelins Manufactory.—Prince Branisky.—Mess. Ridley and Brandling.—Account of the Frescati.

MY LORD,

Paris, July 16, 1802.

HAVING now run over that part of France through which Englishmen generally travel, it may be expected that I should make some remarks on the general face of the country, and the nature of the accommodations. I shall merely observe, however, that the roads are, for the most part, in middling condition, and that, notwithstanding our carriage was overloaded with guns, dogs, imperial, and dickey, accompanied with a landaulet, we did not lose even a single nail, in our journey from Dieppe to this metropolis. With respect to accommodations, I am happy to say, their general bad character has been almost obliterated from my mind, by the numerous civilities I have received.

Since I had last the pleasure of addressing you, I waited upon Mon-

sieur Perregaux, a member of the senate, and the principal banker of this city, who, you must allow, is a very necessary man after a long journey, and whose behaviour to me was equally polite and attentive.

I then wrote to General Duroc, intimating that I had a letter of recommendation from the governor of Versailles, and requesting to know when I might be permitted to wait upon him. One of his aid-de-camps came, soon afterward, to my hotel, and informed me that the general was disengaged, and would be happy to see me either on that or any other day. I therefore accompanied the officer to the palace of the Tuileries, and was ushered into a sumptuous drawing-room.

In the person of General Duroc I expected to find a man of age and experience: you may, therefore, form a tolerable idea of my surprise when I beheld a young man about thirty years of age, richly dressed, and distinguished by a peculiar suavity of manners. He is, indeed, very young for so important a situation as that of governor of the palace, but his conduct at different courts has established his reputation with the government, and the First Consul knows how to appreciate superior abilities, for the furtherance of his own views.

After some conversation relative to my friend Beaumont and his introductory letter, I produced the pistols designed for the First Consul. The general then enquired the name of my regiment, with the particulars of which I acquainted him, as well as the manner of my quitting it; after which we parted, mutually satisfied with each other.

On re-entering my carriage, a particular degree of attention seemed to be paid me by the soldiers, among whom were some I had previously seen at Versailles, and who were now examining my armorial bearings, which have two soldiers of the West York for supporters. It appeared, that during my interview with General Duroc, my servants had entered

into conversation with the guards respecting the English militia, and had, by this means, collected a crowd round the carriage. It was sufficiently obvious, that such reports as were spread among the soldiery respecting me, would be highly advantageous in such a military country as France.

In a few days I was favoured with a letter from General Duroc, containing the thanks of the First Consul for the pistols, which had been very graciously accepted; and also informing me, that both he (the general) and Bonaparte, had perused my "Statement of Facts,"* their strictures upon which I leave to the imagination of your lordship.

I must not omit mentioning, that I have received a visit from Monsieur Pelerin, an officer in the old navy of France, who having been taken prisoner by the English, resided with my father at Thornville, during the war of 1759. He received my compliments with unaffected cordiality, and gave a melancholy account of some of my old friends, as we strolled about the gardens of the Tuileries. These gardens have one great fault, the want of gravel; and this may be justly complained of, in all the pleasure-grounds in the vicinity of Paris. The dust also, when agitated by the least breath of wind, is almost insupportable, and every apartment is literally covered with it, notwithstanding the streets are tolerably well watered.

Considering myself in the neighbourhood of so great a capital as Paris, it had struck me as something singular, that on the road from Versailles, we saw nothing of that hurry and bustle which characterize a near approach to London. On the contrary, we met but a few common stage-carriages, and not a single private one. This is a proud consideration for Englishmen, whose trade and commerce (those sources of opulence, which every where meet the eye near our capital,) give us a decided superiority over the other nations of Europe. The com-

* See note in p.

merce and the trade of France is very far behind that of England, but to this many circumstances have contributed. Under the old *regimé* the *noblesse*, who constituted an immense part of the community, considered mercantile employments as derogatory to their dignity; trade of every description was despised by those who possessed the best means of entering upon speculations; and a military or clerical life formed the only career of all the younger branches of families of condition. In England, a different line of conduct, and opposite opinions have produced a prodigious accumulation of wealth; and thus the resources of government are drawn from an inexhaustible fountain. In France very different consequences were produced even under the most flourishing reigns, and the dreadful effects of the revolution may be said to have almost annihilated that commerce of which the French were previously in possession. On a calm contemplation of these points, therefore, I perceive I had no reason to be surprised at the different appearance of the roads from Versailles to Paris, and between Brentford and London.

The weather being particularly inviting, we went to the Palais Royal, the superb residence of the late Duc de Orleans. This immense edifice, originally founded by Cardinal Richelieu in 1629, is built in the form of a parallelogram, supported by pillars, and enclosing a large garden, where the Parisians may be seen sauntering about the walks, or taking lemonade and other refreshments, on the seats which are provided for their accommodation. On the ground-floor, under the piazzas, are shops of jewellery, millinery, mantua-makers, print-sellers, watch-makers, china-men, booksellers, and restaurateurs, which are crowded with loungers of every description, and fitted up with the most attractive elegance. There are, also, contained within this building two theatres, the hall of the tribunate, ball-rooms, billiard-rooms, coffee-houses, and gaming-houses, all of which open into the gardens, and are illuminated

every evening with a profusion of lamps and lustres. The concourse of people constantly attendant at this place consists, for the most part, of money-changers, stock-jobbers, professed gamblers, and adventurers of every description; and the votaries of the Cyprian goddess are so numerous, that it is almost impossible for a modest woman to show herself, if unprotected, even by day-light. I was informed that this structure did not answer the builder's expectation, never having paid him two and a half per cent for his money.

From thence we rambled to the riding-house, whimsically ornamented with *Al Fresco* paintings; and then visited the site of the Bastille, formerly the terrific engine of despotic power, but now converted into a wood-yard, whence the citizens are supplied with fuel. The horrid sufferings of its devoted victims, with their solitary and protracted confinement, are still loudly execrated, whenever this place becomes the topic of conversation; but it is necessary to receive such accounts with caution, as many of them may have been greatly exaggerated by the prejudices of the populace. It is almost impossible for a stranger to contemplate this spot without feeling emotions which are much easier conceived than described, but the Parisians now pass by with the most perfect *sang-froid*, as an object no longer worthy of attention. The dust in this quarter is so overwhelming, as to render it almost impossible to visit the place without a carriage; but the inhabitants appear totally regardless of this inconvenience, and remind one of the adage, that "custom will reconcile to any thing."

We next paid a visit to the shops of several gun-makers, and, among the rest, to that of Mr. Page, a sensible and steady man, who readily acknowledged his work inferior, with respect to its appearance, to that of the Versailles manufactory; but he said, although their pieces were more highly finished, they were only calculated for show, and not for a

true sportsman. I remarked, on this occasion, that the guns of Paris are made stronger than formerly, and consequently much safer. The best workman in this branch is the well-known Le Clerc, of the Versailles manufactory, and as they are known to have collected all the best hands in Paris, they must necessarily excel. I understand they have a manufactory at Rouen for shot equal to our patent; but their powder is said to be two degrees behind ours, and their flints are also very inferior.

Next morning we proceeded to inspect the museum, or, as it is here called, the *Musée central des Arts*, which is situated in the Louvre, and consists of so magnificent a collection, that, if there were no other inducement for a man to visit Paris, this would alone compensate for the trouble and expense of a trip from London. The room, or gallery itself, is calculated to strike a spectator with astonishment, being one thousand and ninety-five feet long, and the exquisite paintings which every where present themselves impress the contemplative mind with sensations altogether indescribable. Some future letter may, probably, contain an account of these sublime efforts of genius; but, at present, I shall merely observe, that the subjects are as interesting as the performances are excellent: so true is the observation of Hayley,

“How oft we find that when, with noblest aim,
The glowing artist gains the heights of fame,
To the well-chosen theme he chiefly owes
That praise which judgment with delight bestows.
The lyre and pencil both this truth confess,
The *happy subject* forms their full success.”

The palace of the Tuileries has not undergone any very material alteration except in the grand *façade* opposite *la Place de Carousel*. This is certainly much improved, and when the projected alterations shall be completed, it will be magnificent beyond conception.

In consequence of the removal of a number of small houses, that formerly surrounded the palace, we plainly beheld the gallery of the Louvre, forming the noble angle of the court-yard, in which the First Consul reviews his troops. The court itself is separated from the street by a handsome iron-railing, and the gates are ornamented with the celebrated Venetian horses. But in these statues, which had been held out to me as the *ne plus ultra* of art, I was much disappointed; for, instead of displaying such superior excellence, they are, in my humble opinion, very indifferently executed, when put in competition with the models of Mr. Garrard, at his exhibition, in George Street, Hanover Square: and hence it appears evident, that however the ancient painters and sculptors might excel in their imitations of the human form, they are surpassed by the moderns in the delineation of the animal part of the creation.

The Venetian horses are said to have been cast by Lysippus of Rhodes, in the time of Alexander. On the founding of Constantinople they were carried thither, and attached to the chariot of the sun in the hippodrome; and when that capital fell into the hands of the Venetians about the year 1206, they were carried off by the victors, and placed over the great entrance of the church of St. Mark at Venice. They afterwards became the property of the French republicans, and assumed their present station on the portals facing the Carousel.

It is necessary to add, that the opening in this part is already considerably extended, and when the plans of government are finally completed, by clearing away every obstacle that separates the Louvre from the Tuileries, the residence of the First Consul will, unquestionably, exceed every other palace of Europe. It is with reluctance that I now take leave of this palace, and the splendid repository of the arts; but shall, hereafter, resume it on a more enlarged scale.

In the evening we went to the opera, being accommodated with an excellent box. The theatre appeared well proportioned, and elegantly fitted up; and the orators were justly entitled to the attention they received. One in particular was very deservedly distinguished by the plaudits of the spectators, and, for my own part, I have been seldom more agreeably amused at a public entertainment of this description.

The ensuing morning we went to the botanical garden, originally founded by Buffon, and considered as one of the most interesting objects in Paris. This garden is very extensive, well laid out, and stocked with a profusion of curious and exotic plants, all of which are labelled for the improvement of students and the information of visitors. Here also are some extensive hot-houses and green-houses, and a *menagerie*, or collection of foreign animals. In an adjoining park we saw some fine fallow deer, and a beautiful bull and cow of the African breed; and I particularly noticed some large experimental bee-hives, which, however, did not appear so good as either Mr. Wildman's, or those at Thornville Royal.

A heavy rain compelling us to leave this place sooner than we had intended, we drove to the Gobelin's manufactory, which is carried on in an edifice situate in a distant part of the Fauxbourg St. Germain. This building was purchased by the great minister *Colbert*, for the purposes of dying wool, and making tapestry; and the establishment was afterwards sanctioned by an edict of Louis the Fourteenth, who deemed it worthy his royal patronage. It made but slow advances, even when assisted in the most liberal manner; and the late revolution has injured it very materially, by calling many of its ablest artists from their employment. The chief consul, however, has now taken it under his protection, and most of its present productions are intended to adorn his residence at St. Cloud.

The tapestry here manufactured is certainly very beautiful, but not commensurate to its extravagant price. I purchased a small specimen, as a present for the best of mothers, which proved very expensive.

There are about a hundred persons employed in this manufactory, and it is really surprising to observe with what apparent facility they execute the most difficult parts of the workmanship; but, to arrive at any degree of perfection, occupies a period of eighteen years, six of which are set apart for the customary apprenticeship. The workmen are under the constant superintendence of the police, but their situation is greatly ameliorated, for under the old *régimé* they were never permitted to quit the manufactory, lest they should divulge that curious art, which was, in fact, the cause of their perpetual imprisonment. We finished this excursion by proceeding along the South Boulevards, and then returning to dinner.

Part of the ensuing day was devoted to some visits of form, and, among others, I waited upon the Polish prince, *Branitsky*, whom I had the honour to be acquainted with during his residence in London; and, from the opportunities I then had of conversing with him, as well as from our renewed intimacy here, I consider myself greatly benefited by his society. He is a man of superior taste, and much attached to mechanism. His carriages are contrived upon principles resulting from his favourite study, and he expressed his disapprobation of the fire-arms of Versailles, some of which he had recently purchased.

After these ceremonious calls, I returned to meet Sir James Fitzgerald, Mr. Ridley, son of Sir Matthew White Ridley, M. P. and Mr. Edward Brandling, son of Mr. Brandling, of Gosport, member of Parliament, who being on the same floor in our hotel, had become acquainted with us, and had agreed to my proposal of dining alternately with

each other during our stay at Paris. Nothing could have been more desirable than the addition of these gentlemen to our party, as in them we found men very different from those wild, giddy, and unthinking spend-thrifts, who are not overburdened with sense themselves, nor willing to receive information from others.

In the course of conversation I found, that these gentlemen intended to take different routes on their departure from the capital; Mr. Ridley purposing to go to Bologna, and Mr. Brandling to Geneva. I now stated, that a certain artist who had left the country rather abruptly, and had taken with him a miniature of mine, and some articles belonging to my lady, was supposed to have gone to Geneva, upon which Mr. Brandling politely offered to carry a letter to him, and receive the portrait.

After dinner I went to the Phantasmagoria, and the Frescati, the latter of which is situated in the Italian Boulevard, and consists of a large house and a small garden, which were illuminated for the first time this season. The Frescati is the favourite resort of the best company in Paris. The walls of the apartments are painted with Italian landscapes, and decorated with a profusion of lustres and pier-glasses, while innumerable lights and festoons of artificial flowers augment the splendor and gaiety of the scene. The place, altogether, is certainly *pretty*—an expression the best adapted to convey my ideas concerning it. The amusements consist in walking about, and holding that general conversation with one's acquaintance which is common in all public places. The usual refreshments are tea, lemonade, punch, ices, and cakes, the profits of which constitute the only advantage to the proprietor, no money being asked or expected for admittance.

I remarked one very disagreeable circumstance in this place, namely, the overpowering smells of brandy, rum, and other spirituous liquors, which are not at all calculated to impress a stranger with an idea of his

being at a promenade of the *beau monde*. I was, however, fully assured it was so, by meeting some of the most respectable families of my acquaintance, and particularly a *ci-devant comtesse*, who is known to pique herself on every punctilio of etiquette, and who assured me "*Que toute la bonne compagnie y allait.*"

I was induced to look at the rooms set apart for play, in one of which *rouge et noir* attracted my attention. I remained a silent spectator for a considerable time, though profiting but little from my attention; and firmly resisted some *pressing invitations* to take an active part, although the loss of a few thousands might, probably, have initiated me into the mysteries of the game.

The Frescati must certainly be acknowledged to abound in the agreeable, and, to use a French expression, "*On peut bien s'y distraire,*" as I must, in the present instance by abandoning my pen for the irresistible fascination of sleep.

Adieu

Yours, &c.

LETTER VIII.

Excursion to Ermenonville.—Rye Harvest.—Triennial draining of Water.—Jean Jacques Rousseau.—The Hermitage.—Ermenonville.—Hunting Party. Pont Chartrain —Generals Moreau and Macdonald.—Hunting Roe-buck.—Observations on trying for Game.—English Toasts difficult to be explained to the French Ladies.—Madame Moreau.—Mrs. Macdonald.—Tea introduced at Midnight.—Extensive Estates of M. d'Etallier.—France well adapted for the Joys of the Chase.—Grosbois, the late Seat of General Moreau.

MY LORD,

Paris, July 22, 1802.

I RECEIVED your very kind letter, and really blush at my inability to substantiate the praises therein lavished on my epistolary communications. Such as they are, however, I shall regularly continue, and if they afford you but a trifling portion of that pleasure which I could wish to impart, my design will be fully answered.

My friends Brandling and Ridley having proposed an excursion into the country, we agreed on a trip to Ermenonville, the family seat of the Montmorencies, said to be worth sixty thousand pounds per annum; and, indeed, when I reflect on the immense possessions formerly held by that family, I cannot doubt the veracity of this statement.

A few flying showers, having laid the dust, rendered our ride peculiarly pleasant, and the sun breaking forth in unsullied majesty soon after our departure from Paris, we were greeted with an enchanting view of the

rural scenery, rendered still more interesting by the cheerful appearance of the reapers, who were binding up their rye in sheaves, and beguiling the hours of labour with their festal songs. Here, indeed, one might justly exclaim,

“ Her imperial bouquet Nature yields,
Unboundedly kind from her hand,
The pomp of the groves and the fields
Shed cheerfulness over the land,”

After proceeding about eight or nine miles, I observed a very fine sheet of water, formerly the property of the Prince of Condé, but since transferred into the hands of a baker! Such are the strange vicissitudes produced by a revolution. On making enquiry, I was told there were plenty of fish; the water appeared very clear, which was accounted for by its being usually drained once in three years, when the produce yielded about four hundred pounds, and that some of the finest fish sold for three Louis. On the veracity of this information I did not place much reliance, but the custom of triennial draining is very common in many places, and on such occasions it is usual to measure the fish from fork to eye, that those under a certain length may be thrown in again for stock.

We passed a handsome *chateau*, the property of Monsieur Camus, and ascended a steep hill which led to an *auberge*. Here we enquired for the grand *chateau*, but were given to understand that we had passed it, and that, notwithstanding it was to be sold, we should probably find it difficult to obtain admission. However I resolved to go, and accordingly engaged a little boy as our guide.

The name of Jean Jacques Rousseau happening to come upon the tapis, I found that he had formerly resided at Ermenonville, near the town of Montmorency, where he died on the 2d of July, 1788, and that



View of the Pavilion on the Island of the Lake.



it would not be greatly out of our way to pay a visit to his tomb. Having made some farther enquiries respecting the spot where had been deposited the remains of this child of nature, we set off, and soon arrived at a neat small house called the *Hermitage*, situate on a little island denominated *L'Isle des Peupliers*, where we understand Jean Jacques had resided. The path to this mansion lay through some beautiful groves of chesnut and cherry-trees, some of them of the Bigeron kind, which is the chief produce of the long and fertile valley of Montmorenci.*

The memory of Rousseau † is preserved in the hermitage by a bust of blue marble, on which is engraven his favourite motto, "*Vitam im-*

* In the year 1690, Louis XIV. changed the name of Montmorenci into that of Enghein, and gave it to the use of the Prince of Condé. The last possessor was the late unfortunate Duke d'Enghein. The name of the small town formerly called Montmorenci, situate on a hill on one side of the valley, was changed into that of *Emile* by the National Convention, in honour of Rousseau, who, under that name, had published his famous treatise on education.

† The manner of conducting the remains of this extraordinary man from Ermenonville to Paris is thus beautifully described by Mercier—

"The air was calm, the sky serene; a long curtain of purple veiled the setting sun at the horizon; a light breeze agitated gently the last leaves.

"The sounds of simple and plaintive music were heard at a distance. A crowd of citizens joined the procession. Every heart palpitated with joy.

"The funeral car entered with majestic solemnity. A numerous band of youth followed in respectful silence. The symphonist left a short interval between each air, in order that every one might join in the chorus.

"The favourite airs of the man of nature being sung, it might have been said, that angels descending to earth were come to transport him to heaven amidst their celestial concerts.

"The procession stopt at the bason which represented the Isle of Poplars. It received the tears of the spectators, who thought of Julia, Sophia, and Warens, so tenderly, so constantly beloved by her adopted son. Every eye was fixed on the coffin, laid on a platform, and covered with a blue cloth sown with stars. The glory of the great man pierced through the darkness of death; he seemed still to exist.

"A thousand flambeaux lighted this affecting ceremony, and the obsequies were terminated by the air,—"*Dans ma cabane obscure,*"

"And every one withdrew singing it in a plaintive tone."

pendere vero," to which is added the following epitaph:—" *Ici repose l'homme de la nature, et de la vérité.* Having contemplated this bust, and the chamber which Rousseau usually occupied, we returned thanks to the present inhabitant of the premises, and proceeded towards the grand *chateau*, the original object of our enquiry.

Soon after leaving the Hermitage, we were accosted by a beautiful country girl, who, with all that ease and gaiety so natural to the French character, offered us some excellent cherries, which it was impossible to refuse. After walking some time, we arrived at the gates of the *chateau*, but we found it impossible to obtain admission, and a servant who ventured to make his appearance, informed us, that the park which had been represented as consisting of thirty miles, contained only about eighty acres. We, therefore, sent for the carriages, and, in the mean time, were glad to shelter ourselves beneath the friendly branches of some walnut trees, from a heavy shower of rain.

We returned to Robert's to dinner, about six o'clock, when we found the Champaign but *là là*: the white hermitage, however, made ample amends for that disappointment; and, although our table was spread with every luxury the season could afford, our reckoning amounted only to one guinea per head.

The same evening, some gentlemen called at my hotel, and very politely requested me to join in a hunting-party, which was to meet at some distance from the city. I readily accepted the invitation, and Monsieur Overard appointed five o'clock the next morning as the hour when he would conduct me to the place of *rendezvous*, adding, he would take care that every thing necessary should be prepared.

I took care to be ready before the time appointed, being habited completely *à l'Anglaise*, cap, whip, &c. so that on M. Overard entering my hotel a little after five, he exclaimed with evident astonishment,

“*Mon Dieu! ce n'est pas toujours comme ça avec vos compagnons de la chasse.*” I assured him, his remark was too just, as I had frequently made appointments with persons who called themselves sportsmen, but who forgot their promise. I observed, however, that they had never treated me thus a *second* time—“for,” said I, “such beings live on capillaire and caprice, fancying that boots and spurs, with the cracking of their whips, are sufficient to establish their reputation with the ladies, whom they entertain at all public places with an account of sports they have hardly ever witnessed. Such animals should, in my opinion, have their boots padded with eider down, and their delicate persons rolled up in cotton, and scented with *odeur de rose.*”

We set off from my hotel in a post-chaise, drawn by four very fine English horses, and, after travelling about seven miles, found a relay of a similar description in waiting. Having passed Versailles, and changed horses a third time, we gained the mansion of Monsieur d'Etallier, situated at Pont Chartrain, near the foot of a mountain, and visible at a considerable distance through a fine avenue of trees, while the road is skirted, for many miles, with the most enchanting sylvan scenery.

On alighting from the carriage, we found all the company waiting at the grand entrance to receive us, being all habited in plain frocks. The first gentleman who caught my attention was General Moreau, of whom it has been justly said, that “to an open and pleasing countenance he unites soft and insinuating manners; and to the frankness of a soldier he joins the becoming ease of a courtier, without the licentiousness of the one, or the vices of the other.” By his side stood General Macdonald, who was commander in chief of the army of the Grisons: he is a tall man, about five feet eleven inches high, with a sallow complexion, dark, penetrating eyes, and in his manner rather reserved. By these and

eight or ten other conspicuous characters, we were introduced to the ladies; and sat down to a splendid breakfast, consisting of cold hams, poulards, perigeux pyes, eggs, cheese, gâteaux in brandy, tea, coffee, Burgundy, Champaign, and *liqueurs*.

After our repast, we proceeded to a small village where the horses were in waiting, and I found that my friends had set apart for my use a very capital English hunter, equipped *à l'Anglaise*, as, indeed, were those of all the company. The hounds were in the vicinity of Rambouillet, a town about two miles distant, where there is a magnificent castle, formerly belonging to the Duc de Penthièvre.

On our arrival at the appointed place, we threw off, and tried full three hours for roc-buck, in one of the finest forests I ever beheld. The gentlemen were almost in despair at our ill success, but, feeling myself very keen, I kept up their spirits. At length we roused three or four roc-bucks, took two fawns, and unfortunately killed a third. The horns resounded melodiously through the forest, and nothing could surpass the beauty of the surrounding scene.

I soon perceived that the French hounds were too fat to run on wind. We drew for about an hour when some of the dogs challenged; but, deep as we then were in the forest, I concluded it could not be Riot, as I thought no hare was likely to be there. However, the picqueurs and company up wind rated them. A couple coming near the spot where I then was, being down wind, I set at them, and, though not immediately succeeding, I determined not to give up my point. I therefore persevered, crossing the avenues, and, at length *headed* them, having nearly broken my own head against some low branches in effecting it. My next object was how to recover the company.

At this juncture a thousand fears crossed my mind, lest the hounds should have found, and gone off; in which case I should not only have

lost the sport I was so anxious to enjoy, but should have been silently laughed at, and hoaxed, both by my sporting friends and the ladies.

Having taken my resolution on the instant, I made my way down an avenue which seemed to have no termination; but knowing myself to be down wind, I thought I might hear them, and after riding about two miles, the faint echo of a horn excited my attention. Crossing into another alley, the sound seemed to gain upon me, and, keeping the wind in my ear, I soon heard it so distinctly as to be convinced it did not arise from the rustling of leaves, by which many sportsmen have been deceived. I was, shortly after, delighted with the sound of the French horn, when, pushing forward, a sportsman suddenly crossed the ride, and dashed into a thick part of the cover. I instantly followed, but soon lost sight of him. The moisture of the turf, however, enabled me to trace the horse's hoofs, and I had soon the pleasure of overtaking the worthy General Moreau. The company coming up immediately afterwards, I received their congratulations, and was informed that they had sent a *picqueur* after me without success, and had also sounded their horns, but the wind being high, they concluded I had lost them, and had returned home. I also learned that the hounds I had stopped had joined the pack, and that they belonged to General Moreau, who returned me many thanks, and warmly applauded my skill, declaring that no French sportsman, though acquainted with the forest, could have regained the company. Many jokes ensued, and it was mutually agreed between the General and myself, that I should be his aid-de-camp as an officer, and he assume that character with me as a sportsman. To be thus appointed aid-de-camp to a man so highly honoured and respected, and to be delighted with the society of so charming a woman as Madame Moreau, did not a little gratify me, and augment the pleasures of the day.

We had left trying, and I was engaged in conversation with the General, when I observed an enormous viper close to his horse. I immediately alighted, and killed it with my whip; upon which Moreau remarked, that I had the eye of a *hawk*. A laugh ensued, and the other gentlemen coming up, became spectators of the mangled reptile.

It being now near three o'clock, the company began to flag, and to think of soup and *bouilli*. But I soon re-animated them by observing, that afternoon game afforded the best sport, that the day was very far from being spent, that there would be moon, or, at any rate, we might procure torches; and, therefore, if they would give me leave, I would not quit the forest 'till we had again found. They felt the force of these observations, and we once more set to, with redoubled keenness.

I now requested that the horns might be blown, and persuaded the company to disperse, and make as much noise as possible. I was by no means deficient on this score. Game, in the middle of the day, when the drag, or night-scent has evaporated, and the animal lies close, will frequently pass by. All good sportsmen, therefore, will try closer in proportion to the time of day, or the likelihood of want of scent. I have frequently seen hounds into cover, when it was convenient for the huntsman to draw, and when, no attention being paid to the wind, the hounds have whimpered, and encouraged up wind. At such times the game, which was laying down wind, has stolen off, and when this circumstance has been discovered and made known to the field, it has been too late to recover it. Good sportsmen should try up wind with hounds, pointers, or spaniels; and, indeed, the same observation holds good in coursing, as otherwise the hares hear very distinctly, and steal off, and the dogs, getting but a distant wind, are knocked up before they turn their game, and, unless very superior, never after turn it. When game is well found it is half killed, and all goes on well; but the contrary, instead of affording pleasure, is only calculated to breed discontent.

We tried on for nearly half an hour, and I was much better pleased than the rest of the company, the scene being totally new to me. A sudden crash inspired us, and the horns proclaimed a view. At the same instant, seeing a roe-buck cross, I tallihood, and, having laid on the hounds close, in about two hours and a half we had repeated views; the horns all sounding, and the forest quite alive and smoking.

Shortly after, a dead silence ensued, and on seeing a hound bloody I rode forward, and found that they had killed the roe-buck. I instantly gave the whoop, but no one came near me. I then got the deer partly suspended against a tree; but the hounds, eager for their game, made such a peal as brought up General Moreau, who asked what was the matter, as he feared I had hurt myself. I informed him, that such was the English mode of proclaiming the death; upon which, he sprang from his horse, shook hands with me, and entered into the spirit of the moment. Then blowing his horn, the company understood him, and the death was proclaimed in their fashion, by some particular notes from a dozen horns which echoed through the forest. The company then assembled, and the huntsman proclaimed the roe-buck to be five years old.

Each now took the nearest route, and we soon gained the *Barouchés*, after which the lapse of twenty minutes conveyed us to Pont Chartrain.

Not being prepared for a ceremonious visit, I, as well as the rest of the gentlemen, was soon dressed, and in a few minutes we attended the ladies to the dining-room, where we sat down to a sumptuous dinner served on gold plate, and accompanied with the best of wines. The repast being ended, I gave, as a toast, "My Aid-de-Camp, and the Death of the Roe-Buck." This gave rise to many enquiries respecting the meaning of a *toast*, and I found it very difficult to give a satisfac-

tory explanation. Madame d'Etalier then desired me to make my choice of wine, and, on my selecting Burgundy, I was served with some of the most excellent, called *Clos de Voujaud*.* The same lady then intreated me to drink a toast with every female present, and, on my observing that the trial might prove fatal to my reason, she jocosely answered, " You have only, Colonel, to place yourself under our protection, and we will be equally careful of you as your fair friends in England."

After remaining at table about two hours, we handed the ladies into a splendid octagonal drawing-room, richly decorated with pier-glasses, and Gobelins tapestry; having previously traversed three saloons, each of which was seventy-five feet in length. Some of the gentlemen chose to amuse themselves with billiards in an adjoining apartment, while Madame Moreau favoured us with some English country-dances on the piano-forte. This lady is young, of a middle stature, with a remarkably symmetrical form, and a fair and rosy complexion, to which the sweetness of her manners adds a charming fascination. I believe it is generally imagined (though such was not the case in the present instance), that the French females are thin and sallow, two great defects in my opinion, as a woman cannot justly be accounted handsome, unless she have a good complexion, and a certain degree of *enbonpoint*. The Prince of Wales, who is an excellent judge of the fair sex, is, I believe, of the same opinion.

Dancing being proposed, I had the happiness to lead out the beautiful Mrs. Macdonald, to whom, after many apologies for my boots, I could not help saying, that it would be difficult to find such another as-

* This name is derived from a village in Burgundy, remarkable for producing wines of the first quality.

sembly of lovely and accomplished women, and that they were indisputably the flower of French beauty.

Ices were then served as novel in their appearance as delicious in flavour, representing every species of fruit; and with these were brought in *liqueurs* of every denomination, to which a lively and animated conversation gave an additional zest. About midnight they called for tea, conceiving it an English fashion; and, on remarking my astonishment, they begged to be acquainted with the *precise* English custom, as every thing fashionable here is *à l'Anglaise*.

We then retired to rest; and, according to the French custom, our kind host insisted on conducting me to my apartment, where I enjoyed the most refreshing slumbers, and, in imagination, repeated the enjoyments of the day, according to the poet's observation—

“ In sleep when fancy is let loose to play,
Our dreams repeat the wishes of the day.
Tho' farther toil his tired limbs refuse,
The dreaming hunter still the chase pursues:
The dozing racer hears his chariot roll,
Smacks the vain whip, and shuns the fancied goal.”

I rose at four o'clock the next morning, and strolled about the park and gardens, which are laid out with tolerable taste. There is also plenty of water well disposed, and the woods and scenery is superlatively beautiful. The soil of the adjacent lands appeared sandy, yet I saw some crops in very fine condition.

The property held by Monsieur d'Etalier in Burgundy is said to be very extensive, and computed at twenty thousand pounds per annum. The estate at Pont Chartrain was purchased for fifty thousand pounds, and is accounted a remarkably good bargain.

M. d'Etalier rose about six, and walked with me 'till eight o'clock,

when we sat down to a breakfast exactly resembling that of the preceding morning. Fresh engagements were now made for another party at Rançi, the seat of Monsieur Overard; and I was now given to understand that General Moreau, Monsieur d'Etalier, and M. Overard, had separate packs of hounds, which they occasionally unite, and spend a few days in this agreeable manner at each others houses. But as M. Overard is a considerable government contractor, and consequently obliged to be in or near Paris almost every day, he seldom has an opportunity of visiting his distant estate.

The chief excellence of France for sportsmen is, that in summer, the astonishing extent of the forests enables them to follow the joys of the chase, without galloping (according to the old game-laws) with impunity over the grounds of the industrious farmer, and destroying his crops when ready for the sickle.

In autumn they turn out their packs into the adjacent woods, by which means the deer are forced from cover, and they have very capital sport. But roe-buck is the only game for summer. They are, indeed, at present very scarce, but both these and pheasants are daily increasing. General Moreau informed me, that he had about five hundred at his estate at Grosbois, and liberally offered a part to the other gentlemen. He has also some deer, but no wild-boars, as they are inimical to fawns and other game in general. His park consists of about eighteen hundred acres, walled completely round. The land is indifferent, but in a most capital situation for sporting, being only twelve miles distant from Paris. He gave but eighteen thousand pounds for the domain, although the wall itself must have cost half the money.* This is, indeed, the country for lovers of the chase.

* In consequence of General Moreau's banishment, this estate has been put up to sale, and purchased by Louis Buonaparte.

I shall, for the present, take my leave of you, with an assurance of resuming my narrative in a few days. Meanwhile believe me to remain, unalterably,

Yours, &c.



LETTER IX.

Call at the Versailles Manufactory.—Return to Paris.—List of French Wines.—Genteel Company at the Frescati.—Buonaparte's Habits of Life.—Suits of Chancery.—Museum of French Monuments.—Sepulchre of Abelard and Heloise—Le Noir.—Gallery of Statues.—Apollo Belvidere.—Opera Dancers and Singers.—Interview with an Italian Lady.

MY LORD,

Paris, July 29, 1802.

AFTER quitting the hospitable mansion of Monsieur d'Etalier, we called at the manufactory in Versailles, and made some enquiries respecting the guns I had ordered; but it appeared that they were not above half finished, and even what had been done was by no means consistent with my directions. My chagrin at this disappointment, however, was effectually counterbalanced by the pleasure I felt in introducing M. Overard to General Beaumont, and his amiable brother; and on the ensuing day we proceeded, by the route of St. Cloud, to Paris, where we sat down to an excellent dinner, in company with Sir James Fitzgerald, and Messrs. Brandling and Ridley.

In the evening we strolled to the Frescati, where I met several of my countrymen whom I had not before seen. They readily entered into conversation, and soon evinced that they were, for the most part, as strongly prejudiced in favour of their native land, as I am partial to that of France.

After paying a few visits the ensuing morning, we again dined at Roberts's with a party I had previously invited. Every thing was *comme il faut* excepting the Champaign, which is more uncertain than any other wine, and differs more in its qualities. We have, for instance, *Mousseaux*, or sparkling Champaign, and *non Mousseaux*, or the tranquil sort. By some connoisseurs the dry Champaign of Aix is most esteemed; while others prefer the contrary: but where we find such variety in colour and flavour, it is certainly difficult to fix a criterion of excellence. This is, indeed, the country for wines; for your amusement I shall subjoin a list of those which may be had at our hotel:—

De Saint Cyr	Du Clos de Voujaut	<i>Vins Blancs du Pays.</i>
De Joué	Rosé de Champagne	De Vouvrey
De Saint Avertin	De Bordeaux	Des Jannieres
De Chesseaux	De Saint Emilian	De Marcou
De St. Nicolas de Bourgueil	De Ségur	De Saint Cecile
De Tossembault	De Rousillon	De Frontignan
De Beaugency, (different sorts)	De Cahors	De Langou
De Sancerre	De La Cote d'Or	De Soterme
De Bourgogne	De Saint Pierre	De Chablis
De Meaux	De l'Hermitage	De Rausiou
De Beaune	De Cornance	De Lunel
De Tonnerre	De Château Neuf	D' Arbois
De Paumard	De Nerthe du Pape	De Juranson
De Volney	De Côte Rotie	De Calabre
De Champagne Mousseaux, and non Mousseaux.		

You must not imagine, however, that all the wines included in this list are introduced at the tables of the opulent; many of them being what are here denominated *vin du pays*, which form the common beverage of the lower class of people: and some of them are also called *les vin doux*. But I may more properly enter into this subject when I transmit the result of my remarks on the vineyards of this country.

In the evening we repeated our visit to the Frescati, and were very agreeably entertained. The company, as I observed on a former occasion, is exceedingly good, and the most scrupulous of our fair countrywomen may partake of its amusements, when they visit Paris, without the smallest apprehension of being mistaken either for *filles de joye*, or *les parvenues*, the latter of whom have accumulated great wealth during the late troubles, without being held in that estimation they would wish to command.

Here we met with many English, who appeared particularly anxious to see the monthly parade, at which the First Consul always attends. This was expected to take place on the following Sunday; but I was enabled, from private information, to inform the company it was postponed. And, indeed, it is by no means surprising, that the chief Consul, who dedicates so much of his time to public business, and makes every other avocation a secondary object, should sometimes be under the necessity of changing the day set apart for this grand review. It is the opinion of some, that he has the real welfare of the country at heart, and that he admires show and ostentation no otherwise than as they conduce to the encouragement of the national manufactures. Having heard much of his habits of life, from General Moreau, who was intimately acquainted with him, I shall subjoin a few observations on the subject.

The First Consul appears to be possessed of no passions except on business which relates to war or government. For instance, he cares but little for that amusement which he rather follows for bodily exercise and mental relaxation than for the pleasures we derive from the chase. Neither does he indulge in the least at table, or in the delights of the bottle; but his very soul seems absorbed in state affairs, and the grandeur of France appears to occupy the whole of his attention. It seems to be ad-

mitted, that France may deem herself fortunate in having the reins of government in such able hands; but time must prove how far this opinion is founded on justice. For my own part I have little to say on subjects of this nature, as it is, in my humble opinion, of little consequence who is the ruler of the country, provided that thirty millions of people have justice equally administered, and that in a manner admitting as few delays as possible. The procrastination and expenses attending suits in England, particularly in the court of chancery, are frequently known to ruin both parties; as, by fictitious delays, a cause which might have been decided in a few hours, becomes the subject of contest for many years, and, after two generations have passed away, persons who were, at first, unconcerned in the dispute, have to pay or recover the final award. I have heard, and that on good authority, of chancery suits which have continued undecided for a whole century.

But to resume my journal.—We agreed next morning to visit the Museum of French Monuments, an institution which does equal honour to the head which conceived, and the unremitting industry which carried the plan into execution. The Parisians may, probably, set a higher value on their gallery of antiques in the central museum of the arts; but here the monuments of all the most illustrious characters of France, collected from different parts, and carefully arranged in chronological order, are calculated to inspire the soul of a Frenchman with reverential awe. This museum, which all the heroes of Greece and Rome might view with envy, may, indeed, be properly called a sort of classical history, bringing to recollection the deeds of those whose monuments are here preserved, and claiming the particular attention of every curious and contemplative traveller.

The collection, which has been formed out of every thing that escaped the ravages of the revolution, was not opened for public inspection 'till

the autumn of 1795. But its origin may be dated five years prior to that period, when the constitutional assembly, having decreed that the possessions of the clergy were national property, charged the committee of alienation to use their utmost endeavours in order to preserve all the monuments of art that might be discovered in the widely extended domains of the Gallic church.

To carry this plan into execution, a number of artists, and other persons qualified for the purpose, were employed to select the finest monuments, and designated by the appellation of *Les Commission des Monuments*. At the same time the committee of alienation appointed the cidevant monastery of the *Petits Augustines*, as well as those of the *Capucins*, *Grands Jesuits*, and *Cordeliers*, for the reception of the treasures ordered to be rescued from destruction. Accordingly the suppressed churches and convents yielded up their monuments to this museum, while a considerable number of memoirs and addresses diffused through the various departments, contributed to arrest the arm of violence, which, propelled by a blind and insatiate fury, had hitherto taken delight in mutilating the most admired statues, in defacing or utterly destroying the most exquisite paintings, and in melting down the most beautiful casts, in bronze and other metals.

No sooner did the sunshine of tranquillity begin to beam on the republic, than it was proposed to arrange these valuable relics in chronological order, giving to each apartment an appearance suitable, both in architecture and decorations, to the country in which the characters there to be deposited had flourished; and the windows, being of stained glass (the production of that particular country), corresponded beautifully with the sculpture within.

To enumerate the treasures of antiquity preserved in this museum, would swell my letter to the size of a volume, and, at last, would ex-

hibit but a catalogue of the names of the potentates, heroes, statesmen, and legislators, who, in remote periods, constituted the pride and honour of their country.

The museum is terminated by a large garden, which may, with great propriety, be called an elysium. Here, in a beautiful lawn, shaded by cypress, poplars, and weeping-willows, repose the ashes of La Fontaine, Moliere, Boileau, Descartes, Montfaucon, and many others, who, by the brilliancy of their genius, and the sweetness of their poetic numbers, have charmed even the more remote periods. Here also is the highly interesting sepulchre of the tender Heloise, whose remains, after a lapse of nearly three hundred years, have been once more united with those of her beloved Abelard. Le Noir, who has endeared himself to every lover of science by the pains he has bestowed on this establishment, collected the bones of these unfortunate lovers, and deposited them in a sepulchral chapel, which now serves to perpetuate the affecting story of their constant and mutual attachment

In adjusting and disposing the numerous and invaluable monuments which adorn the museum, Le Noir had a thousand difficulties to contend with, but his judgment and classic taste surmounted them all, and rendered the exhibition highly creditable to himself, and particularly worthy the attention of the public. Indeed it may be justly asserted, that the connoisseur, the philosopher, the student, and the stranger who travels in pursuit of knowledge, will here find a rich profusion of subjects for their admiration; and the name of Le Noir will assuredly be consecrated as long as taste and science are cherished by mankind.

We passed by the mint, crossed the Pont Neuf, and saw the foundation of another bridge, intended as a communication between the Louvre and the opposite bank of the Seine; and finding we had sufficient

time before dinner, we went to see the Gallery of Statues at the Central Museum of the Arts.

Italy has resigned its choicest treasures, and the present generation views, with wonder, on the banks of the Seine, and collected into one focus, those sublime productions of genius which were formerly spread through various and distant countries. The whole world has acknowledged the superior excellence of the Statue of Apollo Belvidere, and it is impossible for me not to join in the general eulogium on its perfections. I must confess, however, that its present situation does not strike me as sufficiently advantageous, for the room is considerably too small, and the surrounding statues appear injudiciously crowded. The right-arm and the left-hand of this statue being broken off, were supplied by a pupil of Michael Angelo; and from the thickness of the ancles, some connoisseurs have been led to suspect that the legs are also modern.

After amusing ourselves for some time at this interesting place, we returned to our hotel, where we found General Beaumont, and some other friends, waiting our arrival; and at dinner we enjoyed, as usual,

“ The feast of reason and the flow of soul,”

In the evening we repaired to the opera, where we had a good box, exactly opposite to that of the Chief Consul. It was reported that he was now present, but I soon perceived it was my friend General Duroc, who, being seated in the interior of the box, and dressed in his uniform, had been mistaken for the chief magistrate.

The scenery was very superior to that of our London theatres, and Vestris and his wife danced with their accustomed gracefulness; but the voice of the principal female performer, though enthusiastically applauded, was considerably too high. It is true, such singers may excite

astonishment, but, in my opinion, they can never produce those pleasing sensations which arise from a continuation of harmonic sounds.

Between the acts, we formed a chit-chat acquaintance with a very genteel young lady, who spoke French fluently, but whom I soon discovered to be an Italian. She appeared solicitous to visit England, and confessed that she looked forward with impatience to the period when her husband (then absent on business) should accompany her thither.

Adieu,

Yours, &c.



LETTER X.

Museum of Paintings—Picture of Dead Game—Plan of Copying the finest Pieces.—Statue of Henry IV.—Estates remaining unsold.—National Institute.—Excursion from Paris.—Park of Seaux.—Chateau of the ci-devant Duchesse d'Orleans.—German Dinner.—Value of Cattle, and National Property.—Plantations of Acacia.—Count Lauragais.—Madame Tallien.—Specimen of Copies from the Pictures in the Museum.—St. Cloud.—Paintings at Versailles—Stables—Opera-House—Bed-chamber of the late Queen. Petit Trianon.

MY LORD,

Paris, August 3, 1802.

OUR next ramble was to the Museum of Paintings, slightly noticed in a former communication. The building contains a vast collection of the most exquisite productions of the pencil, but to enter into an elaborate description of them, I must write a tolerably large volume instead of a letter; as every thing which the Italian, Flemish, and Dutch schools can boast, is there found in perfection. As a sportsman, I was particularly pleased with a picture of dead game: the hare and peacock's head, with that of the dog are, in my estimation, the *ne plus ultra* of that particular branch of the imitative art. This celebrated collection is open to the public three days in the week, free of expence; and, it is worthy of remark, that this institution is admirably adapted to familiarize the most uncultivated classes of society to works of sublime taste,

and consequently to humanize the heart and enlarge the understanding. I am inclined to think, it would do much honour to the legislature of Great Britain, if similar exhibitions were adopted in our metropolis.

On returning to my hotel, a thought suddenly struck me, which I resolved to put into immediate execution. This was to have copies taken from some of the most celebrated pictures in the museum, and in order to add to their beauty, and in some measure render them originals, I proposed leaving out such objects as appeared least interesting, and adding others of greater consequence from the same masters. Accordingly I contracted for some of these performances with two artists whom I knew to be fully adequate to the task: and I have the pleasure of reflecting, that the execution of this plan will not cost me above a thousand guineas, whereas the purchase of the originals, even if they could be procured from the museum, would amount to fifty, or, perhaps, a hundred thousand pounds.

Having paid my respects to General Beaumont and his brother, who were with a relation in the palace of the Tuileries, we went to the Manege, and afterwards to a private collection of paintings, where we saw a very fine one taken from the famous statue of Henry the Fourth, formerly erected on the Pont Neuf, but torn from its situation by the blind fury of the revolutionists, whom neither the memory of that virtuous and accomplished prince, nor the unparalleled excellence of the cast itself could restrain from dragging it away, and melting down the metal of which it was constructed. The pedestal, however, still remains to mark the atrocity of those times, and the citizens universally express their detestation of the ruffians who dared to violate the memorial of a king so justly beloved by every patriotic Frenchman.

I had for some time made fruitless applications to men of fashion on matters of business, and had been bandied about from one minister

to another, without gaining the least knowledge respecting that part of the national property which I understood was to be disposed of. By dint of unremitting perseverance, however, I at length received information, that all national domains of consequence were sold, but that some lands in Brabant still remained for disposal, and that I might apply to a certain attorney, who was the person most likely to give me further intelligence. Accordingly, I waited on the gentleman in question, but the result of all my enquiries amounted simply to this, that the large estates which I was desirous of purchasing had been resumed by order of the Convention, for the purpose of applying the rents and profits to establish a fund, which might yield an honourable pension to deserving officers. Thus ended this troublesome business, which had occupied a considerable portion of my time; but so little is this regulation known, or carried into effect, that even the nearest neighbours to some of these very estates are entirely ignorant of the decree. The gentleman whom I had employed on this occasion, told me of several estates, one or two of which were said to be of great consequence, but, with respect to their price, they could afford me no information.

Through the medium of Monsieur Lesterie, I procured tickets of admission to the National Institute, where the orators, who delivered speeches of different lengths, received the applause due to their abilities, but Citoyen Lacépède appeared to be the favourite of the audience. His speech, or rather what he read, lasted nearly an hour; but whatever merit it might possess, I should certainly have preferred an extempore harangue. I could not help remarking the great number of females present, whose attendance might surely be dispensed with, considering the abstruseness of the subjects which generally occupy the speakers. The statues placed in niches are very handsome, and the soldiers dressed in full uniform, and bearing their carbines, have a singular effect. The

lectures began at half after five, and ended about eight o'clock, and I entered and departed without witnessing any of that confusion which generally attends public places in England.

Attended by M. Lesterie, whose politeness is unremitting, we set out, next morning, on an excursion to the ci-devant Madame La Duchesse d'Orleans. We had scarcely quitted Paris ere we beheld some extensive fields where the reapers had been recently employed. Grass is not so much cultivated in the environs of Paris as in those of London, and yet milk appears tolerably plentiful. I must observe, that our attention was occasionally attracted by several immense windlasses and uncommon blocks of stone, which were raised by these machines, for the purposes of building.

The road was tolerably good, and led to the walls of the ci-devant park of Seaux, formerly ornamented with a beautiful residence belonging to the Duc de Penthièvre. It was recommended to me at the price of fifteen thousand pounds, and was said to contain six hundred acres, but I am convinced this account was exaggerated. The building, except the orangery, which affords some idea of its former magnificence, is all demolished, the trees are stubbed up, and the waters drained off. Near this spot are some acres of land entirely planted with currant-bushes, and roses are also abundantly cultivated for the perfumers of Paris.

At a distance of about nine miles, and from the summit of a gentle declivity, we were greeted with the sight of a most beautiful valley, the back-ground of which was shaded by an immense forest, while vineyards, corn-fields, meadows, and little coppices completed the interesting landscape. The *chateau* which we had come to inspect is charmingly situated in the centre of this valley, and all that is wanting is the addition

of a sheet of water à l'Anglaise in front of the mansion, which would render it very complete.

The family, being apprised of our arrival, received us with the utmost cordiality, and conducted us into the garden, where we breakfasted under the shade of some American shrubs, while the quails in the adjacent grounds amused us with their incessant calls, and the zephyrs were literally impregnated with the most reviving odours. After noticing some small lizards, and contemplating a profusion of beautiful exotics, which were arranged in the most tasteful manner, we proceeded to the farm-yard, which appeared in excellent order, and well stocked. The sheep were a mixture of the Norman and Swiss breed; but the cows, though tolerably fine, seemed to have too much throat, and were altogether inferior to ours. The piggery is too confined, and the pigs themselves are of an indifferent sort; though it is probable that a cross breed between them and some of the Chinese breed might answer extremely well. We saw a flock of sheep which were a mixture of French and Spanish, but there were some entire Spanish rams, whose wool was remarkably fine, silky, and thick, even to their feet, but their make was as faulty as that of the other cattle.

We returned to the *chateau*, the domestic apartments of which are very commodious. The other part has been converted into a manufactory for tapes and laces, which seem to answer to the present proprietor (M. Bass) extremely well. I must observe, however, that the best rooms are nearly in the same state as when inhabited by the Duchess: they are on a better scale than any I had previously seen in France, and might be restored to their original grandeur at a trifling expence. M. Fouché, the minister of the police, had promised to meet me at dinner, but business of state preventing, he sent an apology, and we sat down to table with some gentlemen, natives of Germany.

The dinner was served differently from ours, and as I understand *à l'Alemagne*, M. Bass being a German. It was brought up in the following order:

FIRST COURSE.

Potatoes	Sour Crout	Pye
Quails	Bouilli	Melons
Ham	Soup	Ragout

SECOND COURSE.

Capons.

Very fine Sallad, and Fish, nearly the last thing.

The wines were of various sorts, and some of a very fine quality.

In the course of the *apres dinner* the conversation turned on the value of cattle, when I found that the best Spanish rams sold at from ten to twelve Louis, and the mixed-breed cheaper in proportion. M. Bass requested me to procure him some crosses from ours. The value of national property came next upon the tapis, and I was greatly surprised at hearing that the price of land had fallen very considerably since the peace. Several observations were made on the cause, and among other matters it was stated, that some projected alterations would render the constitution, in many respects, analogous to that of England; but I could not conceive how this could be any obstacle to the value of estates, as every impartial man must acknowledge, that if our code were cleared of a few excrescences and failings, no better could be desired. For my own part I should have no objection to purchase here on equitable terms, although I am informed, Germany is better adapted for my purpose.

I should have mentioned that I saw, at the above *chateau*, several

plantations mixed with acacia,* and some nurseries of the same trees, which are said to yield very good profit when about three years old. Their growth is surprising, for on measuring one, by no means the largest, I found its height to be twenty feet and a half, and its circumference nearly ten inches.

In the course of the evening, Mrs. Bass entertained us with some capital performances on the piano-forte, after which a mechanical organ played some select airs in a very good style. We were strongly pressed to pass the night at this hospitable mansion, but declined the invitation, and returned to Paris, highly gratified with our little excursion.

Next morning we strolled about the city, and Mrs. T—— made some trifling purchases. Among the friends who honoured us with their company at dinner, was a very worthy but ill-fated man, Count Lauragais, who, with the best intentions towards mankind in general, and his country in particular, has constantly been the sport of fortune, and, although

* The acacia, or Egyptian thorn, according to Linnæus, is a species of mimosa, though some botanists make it a distinct genus. The flowers are used by the Chinese in making that yellow colour, which bears washing in their silks and stuffs, and appears with peculiar elegance in their painting on paper. The origin of bezoar has been, also, attributed to the reeds of this plant, which being browsed by certain animals, and vellicating the stomach, by their sourness and astringency, cause a condensation of the juices, 'till, at length, they become coated over with a stony matter, commonly denominated bezoar.

Acacia, in the materia medica, is the inspissated juice of the unripe fruit of the *mimosa nilotica*; and is imported from Egypt in roundish mashes, wrapt up in thin bladders. It is outwardly of a deep brown colour, inclining to black; inwardly of a reddish or yellowish brown, of a firm consistence, but not very dry. It soon softens in the mouth, and discovers a rough but not disagreeable taste, which is followed by a sweetish relish. This medicine is a mild astringent, and is employed by the Egyptians in collyria, for strengthening the eyes, and in gargarisms for quinsies. They also give it in spitting of blood, in the quantity of a dram, dissolved in any convenient liquor, and repeated occasionally. It is seldom used in England, however, otherwise than as an ingredient in mithridate and theriaca, and is rarely met with in the shops; German acacia being usually sold for it, which is nothing more than the juice of unripe sloes, inspissated nearly to dryness over a gentle fire. This is given in disorders where styptic medicines are indicated, from a scruple to a dram.

an avowed enemy to aristocratical principles, he has suffered materially by the revolution, and, since that period, the law has completed his ruin. He is now very desirous of managing a farm for me.

After being disappointed of places at the opera, we concluded the evening with taking ice at the *Frescati*, where I unconsciously fell into conversation with the beautiful Madame Tallien, who had seated herself next to me. She is, indeed, a most fascinating woman, full of that lively *esprit* by which the French ladies are particularly distinguished, and to this she adds all the advantages of a good understanding, cultivated by the most refined education. She had no sooner quitted her seat than a French gentleman of our party complimented me on my good fortune in having been engaged in conversation with the finest woman of Paris, and by this means I became acquainted with her name.

On returning with some friends to our hotel, the conversation turned upon the comparative merits of French fire-arms and those of other nations. Two gentlemen present, the one Mr. H—, a Fleming, the other Mr. T—, an American, then made the following bett for two hundred guineas and a rump and dozen. Mr. H— asserted that he could, in a day or two, bring forward a friend who, at the distance of sixteen yards, should hit a claret-cork suspended, four times out of five. Mr. T— readily laid the wager, and I was appointed judge of this trial of skill, which all the company were invited to witness on the ensuing Monday.

I had just finished some letters next morning, when Mr. Lucas, an eminent artist of the school of the famous Pigale, waited upon me with two of his superlative copies from the paintings at the museum. Some of my friends, who are amateurs in this delightful science, called at my hotel shortly after, and, accompanying me to the gallery, gave it as their decided opinion, that the pieces were even superior to the originals,

the artist having, in compliance with my request, introduced some interesting parts from similar paintings, and left out such objects as appeared objectionable. For my own part I was greatly pleased with the performances, and was fully convinced, that, by procuring such copies from the paintings in the Museum and at Versailles, together with those I might meet with in my travels, I should become possessed of a collection, which, when time should have mellowed the tints, might be deemed almost invaluable. I therefore immediately contracted for a sufficient number to give Mr. Lucas two years constant employment. At night we went to the Feydeau Theatre, which was as much crowded as on the preceding evening.

Next morning I ordered the carriage and drove to St. Cloud, not knowing that it was necessary to procure tickets in order to inspect the *chateau*. On our arrival the sentry very civilly informed us, that he had directions to admit no one without tickets; and we were consequently obliged to rest contented with a view of the exterior. Indeed it is not probable that there was much to be seen, as the workmen were busily employed, notwithstanding it was Sunday, in the various projected improvements.

St. Cloud is a very extensive village, and one of the most populous in France. It is also of great antiquity, deriving its name from Saint Cloud, who was the son of king Clodomir, and founded a monastery, wherein he was afterwards buried. Here, likewise, repose many other illustrious characters of more recent date, and among the rest I must not omit noticing the remains of the unfortunate Henrietta Maria, who found that rest in the tomb which she was not permitted to enjoy whilst living. The *chateau* of St. Cloud, formerly the property of the Dukes of Orleans, is a grand edifice, and was ornamented, under the old *régimé*, with some exquisite paintings. The gardens were laid out in

the usual formal style, and decorated with a profusion of *jets d'eau*, statues, and temples.

Our little deviation from the usual route to Versailles rendered our excursion the more pleasant, the road itself being very superior, and the surrounding scenery much more luxuriant.

On our arrival at Versailles, of which I have previously spoken, we went immediately to the palace, as I was desirous of selecting a few of the best paintings to add to those of which I had ordered copies from the museum. After an attentive survey, I fixed on *l'Amour endormie*, a beautiful picture by Pierre Mignard: the innocence of the little god is admirably expressed, while the warmth of the colouring and the chastity of the design, at once rivet the attention and display the exquisite genius of the artist. I also selected No. 70, *Marine*, being a painting by David, a living artist, who possesses considerable merit. Also a seaport with architecture, and the sun in a mist, by Claude Lorraine. Another performance which particularly attracted my notice was called *un chien chassant une oie et ses oisons*.

The friends who accompanied me, having never before visited Versailles, were forcibly struck with the stables, built in the form of a crescent, from the design of Mansard, and appearing rather adapted for the residence of princes than horses. We proceeded through the apartments which I noticed in a former letter, but when we came to the opera-house, my companions were overwhelmed with astonishment at the profusion of carved work and gilding which appears on every side, and the superb paintings that adorn the dome. The bed-chamber of the late queen, whence she escaped from the murderous band, is nailed up; but I understand, the bed which received the daggers intended to terminate her existence, is still there.

After permitting my friends to indulge their contemplations for some

time, I called at the hotel of General Beaumont; where we dined, and then went to the *Petit Trianon*, the favourite retreat of the late queen, but now rented by a fruiterer, who provides music and refreshments somewhat in the manner of Vauxhall. Here we found several parties dancing with that elegance and vivacity which constitutes a prominent feature in the national character.

The *Petit Trianon*, though in a very neglected condition, is still a beautiful *sejour*; but under the auspices of its royal mistress it contained every thing that can be conceived of the picturesque or enchanting. Here were a miniature palace, grottoes, cottages, a mill, and various other interesting objects which attracted the eye, while the warbling of unnumbered birds echoed to the purling streams, and ambrosial odours were perpetually wafted over the rich domain by every passing breeze. The habitations were fitted up with the utmost elegance, and it was here that the most illustrious youths and ladies of the court constantly attended on their beautiful and magnificent queen.

Yielding to a train of ideas which strike upon my fancy at this juncture, while contemplating the astonishing events that have so lately levelled with the earth the mighty rulers of this land, I shall close my letter with an assurance that,

I am,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XI.

Shooting-match at Versailles.—Account of Col. T—'s Gun, called Buonaparte.—Seve Manufactory of Porcelain.—Monsieur de Luçays.—Strangers excluded from the Palace of the Tuileries.—Interview with Mr. Merry.—Sir Capel Molineux.—A vexatious Delay.—Col. T. mistaken for Lord Whitworth.—Consular Beverage.—Consular Review.—Mameluke Corps.—Cuirassiers.—Introduction to Buonaparte.—Brief Description of his Person.—Thanks voted by the English to Monsieur de Luçays.—Monsieur De Bois.—Introduction to several sporting Gentlemen.

MY LORD,

Paris, August 8, 1802.

HAVING concluded my last with an account of our excursion to the *Petit Trianon*, I now resume my pen to inform you, that we were awakened early the next morning by some of our party, who had come to Versailles for the express purpose of witnessing the great shooting match which was to take place at six o'clock in the gardens of the manufactory. Accordingly we repaired to the appointed spot, attended by M. Bouté, one of the principal overseers. I naturally imagined that the pistols to be tried on this occasion were those of the manufactory, but I found this was not the case, the locks only having been constructed there.

The first match being read, whereby Mr. Tripper had engaged that an Italian gentleman named Dance would hit a cork of an ordinary

size, at sixteen yards distance, four times out of five, for two hundred guineas; Mr. Dance begged leave to state, that his friend must have laboured under an error, as he never pretended to hit more than *once* in five shots, and consequently declined any other bet. The forfeit-money was therefore paid to me as judge, and an elegant dinner agreed on for a subsequent day.

The second bet was between Mr. Tripper and Mr. H——, when the former wagered twenty guineas that Mr. H—— could not hit a cork at the same distance once in ten shots. At the first trial Mr. H—— very nearly struck the cork, and bets were keenly laid on his side; but notwithstanding he made a good mark, he proved unsuccessful.

Mr. Dance was then matched to hit a card-wafer twice in four shots, at sixteen yards, for thirty guineas. His aim proved accurate three times, and he consequently won the wager. Mr. Bouté came forward and hit the wafer four times successively, but missed in two other trials.

I was afterwards requested to order the shot-guns, and, on trial, Colonel Petersfield and General Beaumont were appointed judges. I then challenged my gun called Buonaparte* to shoot with every sized shot, and at any distance, from a hundred and seventy-five to thirty yards, against any that could be produced. This favourite piece I deem the *ne plus ultra* of workmanship. I shot with that and two others, the one silver, and the other steel-mounted; but the decision was given in favour of my Buonaparte, the execution of which excited the greatest astonishment in all the company present.

* This extraordinary gun, which is wrought up to the highest pitch of perfection, was made by Mr. Fisher, of Greek Street, Soho. Colonel Thornton possesses, also, two other capital pieces, the one mounted in silver, and the other in steel, which are two inches longer than the *Buonaparte*. But the latter has never been equalled.

Two rifle-guns of the manufactory, the one valued at a hundred, the other at twenty-five guineas, were next loaded, and fired by General Beaumont and another person against my rifle, called *Caroline*, the distance agreed upon being one hundred yards. General Beaumont's first shot hit the bull's-eye, upon which he was highly complimented: mine, in return, was an inch from it, and high odds were consequently in favour of the General. The succeeding shots were as follow:

General Beaumont's second shot missed, and went over the iron plate, three feet square.

Colonel Thornton's ditto near the bull's-eye.

Gen. B——'s third shot below the iron, and struck the ground.

Col. T——'s ditto hit the bull's-eye.

Gen. B——'s fourth shot struck to the left of the plate, thirteen inches from the mark.

Col. T——'s ditto near the mark.

Gen. B——'s fifth shot went over the mark.

Col. T——'s ditto within one inch of the bull's-eye.

The other rifle, shot by a person belonging to the manufactory, did not succeed better than General Beaumont, and the decision was consequently given in my favour. The rifle I shot with on this occasion was the workmanship of Mr. Sluden, of Cockspur Street. The gentlemen present at the trials were, my friend Beaumont and two other French generals; Mr. Dance, an Italian, Mr. Tripper, an American; Colonel Petersfield, Mr. Franco, and Mess. Brandling and Ridley.

My guns were highly applauded for the construction of the locks, and the wood-work was also deemed more sportsman-like than those of a foreign make, while the French pieces were allowed to possess superior elegance with respect to their carving and mounting. Having thus

agreeably spent the morning, we adjourned to a splendid dinner which had been previously ordered, and the day closed with mirth and conviviality.

We went, next morning, to inspect the *Seve* manufactory of porcelain, which is carried on under the patronage of government, and is generally noticed by travellers. The productions are certainly beautiful, and possess a peculiar property, in consequence of which they may be put on a fire without sustaining any injury, but I am decidedly of opinion, that several sorts of our English porcelain are equally as good while they are infinitely cheaper.

On my return to Paris, I repaired to Col. Petersfield's to dinner, that gentleman having invited the whole of our shooting-party to his hotel. The repast was served up in the first style of elegance, and the evening terminated in the most agreeable manner.

The ensuing morning I breakfasted with Monsieur de Luçays, prefect of the palace, whose engaging manners render his acquaintance a most invaluable acquisition to such as are fortunate enough to enjoy it. This gentleman possesses one of the finest estates in Berry, consisting of a noble mansion and thirty thousand acres of land, and he is one of the few who may be said to have rode secure on the whirlwind of the revolution, as he has fortunately contrived to preserve both his life and property. He observed, that from the necessity of his constant attendance at Paris, he was seldom at liberty to visit the above estate, but he gave me a pressing invitation to spend some time there, on account of its being peculiarly adapted to the sports of the field.

From M. de Luçays, I went to the prefect of the police, who also behaved towards me with the most marked attention. I had, however, to encounter some difficulty on account of the guards refusing to suffer

any carriages to pass except those belonging to the government. Indeed I was given to understand, that, in consequence of a recent order, no persons were to be admitted into the palace of the Tuileries, and that all permissions which might have been previously issued were to be considered of no effect.

I now waited upon Mr. Merry, and acquainted him with my earnest desire to be introduced to the First Consul. He observed, that the orders of the Consul himself had thrown an obstacle in my way; but, as this appeared to be the *only* impediment, I flattered myself with the possibility of removing it, and accordingly repaired to M. de Luçays, whose situation in the palace is correspondent with that of one of our lords in waiting. The answer I received from him was calculated to strengthen my hopes, and I concluded that every thing was settled.

Dining at Peregaux's, I met a large party of British gentlemen, and among the rest Sir Capel Molineaux, who had come over from Ireland for the express purpose of seeing the First Consul, but although his pass was regularly signed, he found it impossible to obtain the desired gratification. You will, probably, recollect, that Sir Capel is the gentleman who stood, a contested and expensive election for the city of Armagh, and who distinguished himself as a vigorous opposer of the Irish union.

As the answer I had received from M. de Luçays entitled me to hope that I should experience no farther opposition from the consular court, I informed Mr. Merry of the circumstance; but, to my great surprise, he endeavoured to throw fresh impediments in my way, and even reminded me that he had not seen my pass. However, on my observing that I had a letter of licence drawn up, very differently from those commonly granted by the Duke of Portland, who had behaved with peculiar politeness to me on that occasion, he desired me to attend at half

after one on the ensuing day, at the hall of the ambassadors, when he would introduce me.

After an elegant dinner at Peregaux's, the banker's, Sir Capel and the party returned to sup at my hotel, where the subject of introduction to the Consul was resumed. Sir Capel congratulated me on the spirited manner in which I had maintained my point with Mr. Merry, but he evidently considered himself exceedingly ill used in a transaction in which he was so deeply interested. It is but justice to add, that the great difficulty in getting admission was not occasioned by the severity of the French government, but from the obstacles successively raised by Mr. Merry, from whom, as an Englishman, very different conduct might have been expected.

The ensuing morning proved remarkably propitious for the *fete*, and was ushered in with a discharge of cannon, which I counted, in order to ascertain the precise number which constituted a salute to the First Consul. From one battery I reckoned twenty-eight, and from another forty-six, the two cannons firing almost at the same instant.

Anxious to obtain a ticket of admittance to the hall of ambassadors, which would preclude the possibility of an interruption from the military, I dispatched a note to Monsieur De Luçays, apprising him of what had transpired between Mr. Merry and myself, since I had lost the honour of addressing him. After waiting a considerable time the *valet de place* returned, and informed me that Mr. Merry (to whom he had gone on finding M. de Luçays from home) desired to see my letter of licence. Thus all I had done was rendered abortive with Mr. Merry, and fresh obstacles raised, either through the consummate folly of my servant, or some secret influence with which I am hitherto unacquainted.

Having ordered my carriage and drove to Mr. Merry's, I found that

he had opened and perused the letter intended for M. de Luçays, and then returned it to my servant. I now presented my letter of licence, but on his reading it he observed, that he considered himself absolved from his engagement, for that I had told him I had in my possession a strong letter from the Duke of Portland, whereas it was only a pass. I insisted that a pass drawn out at a time when we were at war with France, and when no passes could be obtained but with the greatest difficulty, was very different from one received in time of peace. Finding, however, that this availed but little, I told him I would once more argue the point with him, as a lawyer and a gentleman, and, as he had named an hour for my attendance in the hall of ambassadors, I should expect my ticket to be given to Monsieur de Luçays.

The whole city was by this time in motion, and with some address I contrived to get into the palace, though my good fortune in this respect was, probably, owing to the medallion I wore, and the supporters of my arms, which excited the attention and respect of the military. I first saw some gentlemen whom I imagined to be in fancy uniforms, but I afterwards learned, they were of the privy council. I was much surprised at finding myself treated with marked attention by every gentleman present 'till some whispers discovered that I was mistaken for Lord Whitworth, who was every day expected; and you may naturally suppose I was not very forward in rectifying this error.

After waiting some time, I requested an officer to take my letter of licence to M. de Luçays, that he might be enabled to judge whether the letter dated in 1801 bore any reference to orders issued in 1802.

Soon afterwards an immense concourse of gentlemen brilliantly dressed, and many of them decorated with a profusion of diamonds, assembled in the hall, where coffee and cooling liquors were offered to

the company. As I had not hitherto tasted any consular beverage, I was now resolved on trying the experiment, and could not help thinking that it had a peculiarly fine flavour. At this juncture Mr. Merry asked, if I had seen M. de Luçays, and I, of course, answered in the negative. In a few minutes, however, that gentleman entered the hall, and after receiving the compliments of the company, he was drawn aside by Mr. Merry. Suspecting the topic of their conversation, I immediately followed, and heard Mr. Merry argue the point in a manner which soon induced M. de Luçays to relinquish the business in question, and it was accordingly stated that no introduction could take place. This intelligence was received with evident signs of mortification by all the English gentlemen present; but I proceeded, without hesitation, to state my claims, and, at the same time, represented how greatly distressed my countrymen were at finding themselves disappointed in the sanguine expectations they had entertained of seeing, and being introduced to so extraordinary a character as the First Consul. I also remarked, that on such occasions it might, perhaps, be more consistent to dispense with particular forms and punctilios; adding, that if the First Consul were consulted on the occasion, I was certain he would cheerfully wave all scruples. To this M. de Luçays assented, but as I was aware that Mr. Merry might yet carry his point, I observed, that the Consul must be too much engaged on such a day as this to give any attention to the subject in agitation, and, that even the most trifling delay must terminate in the universal disappointment of the English gentlemen assembled, who had visited Paris under the firm assurance of being introduced. In short, my arguments produced the desired effect, for M. de Luçays immediately replied, that viewing the business in that light, he would take upon himself the responsibility. Thus terminated a dispute which had

hitherto proved a source of infinite vexation, and Mr. Merry, as you may naturally suppose, felt extremely mortified at my unexpected triumph.

I then repaired to my former station, and, being favoured with an excellent telescope, I had a perfect view of the evolutions of the troops assembled in the presence of the First Consul, who was mounted on a white charger, preceded by four officers in most splendid uniforms, and followed by a body of Mamelukes richly habited in the oriental style. Buonaparte himself was dressed in a plain uniform, and a cocked-hat, simply adorned with the national cockade, which formed a striking contrast to the magnificent costumes of his equerries. The populace, being all uncovered, maintained a respectful silence, and the greatest regularity prevailed, notwithstanding the immense concourse assembled.

The spectacle was certainly very grand, and admirably conducted. The different dresses of the heavy infantry and the light hulans and husars were infinitely more superb than those of our troops. I could not help particularly noticing the excellence of the band, and the consular body-guards, composed of the remains of that very regiment which gave the decisive turn to the memorable battle of Marengo. The procession terminated with the manœuvres of the Mameluke corps, consisting of about two hundred and fifty men well mounted on light chargers, but not wearing any regular uniform: their party-coloured costume and large turbans made them appear (intermixed as they were among other troops) like beds of tulips in a garden. Their charge was very rapid, but singular, from which I should not imagine them to be of any great utility in the field of battle: they are certainly very brave men, but their dress is ill adapted to military evolutions.

The regiment of curiassiers is, at present, only half completed, but

when the whole establishment is formed, it will be very fit for actual service in cool climates, though ill adapted for hot ones.

The evolutions being all gone through, after a period of about two hours, the several regiments filed off before the Consul, who did not quit the ground 'till he had thus passed every corps in review.

After waiting some time, the doors were thrown open, and it was announced that the First Consul was ready to receive us. We accordingly made our *entrée*, forming part of a well-dressed crowd of all nations. Buonaparte first entered into conversation with the Portuguese ambassador, and then proceeded round the circle, conducting himself with great affability towards each individual who was introduced to him. When he came to the English, most of whom were in military or naval uniforms, he addressed himself in particular to those who had been in Egypt. When it came to my turn to be presented, he noticed my medallion, and enquired into the meaning of it. I told him, the legend was the *Triumph of Truth*, and that the medallion had been presented to me by the soldiers of the West-York militia, when I was Lieutenant-Colonel of that regiment, as a testimony of their esteem for myself and family. Buonaparte immediately replied, with great animation, "Colonel, I admire such men;" and addressing himself to Mr. Merry, he continued, "be pleased, Sir, to inform your countrymen, that I highly esteem their nation." He then proceeded regularly round the circle, conversing with every one, as I have before stated.

With respect to the person of Buonaparte, he is about five feet two inches and a half in height, and well-proportioned, but rather stooping. His complexion is sallow, his hair brown, and his eyes of a greenish hue, strongly indicating the constant pressure of important business on his mind. But his countenance, which I had a full opportunity of ex-

aming, is very animated; in his manner he appears quick, and discovers great energy in all his decisions.

All the English retired highly gratified with this levee, and, on their adjourning to a sumptuous dinner at Verri's, I was, by their unanimous votes, called to the chair, from whence I gave, among other toasts, "Monsieur De Luçays." This produced an immediate request from the company that I would represent to that gentleman the high sense they entertained of the honour conferred by his kind interference in the business of their introduction, and they considered themselves bound to acknowledge his urbanity and consideration in the most public manner. I was also entreated to request his attendance the ensuing day to partake of a dinner, which was accordingly ordered. In the evening we were agreeably amused with a brilliant display of fire-works, and an illumination of all the principal edifices in the city.

Next morning I waited upon M. de Luçays, and delivered my message in form; upon which he assured me, that the First Consul, on being acquainted with all that had passed between Mr. Merry and myself, had expressed his entire approbation of my conduct, and had even desired that I might assure my countrymen of his esteem and protection. I consequently delivered this flattering message at our dinner of thanks; but, unfortunately, some business of importance prevented M. De Luçays from joining us. We were favoured, however, with the company of Monsieur De Bois, formerly an advocate, and now prefect of the police, who was pleased to approve of my conduct on the late occasion, and assured me that I might rely upon receiving every testimony of respect from the government. Our repast was rendered peculiarly pleasant by the mirth and conviviality of the company, and in the evening we retired to the mansion of a rich Hamburgh merchant, where I was introduced to several sporting gentlemen, and in particular

to Monsieur Emités de Souveraine, whom I had previously heard extolled for his knowledge in every thing relating to field exercises.

Having now completed my account of our excursion to Versailles, and endeavoured to give you some idea of the difficulties I encountered in obtaining an audience of the first Consul, and of the flattering attentions which I afterwards received, I shall close my letter with assuring you that I am,

Yours, &c.



LETTER XII.

Eremonville.—Picture of the Transfiguration at the Musée central des Artes.—Bagatelle —An early Visit.—Seat of Monsieur Beaumarché.—Prince of Conti's Estate.—Singular Toast given at a Pic-Nic Party by Tom Paine.—Excursion to Meudon.—Mr. P—— an unskilful Charioteer.—The Butcher's Dog.—Meudon.—Beautiful Prospect of the adjacent Country.

MY LORD,

Paris, August 31, 1802.

THE day subsequent to the date of my last letter was devoted to paying visits, and making preparations for our intended journey into the Touraine, which was to have taken place on the following Sunday, but I was afterwards induced to postpone my departure in consequence of an invitation to one of the finest seats in France, and distant about fifteen miles from Paris. From the description of this place, I imagined it to be the same where I had hunted many years back, with the Prince de Conti.

We set out from Paris next morning for Eremonville, the very place I was so desirous of seeing. Our party consisted of myself, Mrs. T—, Monsieur Belanger, a very celebrated architect, and Mr. Bryant, who took with him his implements for drawing. We proceeded through the forest of Vincennes, which is under the protection of the existing government, and is intended to be laid out in walks for the amusement of the Parisians.

After ascending a steep hill, and noticing several extensive parks which belonged to the *ci-devant noblesse*, we entered the forest of Eremonville, and, notwithstanding the road had been rendered extremely bad by the passage of some heavy artillery from Strasburg, we soon arrived at the *chateau*, which I perceived was prepared for sale; and, if I may not pronounce it one of the most commodious houses in this country, it is, at all events, large enough, though not on too extensive a scale for the establishment of a gentleman's family. Its situation is so low, that there is little or no prospect from the ground-floor; but, on ascending to the upper apartments, we were gratified with the view of an extensive wood, containing some trees of a prodigious size, and embosoming a magnificent lake of three hundred and sixty acres of water. The wood is cut into avenues which seem to have no termination, and at the extremity of the lake is a decoy for ducks, now almost destroyed, but there are a few birds still remaining.

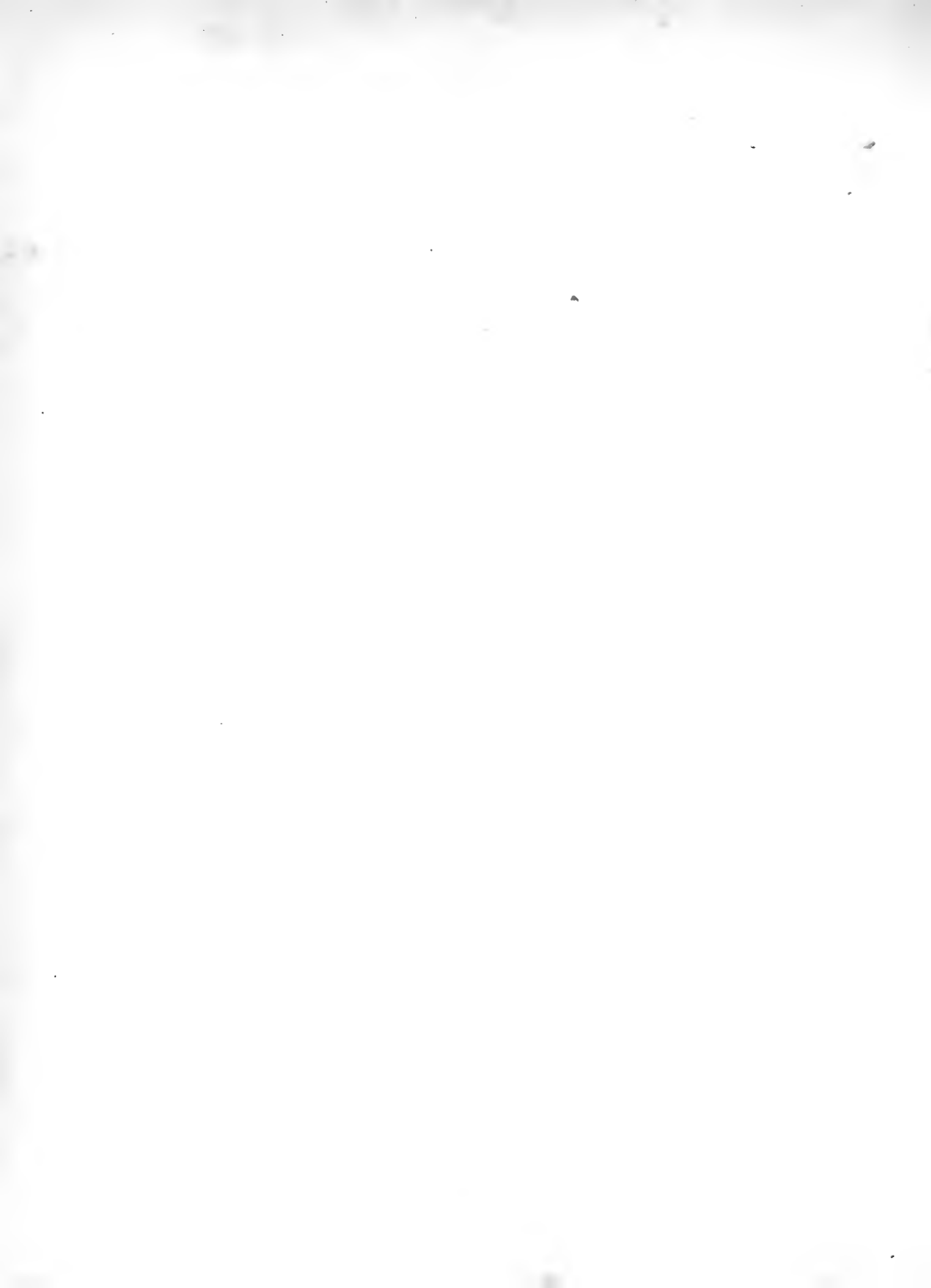
On the right of the park, which was formerly adorned with a profusion of venerable oaks, there are plains of arable land comprising fifteen hundred acres; and the view is bounded by an old abbey and two or three straggling houses that belong to a neighbouring village. The most objectionable part of this estate is the soil, which is cold and spungy, and consequently unfavourable to the cultivation of grass. I must also observe, that here are no rising grounds, nor even dry lands for cattle to retire to in wet weather; a circumstance which must reduce the value of the estate, notwithstanding the combined attractions of the house, park, and water. The gardens contain about twelve acres within the walls, and are well stocked with fruit; but here, as in all the French gardens, a hot-house has never been thought of.

After partaking of an excellent dinner, and some capital Champaign, I ordered the carriage; and, whilst it was getting ready, amused my-



The Great Lake at Greenfield.

Pub. by the Boston Public Library, 1870.



self with another view of the expansive lake, while the setting sun cast a tint of peculiar richness over the circumjacent scenery. The present proprietor of this estate, who purchased it on speculation, has converted all the saleable timber into money, leaving only what was ornamental. He has also disposed of the fish, among which were some pike that sold at a very high price. I am certainly inclined to think that Eremonville might be made an excellent purchase; and had the soil been either sandy or gravelly, I should not have hesitated for a moment. I intend to examine several other estates, and then form my decision; as this is certainly the time for strangers to lay out their money to advantage.

Our horses being jaded, we did not return to Paris 'till near twelve o'clock at night; and then I had the mortification to hear that my friend, Colonel St. Brice, had called during our absence, under the idea of dining with me.

Next morning that gentleman sent me a message, intimating that a wolf-hunting party would take place on the Saturday; and as my departure from Paris had, in a great measure, depended on that circumstance, I immediately sent him word that I would do myself the pleasure of dining with him at Bagatelle, a house offered to me as a purchase, and let until it should be disposed of. My messenger having returned with the information that Col. St. B—— would expect me and all my suite, I sauntered out to the museum, where, having an order for private admission, I saw the celebrated picture of the "Transfiguration" under the hands of the cleaner. It is almost impossible to form a correct judgment of this picture in its present situation, as the scaffolding raised for the convenience of the artist prevents its being seen to advantage. But, from the imperfect view I had of it, I think I may safely pronounce it an invaluable production.

After making some enquiries respecting the progress of my copier, with whom I had every reason to be satisfied, I returned home to dress, and then proceeded to Bagatelle, situated at the farther end of the Bois de Boulogne. The entrance of the Bagatelle, with the pleasure-grounds and out-buildings, exhibit an uncommon air of neatness even in its present state; but far short of what it must have been formerly, or would again appear if inhabited by a man of taste and fortune.

After partaking of an elegant dinner with my friend, who rents the chief part of the premises, we strolled over the grounds, which are laid out very tastefully; for within a circumference of about thirty acres are woods, walks, gardens, lawns, rivers, rocks, and caverns. From the vicinage of the mansion, also, there is a very picturesque view of the bridge of *Neuilly*, while the Seine beautifully meanders through the country. On the opposite side, the scenery resembles that to the south-west of Chesterford, one of the finest coursing countries in the world.

After taking leave of Monsieur and Madame St. Brice, a select party of gentlemen agreed to sup with me, and we did not part before a bet was made between Mr. Tripper and Mr. Fitzmaurice, to decide whether the latter gentleman having stuck his sabre in the ground could, at the distance of fifteen yards, divide it with a pistol-ball, once in three shots. The sum mentioned was fifty guineas, to be expended in a dinner, supper, and ball; and I was appointed umpire on the occasion.

Next morning I called on Monsieur de Luçays, in order to arrange some matters preparatory to my departure, and that I might expedite the business, I made my visit about half past seven; but I was really astonished at finding myself ushered into the bed-chamber. Upon my apologising for the intrusion, however, M. de Luçays very good-naturedly desired me to sit down, and immediately entered into a general conversation, after which I fixed a day for resuming my journey.

Returning to my hotel, I noticed a house on the Boulevard, the former residence of Monsieur Beaumarché,* which, though whimsically built, must have cost a considerable sum of money; as it is, in every respect, fit for the accommodation of a large family. It was offered to me at a very moderate price, and I am not yet certain whether I shall decide in favour of this or Bagatelle. I ought to have informed you, that Bagatelle was built in consequence of a wager between the Count d'Artois and the Prince de Condé, that it should be completed in sixty-four days. The bet, however, was lost, notwithstanding the stone and other materials were brought on horseback, for the sake of expedition. It is said to have cost eight hundred thousand livres, and is an everlasting monument of the extravagance of the French court, as well as of him who built it.

After viewing Mr. Beaumarché's hotel, on which he has expended a very considerable sum, the next object of my enquiry was that of the Prince of Conti's estate. The weather proved propitious, and although I had passed the road before, it now afforded fresh gratification. The scenery is particularly beautiful, and from the summit of a gentle acclivity appear the Bois de Vincennes, and the river Marne, westward of which are two enclosed forests, formerly the property of the Duke de Bourbon, the whole producing a most charming effect.

We saw several coveys of partridges, which convinced me that the breed is by no means destroyed, and we also got a transient view of the park, but, from what we could see of it, I am inclined to think the late possessor walled it for the purpose of hiding its defects.

* This beautiful house, which faces the site of the Bastille, was built by the Count d'Artois for one of his mistresses; but, as he did not wish his name to appear in the transaction, he consigned it to M. Beaumarché as the legal proprietor. At the period of the revolution, Beaumarché took advantage of this circumstance, and appropriated to himself the property which was merely nominal.

On enquiring for the key of this park, I met with a very respectable gentleman farmer, who invited me to partake of his dinner, which was just ready; but I could not comply, on account of my engagement with Mr. Fitzmaurice. However we stopped some time to refresh our horses, and, in the course of conversation, I asked whether he remembered my being on a hunting party with the Prince of Conti about twenty years back? He said, he had a faint recollection of the circumstance, but the distresses of his patron, with his own imprisonment, and the unkind treatment of the present owner of the estate, had destroyed his peace of mind, and greatly affected his memory. He then added, that he understood I was a sportsman, and if I would return in the course of three weeks, I might amuse myself on his grounds as much as I chose, the farm consisting of about five hundred acres. He also said, that if I made any purchase in his neighbourhood he would, for one hundred guineas, give me the right of constantly sporting on his domains. I discovered, in the course of conversation, that land is valued here at sixteen pounds per acre.

In the park I saw two strange figures, a male and female, driving forty or fifty cows of the Swiss breed; but how they were fed, unless in the forest, I could not conceive, there being no appearance of any pasture lands.

Various delays prevented us from reaching Paris 'till six in the evening, when I found that Mr. Fitzmaurice was unable to receive me, in consequence of an unfortunate fall from his horse. We therefore dined at Roberts's with a very agreeable party of gentlemen, who afterwards agreed to take a few glasses of punch at my hotel, where Mr. Fitzmaurice's forfeit-money was paid, as the bet between him and Mr. Tripper could not now take place.

I had been invited to a *pic nic* party, and though I could not attend, a particular friend who was there mentioned a curious circumstance, which I shall now communicate to your lordship. One of the party happened to be the famous *Tom Paine*, who, upon being asked for a toast, gave the following:—

“ England for Liberty, America for Happiness, but Paris alone for Pleasure.”

While the bottle was circulating, *Paine* allowed that he had been proscribed by the Americans as well as the French, but that *Robespierre* was not so infamous a character as was generally supposed, from his reigning during a system of anarchy and terror. He said he did not believe there were virtuous individuals enough existing to render the village of *Richmond*, in Surry, a pure republic, for that every man, except the First Consul, was to be bribed. So much for the sentiments of republican *Paine*, who has certainly had a sufficient share of experience to render him a tolerable judge of *equality*. This little anecdote, however, will give your lordship an idea of the freedom of speech at this period in the metropolis of France.

It had been proposed by M. Belanger, the preceding evening, that we should make an excursion to Meudon, a fine park comprising twenty-one miles within its walls; and represented to me as a most desirable purchase. A cabriolet had been fixed upon as the most agreeable carriage for the expedition. This was accordingly procured, and Mr. P. formerly an officer in the royal navy, undertook the management of the reins; but his unskilfulness subjected us to several disasters, such as running foul of a butcher's-shop, and driving against the corner-stone of an angle where he had intended to shew his dexterity. Once, indeed, we were very disagreeably involved through his inattention, for,

while we were looking at the distant castle of Meudon, he drove against a butcher's cart, when, however peaceably the butcher himself might be inclined, his dog flew at the carriage with such fury, that our horse soon became unmanageable, and ran away with the most dangerous rapidity, 'till we were, at length, fortunately stopped on the ascent of a hill.

The chateau of Meudon,* formerly the residence of Madame de Pompadour, is an immense pile, and although sadly dilapidated, it still retains some marks of its ancient grandeur and importance. In a fine park, ornamented with forest-scenery, *jets d'eau*, and ponds of water, we were politely received by the *concierge*, or keeper, whose mansion might still be rendered a very respectable residence. This person led us over the *chateau*, and particularly pointed out to our attention the apartment which was last inhabited by the unfortunate dauphin. I had not sufficient time to explore the park, but my guide informed me that it comprised farms, plains, &c. to the amount of five hundred acres, with ten thousand acres of forest annexed. He said, the walls had been partly destroyed, by order of the late king, to give the game an opportunity of escaping; but that they had since been repaired. He also stated, that there were twenty-nine pieces of water of various dimensions, and immediately conducted me to one, containing about nine acres, walled

* This *chateau* was originally built for the Cardinal of Lorraine, by Phillibert de Lorme, in the reign of Henry the Second of France. It afterwards underwent many alterations and improvements, and at length became the residence of Madame de Pompadour. Various old descriptions of the environs of Paris notice this castle as being embellished with every thing that could render it worthy the residence of a monarch; a striking contrast to its present neglected and ruinous appearance. The neighbouring village of Meudon does not, in itself, boast any thing worthy of observation except the remains of a Capuchin convent; but the adjoining quarries are celebrated for yielding beautiful stones, two of which appear in the grand *façade* of the Louvre, each measuring fifty-four feet in length!

in, and partly surrounded by woody scenery, but the formality of its shape rendered it by no means an agreeable object. I understood that there were a few fish, some hares, and rabbits, and a tolerable number of partridges on the estate, but all the pheasants have been destroyed. The *chateau*, as I before stated, is entirely in ruins, and the taking it down would be attended with very considerable expence, as the cement of old buildings is peculiarly hard; but, in point of extent, and its moderate distance from the capital, Meudon would certainly prove a valuable acquisition. Indeed, I plainly perceive, that it will not be a difficult matter to make a purchase, of which I am so desirous, in this country; but the security (the only circumstance to be apprehended) must, of course, regulate the price.

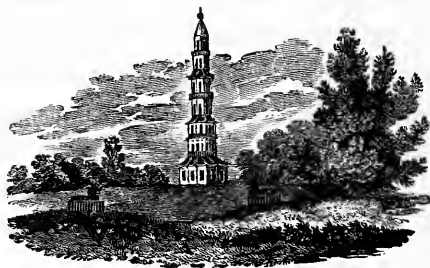
After amusing ourselves for about four hours, we returned to the carriage, and passed another piece of water, excluded from the view of Meudon, which it might have been formed to command. We then entered on a fine lawn, planted on each side with curious exotics, that appeared in tolerable preservation. As I looked at the old palace, however, I could not help recalling to my memory those inimitable lines of our immortal bard,—

“ The cloud-capt tow’rs, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself—
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind.”

From this spot is seen one of the finest landscapes in France; the forest of Boulogne rearing its majestic head in the fore ground, while the Seine appears beautifully meandering through the neighbouring plains, and beyond the metropolis is faintly discernible the venerable forest of St. Germain, bounding the distant prospect.

For the present I shall bid you adieu, but design to resume my journal in the course of a few days, as no pleasure can surpass that of corresponding with so invaluable a friend, and of subscribing myself,

Yours, &c.



LETTER XIII.

Hospital of Invalids.—Monument of the Marshal of Turenne.—Church of Notre Dame.—Another Visit to the Musée Central des Arts.—A private Ball.—Favourite Dances, and thinness of the Ladies' Dresses.—Delicacy with which the Waltz is performed by the young Parisians.—Paris a most desirable Residence for a Man of Fortune—Justly called an Epitome of the World.—Traiteurs.—Origin of the Restaurateurs.—Departure from the Capital.—Estampe.—Mereville.—Orleans—The Cathedral—Market-place—Cotton Manufactory—Principal Articles of Trade.

MY LORD,

Orleans, Aug. 16, 1802.

ON our return from Meudon we went to the celebrated Hospital of Invalids. The chapel, now called the Hall of Victory, is an elegant building, and is ornamented with a profusion of banners, taken, during the late war, from the various enemies of the republic. A gentleman of our party observing a battered *English* standard among this assemblage, remarked to a veteran, "I see you have got poor England among your trophies of victory"—"Yes, Sir," replied the old soldier, "but I fear you have plenty of ours."

At one end of the hall is a painting of the commencement of the republic, and the destruction of monarchy: the crown and sceptre are broken, and Liberty is represented as trampling on the breast of Royalty. Over this picture is a noble organ, and under the columns that stand on

each side, are some fine delineations of the battles of Louis the Fourteenth. At the other end, is a flight of marble steps leading to an elegant vestibule, the roof of which is adorned with allegorical paintings, and the floor consists of the finest marble.

There are four rooms at the respective corners, hung with Gobelines tapestry, and intended to represent the four quarters of the globe. The bed-chambers, kitchens, and offices, are all clean and commodious, and we were shown some rooms where linen is kept for eight thousand soldiers. The First Consul has presented to this institution an excellent library, with general liberty for its use.

I must not omit remarking, that in the chapel of this hospital repose the ashes of the noble Marshal Turenne, which were conveyed thither with great pomp on the 23d of September, 1800, by order of the Consuls. When the royal vaults of St. Denis were broke open in 1793, and most of the coffins were melted down for bullets, the lawless banditti that committed the daring outrage, seemed to respect the memory of this illustrious hero, whose corpse was found so completely perfect, that even the features seemed to have undergone but little change, and bore a striking resemblance to the busts and pictures of him which are still extant. The monument (first removed to the museum of French monuments, and afterwards to this chapel), represents Turenne in the arms of Immortality, attended by Wisdom and Valour. The bas-relief, which is in bronze, represents the marshal in the act of making the celebrated charge at the battle of Tureckheim in 1675. He was killed by a cannon-ball, near the village of Salzbach, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

We next visited the church of Notre Dame, which did not answer the expectations I had formed of the principal religious edifice in the French metropolis. The choir, indeed, is very handsome, and behind

it are the remains of several chapels which fell under the revolutionary fury. The confessionals and the finest monuments have been utterly destroyed; the violated sepulchres still continue open; and, in fact, nothing is visible but bare walls, and traces of the most detestable outrage. A melancholy contrast to the period when this Gothic pile was regarded with reverential awe, and its chapels crowded with devotees, whilst the most elaborate productions of the pencil graced the walls, and the numerous altars groaned beneath the weight of relics that were here enshrined in gold and jewels. The church is, at present, undergoing some repairs, and the workmen employed in cleaning the roof are fearfully suspended in baskets while they perform that operation.

From Notre Dame we proceeded to the *Musée Central des Arts*, of which I have before spoken, but the more I see of it the more am I convinced of the impossibility of communicating any just idea of that astonishing collection of paintings which the fortune of war consigned to the French nation at Rome, Venice, Bologna, Parma, Placenza, Florence, Turin, and Modena. Suffice it, therefore, to say, that at one *coup d'œil* the amateur is feasted with the most sublime productions of a Raphael, Paul Veronese, Rubens, Leonardi de Vinci, Caracci, Titian, Salvator Rosa, Andrea Sacchi, Guercino, Van Dyck, and many other celebrated artists; and that the *blaze of genius*, if I may be allowed the expression, produces such a dazzling effect upon the senses of a spectator, that it requires a long and unremitting attendance before he can possibly give to *each* performance its just tribute of admiration.

After sauntering for some time in the Palais Royal, we returned to our hotel; and in the evening went to a private ball, where the German Waltz was the prevailing dance. It is impossible for me to pass over in silence this favourite diversion of the Parisians, as every night in the

week affords public and private dances, and the waltz is universally held in the highest esteem. On entering the ball-room an Englishman recently arrived, must be greatly surprised at the dress, or, more properly speaking, the *undress* of the ladies. I had heard many observations on this subject, to which I could not yield implicit credence, but ocular demonstration precluded me from remaining any longer sceptical. You would certainly be astonished to see a hundred, or a hundred and fifty women, of different ranks and ages, vying with each other in a prodigal exposure of those charms which our virtuous ladies are so careful to conceal: yet such is really the case. Naked necks, backs, and shoulders, are universally exhibited in the ball-room, and the form being only concealed by a transparent petticoat, leaves scarcely any thing to imagination. How different must be the ideas of the modern French ladies from those of the poet, who beautifully observes,

“ The fancy will paint what we cover with care,
And double each charm we conceal.”

On intimating my surprise to a female acquaintance, she assured me, that the young men of the age were so accustomed to this shameless display, that they regarded it with perfect indifference, and that even the most gross sensualist did not consider such scenes as affording any gratification. This is surely calculated to enforce the remark contained in the above quotation, and to convince the fair sex, that modesty, concealment, and retirement, will ever attract, while their opposites repel, the admiration of every man possessing real taste and genuine sensibility. It is but justice, however, to remark, that the young men of Paris perform the waltz with a delicacy that does them much honour; for I have frequently seen them, in compliance with custom, encircle in their arms the most beautiful women, almost reduced to a state of nu-

dity, and yet have sufficient command over themselves not to violate the strictest rules of decorum. Yet, notwithstanding this circumstance, and the general admiration of this amusement in Paris, I think the waltz will never be introduced into the public or private assemblies of Britons; at least, if its introduction ever should take place, it must certainly be pruned of those lascivious movements, which are here considered as the most delightful part of the exercise. Every thing, however, depends in a great measure upon habit, and it is vain to argue in contradiction to established forms and customs.

The dance most in fashion after the waltz is what we, in England, term a cotillon, but it is here stiled the *contre dance*. With respect to the ladies dresses I must here observe, that the prevailing fashion was introduced by the celebrated Madame Tallien, who, sometime since, appeared in public with sandals on her legs, a diamond-ring on each of her toes, and a loose robe, called *Diaphane*, or transparent.

I shall take this opportunity of observing, that, in my opinion, Paris is the most desirable place in the world for a man whose purse is sufficiently replenished to bear him through the numerous pleasures which continually present themselves, and court his participation.

There is no doubt but every country has its particular excellencies, luxuries, and enjoyments; but Paris has the superior advantage of uniting in one focus the various elegancies that are found in all the other capitals of Europe. To enjoy all these, however, without suffering the alloy which results from pecuniary deficiency, I should imagine that an annual income of ten thousand pounds would be indispensably necessary.

Paris has been frequently called "an epitome of the world," and it is now rapidly advancing to that state of perfection which may give it a just claim to this appellation. The institution of the Central Museum

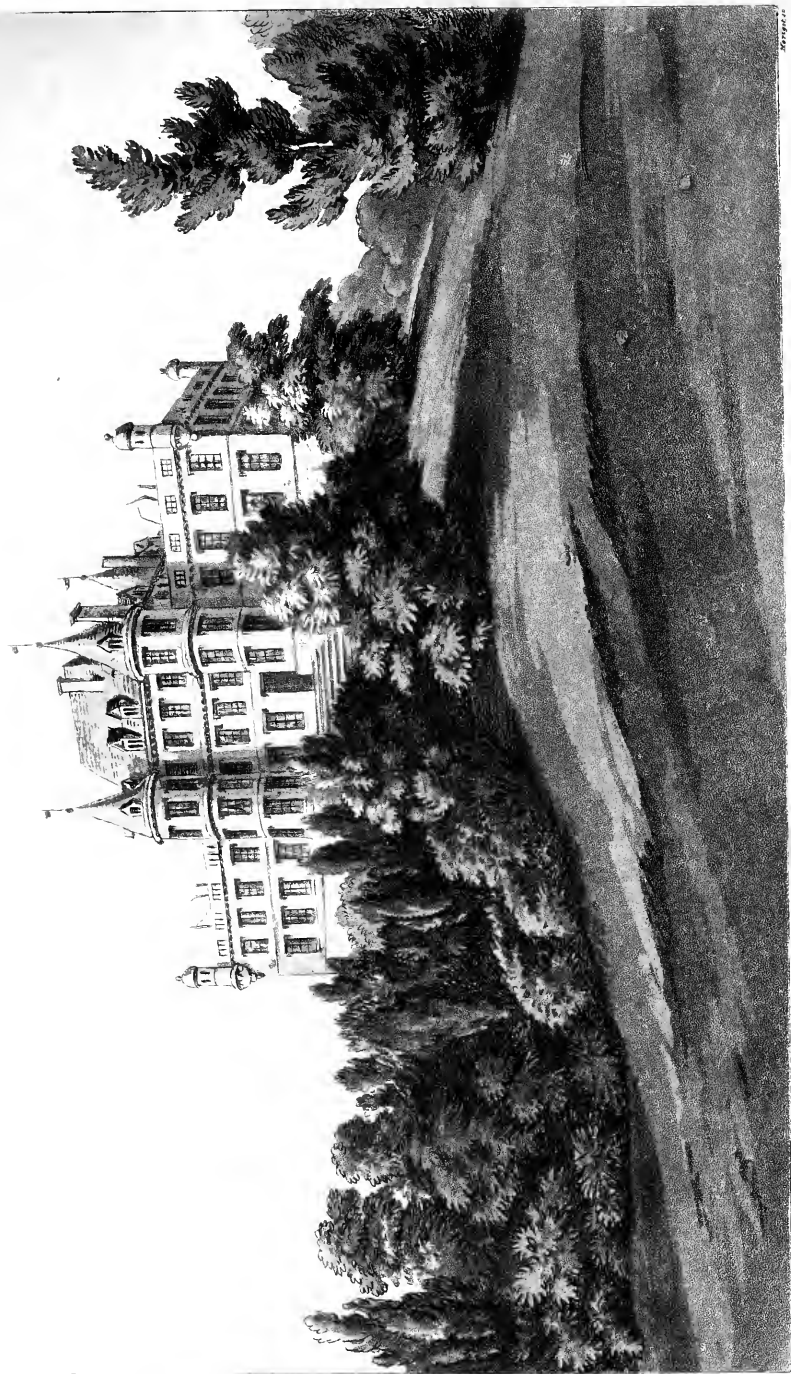
has considerably augmented its most rational amusements; and the treasures of antiquity which are continually removing to the banks of the Seine, must indisputably prove an attraction to scientific men of all descriptions.

Independent of these circumstances, Paris possesses within itself the *agremens* of life beyond any other country in the universe. The various wines of the respective provinces, exquisite in flavour, and of a moderate price, hold out to the *bon vivant* a temptation of no small magnitude; every delicacy that can be thought of to ornament the table, or to please the appetite, is here easily procured; and the places of public amusement are so numerous, that a mere recapitulation of their names would occupy a moderate volume. Here the admirer of the fair-sex will find attainable every description of female beauty; the warrior, the statesman, and philosopher will never fail of meeting suitable companions; and, in a word, the favourites of fortune may here command all that can charm the sense, delight the eye, and entertain the ear.

The *traiteurs* of Paris have long been famous in the culinary calendar, like the keepers of our taverns and coffee-houses in London. They not only furnished dinners at their own houses, but occasionally sent them out to the mansions of such as honoured them with their commands; and as no person was allowed to set up in any line of business unless by purchase or succession, they consequently engrossed the whole profits of this avocation.

About the year 1765, however, a man named Boulanger conceived the ludicrous idea of opening a shop for *restorative soups*, and accordingly placed the following inscription over his door:—*Venite ad me omnes qui stomacho laboratis, et ego restaurabo vos.* “Come unto me all ye that labour in stomach, and I will restore you.” The singularity of this inscription, the novelty of the trade, and the dearness of the pro-





Le Chateau de Morville.

visions, soon put Boulanger into the possession of a tolerable fortune, and in a short time many other shops were opened on a similar plan, 'till at length the term of *restaurateur* has completely superseded that of *traiteur*.

The ensuing morning had been appointed for our bidding adieu to this seat of pleasure, but we were delayed for some time by a gentleman who had promised to accommodate us with a carriage; and about four o'clock in the afternoon he sent an apology, in consequence of which we immediately set off with M. Belanger, who had politely offered to conduct us to the seat of Monsieur de Luçays. We took the high road to Orleans, and, for the first two posts, I observed a considerable number of vehicles passing and re-passing, but did not notice a single private carriage.

Having passed a most luxuriant valley, we stopped at Estampes, a city of Beauce*, situated on the Juine, at the distance of thirteen leagues from Paris. The town is straggling and ill built; and we had the misfortune to put up at a wretched inn, where our host charged the enormous price of thirty-six livres for a very indifferent supper; but after some spirited remonstrances we compelled him to deduct a sixth part of this sum.

Next morning we proceeded to the little city of Angerville; and after breakfast we strolled to Mereville, the seat of Madame de B—, whose husband was one of the unhappy victims that fell under the guillotine. The mansion comprises two saloons, one of which is seventy-five feet in length by forty in breadth; a drawing-room of the same dimensions, a capital library, a billiard-room, and parlour, all elegantly furnished; and, upon the whole, it is a most eligible residence for a genteel family.

* La Beauce is so extremely fertile in corn, that it has obtained the appellation of *Grenier de Paris*. Chartres is the capital.

The old house-keeper told us several piteous tales relating to the revolution, and, indeed, this subject seemed to have engrossed the whole of her attention.

The park is rather small, but prettily diversified with hill and dale, which form a striking and agreeable contrast to the flatness of the circumjacent country. The pleasure-grounds contain several elegant decorations, and among the rest we noticed a monument inscribed to the memory of that illustrious navigator, Captain Cook.

After satisfying our curiosity at this place, we resumed our journey, and remarked, that the country continues flat, and, in its general appearance, somewhat like Newmarket, 'till it approaches Artenai; but there it begins to assume a bolder aspect, and the borders of the road are planted with trees.

The entrance to Orleans lies through part of the forest of the same name, but there is nothing particularly striking in the appearance of the city as seen from the road; and we were by no means gratified to find the poorer class of the inhabitants unacquainted with the luxury of shoes, their feet being, in general, destitute of any covering.

After taking some refreshments we sauntered out to take a view of the town, the suburbs of which are remarkably similar to those of most of our English cities.

Orleans is a large and ancient city, pleasantly situated on the Loire, whose sloping banks are here crowned with a series of luxuriant vineyards, occasionally spotted with the *chateaus* of private individuals.

The cathedral of Orleans is well worthy the attention of a traveller, being a noble Gothic edifice, and containing some admirable representations on wainscoting of the most interesting subjects in Scripture history. The towers, erected by order of Louis XV. are very magnificent, and, although possessing rather too great a profusion of ornament,



Castell de Montd'Algar, the city of the north

Engraved by J. Smith & Co. London, 1840

they are certainly very striking features. I am sorry to add, however, that this cathedral has suffered very materially from the dreadful effects of the revolution.

In the centre of Orleans is the great square, equally large and handsome; and, at the extremity of the principal street, there is a very magnificent bridge.

Previous to the revolution, the Duc de Orleans established a cotton-manufactory in this city, and confided it to the care of an Englishman, who has fortunately weathered the political storm, and still carries on the concern after the English manner, for which he is amply remunerated. I must observe, that Orleans is particularly celebrated for the excellence of its brandy and vinegar, which, with corn and wines, constitute the principal articles of commerce. Here, also, is a capital refinery of sugar, accounted the first in the French republic.

The approaching hour of rest now warns me to lay aside my pen; and I hasten to subscribe myself,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XIV.

French Roads.—Charming sporting Country.—Castle of Forte Imbault.—Wool-Fair.—The late Marquis de Piercompt, a Victim of the Revolution.—Curtailement of an exorbitant Charge.—Castle of the Marquis de Luçays.—Singular Breakfast.—Excursion to the Lake of the Forge.—Fishing.—A laughable Accident.—Home Park.—Natural Grottoes.—Depredations committed on the Castle.—Shooting.—Col. T—— endangered by the plunging of a Blood-Mare.—Return to Dinner.

MY LORD,

Paris, Aug. 20, 1802.

WE arose at four o'clock the next morning, and resumed our journey; but, whilst crossing the river, I could not help regretting, that our route did not lay along its beautiful banks. The road, for the three first posts, differed from all I had hitherto seen in France, consisting entirely of sand and gravel. The usual custom of *paving* the roads is, however, attended with many conveniencies, particularly in bad weather, when the loose texture of the soil, and the want of that attention which is so liberally bestowed upon our public ways in England, would, in many instances, render them totally impassible; for, although we are now travelling in a very dry season, we frequently find, from the want of materials, and necessary care, that the ruts are above a foot deep.

From the entrance of the Salogne to La Forte Lovendhal, we noticed a very good sporting country, being sandy and woody, and covered with a profusion of broom and heath. At the entrance of La

Forté we passed the seat of the Marquis de St. Croix, an ancient castle, with much water in its environs; and, almost at the same instant, we overtook the diligence, which, although drawn by eight horses, proceeded very slowly through the heavy sands.

We drove to an *auberge*, and breakfasted on tea, eggs, and Sancerre wine, for which our landlady made such an extravagant charge, that Monsieur Belanger thought proper to interpose and insist on a considerable abatement. We then pursued our route through such a country for sportsmen as I think I had never previously beheld. I conceived, from the appearance of the surrounding scenery, that there must be a profusion of game and fish; and, on making some enquiries at La Motte,* I found my opinion fully confirmed. The soil, though very sandy, as I have already observed, is found, at the depth of twelve or fourteen inches, to be a strong adhesive clay; and, indeed, this is discernible from the extraordinary size of the oaks which grow here in great abundance.

The river at Salbris is remarkably fine for trout, and still better about four miles distant. Near this place my notice was particularly attracted by seeing five crows and some small birds; a circumstance which, however apparently trivial in itself, I cannot help remarking, as birds of all kinds have hitherto been extremely scarce.

Crossing the river at Salbris, where a new bridge is building, we found the direction of that work entrusted to an officer of engineers, who was acquainted with Monsieur Belanger, and, from the polite introduction of that gentleman, invited me to pass some time there on my return, when I might enjoy the pleasures of sporting and fishing.

* La Motte belongs to a merchant of Orleans, who holds three Seigneuries, or Lordships, valued at 60,000 Francs, or 2,500l. sterling. Indeed it appears, from an accurate calculation, that the whole tract of country might be easily purchased.

The old castle of Forte Imbault presented a ruin of so interesting a nature, that I found it impossible to proceed until we had gratified ourselves with contemplating its venerable walls. The proprietor was very desirous that we should alight and take some refreshment; but time would not permit us to avail ourselves of his hospitality. The adjoining park contains about four hundred acres, but without having upon it any stock of game.

The annual wool-fair being held on that day, an immense crowd of people surrounded our carriage, and seemed particularly struck with its appearance. I made some enquiries respecting the price of wool, which I found to be about twenty-four sous per pound. I was also informed that bricks, prior to the revolution, were sold at thirteen or fourteen livres per thousand, measuring four inches by six, but since that period the price had advanced to one louis.

Forte Imbault castle is a charming residence for a sportsman, the vicinity affording fine hare and otter hunting, with excellent shooting and fishing. It was said that the late proprietor, the Marquis de Piercompt, had no less than fifty domains. This I did not implicitly believe, but both Monsieur Belanger and myself were of opinion, that all the estates between Forte Lovendhal and Rambuston might be purchased for two thousand, or two thousand five hundred pounds.

I remarked that junipers abounded throughout the country for three stages: there were, also, some plantations of birch, oak, alder, larch, ash, and many other trees, all in a flourishing condition; but the Scotch fir does not seem adapted for the soil.

The late Marquis de Piercompt was among the unhappy numbers who fell victims to the revolution. He was assassinated at Paris, and his body thrown into the Seine, where it was discovered by some fishermen, but the murderer still remains unknown.

Continuing our route, a beautiful, but contracted valley presented itself to our notice, consisting of meadows, highly cultivated corn-fields, and vineyards, while the river appeared gliding through the most interesting part of the scenery, and the adjacent town of Rambuston terminated the landscape. We next proceeded to an inn, where we met with wretched entertainment, and, as usual, an exorbitant bill. For our repast, which consisted of six eggs, some bad cheese, a few unripe apricots, and one bottle of *vin du pays*, the *aubergiste* charged *thirty-six Louis*, but was, at length, satisfied with *one*!

The country continued much the same 'till we approached Salleix, where we took leave of the sand, and drove through the town, which is very badly paved. A miller being about to throw his casting-net, I alighted to observe him, but to very little purpose, as nothing of consequence was taken.

After crossing the extremity of a forest, we discovered the castle of the Marquis de Luçays, and, on driving through a spacious court-yard, the great bell rang to announce our arrival. We were received with the utmost politeness and hospitality by Madame de Luçays and her family; and an elegant supper made ample amends for our bad fare at Rambuston.

Having agreed that the next morning should be devoted to a ride, we rose early, and took a view of about three thousand acres of the estate; and I was informed that the extent of the forest was nearly four thousand four hundred acres. The park is tastefully laid out in lawns, and shady walks, some of which are completely impervious to the rays of the sun; and the lakes are displayed in a most admirable manner. To obtain a tolerable idea of this elysian scenery, you must figure to yourself an extent of water, five miles in length, and half a mile in breadth, occasionally broken by islands which are clothed with vine-

yards, and enamelled meads, and fringed with pendant woods, whilst the distant view is bounded by majestic forests that occupy from twelve hundred to two thousand acres.

Here we might, indeed, exclaim in the language of Dyer—

“ Before me trees unnumber’d rise,
Beautiful in various dyes :
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love !”

Here were some extensive heaths, and a considerable quantity of strong arable land, but the latter was not half tilled.

Next morning we set out for the diversion of rabbit-shooting in some of the walks adjoining the castle, which are planted with the finest orange, lemon, and citron trees, together with a profusion of curious exotics. Several turtle-doves entertained us with their amorous cooing, but not a single bird was visible.

On our return we found the breakfast waiting, and as this repast was entirely different from our mode of laying out a breakfast-table in England, I shall subjoin a sketch of it, as an useful hint to some of my countrymen who are not deficient in appetite :

Red wine.—Peaches.—Apricots.—Ham.—Pears.—Champaign.
Strawberries.—Cream.—Rasberries.
Tench, split and finely broiled.—Haunch of roe-buck roasted.—Eels *en papillot*.
Plumbs.—Eggs.—Apricots.
Calf’s Head.
White wine.—Coffee.—Chocolate.—Ices.—Liqueurs.

After this substantial repast, we took horse, in order to proceed to a place called the Lake of the Forge, where we had agreed to fish for

pike; but the day proved so extremely sultry that it was five o'clock before we arrived at the appointed spot. The ladies followed mounted on asses (a common mode of conveyance in France), and the forger-master, having been apprised of our coming, had provided an excellent cold dinner, together with some very fine broiled tench, and red-legged partridges. The wine, also, was particularly good, and our party full of hilarity.

I must not omit observing, that although our ride had exceeded nineteen miles, we were not, at any time, beyond the boundary of M. de Luçay's estate, which, unquestionably, presents the finest sporting country it is possible to conceive, abounding with small coverts, and extensive forests, free from bogs and rabbit-holes.

After dinner, our party trolled in a boat, and I put four fox-hounds into the lake, being a smooth surface of water, about three miles in circumference. I soon hooked four fish, two of which I killed, but the others got off. The fox-hounds, however, caught six pike, weighing from five to seven pounds each.

The shades of night beginning to steal upon us, we put to shore, and went to see the forge, the fire of which produced an extraordinary glare that threw on every countenance the livid appearance of a corse.

Returning through the forest we were entertained with the different airs of the chase, performed by six huntsmen on French-horns, which not only beguiled the tediousness of the way, but also served to direct us in the route it was necessary we should pursue.

I cannot omit noticing a curious event which happened soon after our departure from the forge. Mr. Bryant, who had never been acquainted with equestrian exercise, was unfortunately mounted on an ass, which had long been accustomed to carry a lady. The animal, conscious of

the difference of his new charge, expressed his dissatisfaction by braying in a most vociferous manner.

No light being visible except that which issued from the distant chimney of the forge, our cavalcade proceeded slowly forward, each of the party being occupied with their respective cogitations. By some accident, however, Mr. Bryant had fallen from his ass unperceived, either through the obstinacy of the beast, or his want of skill in riding. It seems, the ass had been allured by the odour of a cabbage-garden, belonging to a *ci-devant* convent, and had hurried our unfortunate artist into the midst of it, though much against his inclination. Here he soon lost his seat; but the proprietors of the garden, observing the devastation which was likely to take place among their cabbages, armed themselves with the first implements they could lay their hands on, and made a most furious attack both upon Mr. Bryant and his mischievous palfrey. The noise of the animal's running and kicking, and the cries of its dismounted rider, who, in a jargon of mingled French and English, called loudly for assistance, excited our attention; and we immediately hastened to extricate him from his disagreeable situation, but, notwithstanding our interference, both himself and the ass were severely bruised and lacerated. As this scene took place on the entrance of a forest, and in a very sequestered spot, it might have afforded a good subject for Mr. Bryant's pencil, and I doubt not but the drawing would have been truly laughable. The evening, though dark, was delightfully serene and tranquil, and we returned home in safety.

I rose early next morning, for the purpose of shooting, with M. Belanger in the home park, to the south-east of the castle. This consists of about four thousand acres, inclosed with a stone wall, and containing a great number of cradle-walks, through the vistas of which are

seen churches, monasteries, farms, and various other picturesque objects in the distant landscape. Here, also, are some natural grottoes of surprising dimensions, their roofs being elegantly shaded with trees, and the interior formed into different apartments, where a most refreshing coolness constantly prevails, and the plaintive harmony of the doves which nestle amidst the surrounding shades, tends to augment the sublimity of the scene. Some of the excavations are said to contain wines of a great age—a circumstance very uncommon in France.

During the revolution, the persons who were sent here, under pretence of guarding the castle, but in reality to seize on the person of Monsieur de Luçay, stole some hundred dozens of the finest wines, and tore away the iron-railing of the stair-case, and the lead off the roof, for the purpose of making cannon and bullets.

The orange, lemon, lime, and citron-trees, which adorn the front of the house, are said to be coeval with the garden itself, which was first laid out in the reign of Henry the Fourth. From the terrace, overlooking the vale, is a bold, and finely variegated ridge, rendered easy of descent; and beyond this are seen the lake, the fertile islands, and the enchanting forest-scenery which I have already noticed; the whole forming, in my opinion, the most eligible spot in Europe. In the forest are found abundance of stags, fallow-deer, roe-bucks, wild-boars, hares, rabbits, pheasants, red and grey partridges, quails, woodcocks, snipes, and all sorts of wild-fowl.

The scenery was so enchanting, that I really attended to it more for the sake of Mr. Bryant's pencil, than for the diversion of shooting. However the terriers were thrown in, and I shot two brace and a half of partridges. I then quitted Home Close, and near the castle, in a fallow half covered with thistles, the dogs drew, and stood, when a covey immediately rose of three brace and a half. I killed a bird with

each barrel, and marked another brace, which I also roused and killed, but took particular care not to shoot at the old birds.

Having hunted in the dogs, we saw seven or eight brace of quails; got two random shots and three points, and killed them. A leveret also happened to come near me, which I shot at, and she fell after running a few yards. The dogs flushed several other coveys, most of which were red-legged; but as the morning became very warm, and I heard the sound of the breakfast-bell, I bagged seven brace of partridges, two brace and a half of quails, and the leveret, and, giving my gun to the keeper, returned to breakfast.

A pike was now displayed weighing fourteen pounds, which had been caught the preceding evening. The ladies were all delighted with my success, and I must do this amiable family the justice to say, they were evidently anxious that I should enjoy all sorts of sporting in the highest perfection.

After our repast I went on horseback to inspect some forests of two and three hundred acres, lying to the south-east of the castle. I took my pointer with me, and the keeper carried my gun. In some grass I perceived that the dog drew, and at last stood. I therefore went up to him, when a covey of red-legged partridges rose, but all dispersed, by degrees, one or a brace at a time. I brought down one brace, but thought them too small, and too near the house, to kill any more. However, as I had marked several on an adjoining piece of oats, I tried my dog, and he behaved so as to astonish the keeper.

Having remounted, I rode through a small, but beautiful forest, cut into rides, and abounding with rivulets. Here I understood were abundance of woodcocks, with some roe-bucks and foxes; and, in an adjoining forest, plenty of wild-boars. I here remarked a greater profusion of heath than I had previously seen in any part of France.

Just as we entered the second forest I saw a bird of a very singular appearance fly along, and attempted to get a shot at it, but could not. The keeper did not know its name. This forest is admirably adapted for wild-boars, being remarkably thick and swampy; but, on looking at my watch, I found the time had passed so rapidly, that I was compelled to think of returning.

A brace of barren birds, which were basking close to the road, rose at my approach, and alighted in some corn, where I killed them. The keeper, at the same time, observed a covey alight about two hundred yards distant, and I immediately killed a brace and a half, all of which were strong half-grown birds.

The horses were so dreadfully tormented by flies, that a fine blood-mare, rode by the keeper, taking fright at the report of my gun, turned short round, and plunged at me, but fortunately missing her aim, she only struck the stock of my gun, which was forced with such violence against the cap of my knee, that I really thought, at first, it had broken the bone. However, as the dog was still standing, I hobbled up to him, and killed an old grey partridge. We then returned to the castle, which we did not reach 'till near seven o'clock. The family, however, were not in the least disconcerted at our having kept the dinner waiting, as my apologies were received with that sweetness which always render the forgiveness of a fault doubly gratifying.

Here I shall, for the present, take a temporary leave of you, with the usual assurance that,

I am,

Yours, &c.

LETTER XV.

Trying for Roe-Buck —The Game shot by Col. T——'s Air-Gun, and carried Home with great Parade.—Blindman's Buff a fashionable Game.—Black Peaches.—Excellent Fish.—Charming sporting Estate.—Blois.—Fish-Market.—Barrelled-Frogs.—A Disappointment.—French Language spoken in its greatest Purity at Blois.—Chambord.—The Park.—Stagnation occasioned by the Revolution.—Carriage of a singular Construction.—Beautiful Tract of Country.—Picturesque Ruin.—Roché.—French-Horns supply the Want of a Direction-Post.—Arrival at Le Gedonaire.

MY LORD,

Le Gedonaire, August 23, 1802.

NOTWITHSTANDING the violent blow received on my knee, I was sufficiently well next day to keep an appointment which had been made for trying in the forest for roe-buck; and Madame de Luçay enjoined the keepers, previous to our departure, to shew me the best sport.

I was uncommonly well mounted on an English mare,* whose dam was said to have been by a very fine horse, which I discovered was a son of King Herod: but she was rather too warm in her temper, which does not answer amongst trees. The hounds consisted of only two couple; and those very indifferent ones. I lamented that mine were not with me, but they were gone to Monsieur de Beaumont's.

* This was the mare from which Col. T—— received the injury mentioned in the preceding letter.

After trying for a considerable time, we at length found; and the hounds having a good scent, ran tolerably for near two hours, during which time I only got one view of the game: however, he soon began to run sheeter; the rings lay down; and, as the sun got up, the dew went off, and the scent, of course, became weaker, I then dismounted, and took my stand under an oak, intending to have shot at the roe-buck with the air-gun which had succeeded so well with the wild-boar; but, before I could pull the trigger, he was in thick covert.

After a few rings and cold hunting, he came within twenty yards, when I discharged my piece, and was convinced, both by the springing and by the sound of the ball, that I had hit him. I gave several view-halloos, but the company either could not hear, or did not understand me; though, had I shot with powder, they must have been apprised by the report.

In about twenty minutes a hound came on the scent, but gave tongue faintly. I caught him by the ear, and he spoke most feelingly: this brought up the others, and with them the huntsman, whom I told of what had happened. He could not, at first, believe that I had wounded the roe-buck; but I assured him of the fact, and desired him to let me go to the next avenue, and there lay the hounds. He did so, and the dogs evidently enjoyed the scent better. This I thought a favourable omen, as it, probably, resulted from the dropping of the blood on the cover. They were bringing the game across the avenue, directly to me, where I should have had another shot, but I imagine he had either seen, or winded me, as the scent turned to the right, about two hundred yards off. I saw him cross, however, and his shoulder appeared broke, as he could scarcely get over a gutter.

After I had halloed, and the huntsmen had sounded their horns, the hounds began to run very briskly, and at last there was a dead silence.

I concluded the buck was killed; but in this I was mistaken, for he was at bay, and sometimes attempted to scramble off; but, perceiving he could not go far, I rode before him, and sent a ball between his eyes.

The rest of the company soon came up, and were highly delighted; but the keepers could not comprehend the nature of an air-gun, though they carefully examined the piece and the effect of the ball. It must, however, in this instance, have shot very weak, or the first shot must have gone through the deer's head; but it had broken the shoulder, and, being turned by a bone, had come out through the skin of the neck. This was deemed very extraordinary, but I once shot a deer, with the same gun, at Thornville Royal, which was in the action of leaping a fence: the ball went in at the shoulder, exactly opposite the heart, but it turned, went along the upper part of the belly, between the skin and the intestines, and came out at the hock.

The day was now intensely hot, and the flies which surrounded us in myriads, would soon have saved the cook the trouble of roasting the game, had it not been carried home. However, being properly placed on a tray slung for the purpose, and covered with branches, it was conveyed to the castle with great parade, the horns playing all the way. The whole family came to the gates to see our game, and about nine o'clock we assembled at breakfast, to which, I assure you, I did ample justice.

On rising from table, it was proposed that we should take a nap in the charming recesses of the orange-grove; and, when we were summoned to dinner at four o'clock, we were not at all incommoded by the intense heat, as the apartment was very airy, and rendered peculiarly pleasant by the proximity of a fine cascade. Coffee and ices were served in the grottoes of which I have previously spoken; and about nine o'clock the fashionable game of blind-man's buff commenced, but I

excused myself from taking any part in this amusement, on account of a very troublesome cold.

I should inform you that, during the hunt of the morning, a fisherman, from the Lake of the Forge, arrived in the forest with the hounds which I had left at M. de Beaumont's, and with a dog that had been missing ever since our fishing excursion to the Forge.

In the course of our stroll through the gardens of the castle, I remarked some very fine standard apricots, and some curious peaches,* which were then of a greyish colour, but which I was assured would be perfectly *black* when ripe. Here were, also, a great quantity of grape-vines growing against the walls; but these, and, indeed, all the vineyards, have been very materially injured by the frost that prevailed here in the month of May.

I had been always proud of the excellency of my fish at Thornville Royal, but I must candidly acknowledge, that the pike, tench, and perch, caught on this estate are, at least, equal to any I ever tasted. Here is no trout, however, although the streams appear well adapted for that kind of fish, but the French give a decided preference to carp.†

Mr. Bryant took several drawings of the surrounding country, and it was the unanimous opinion that it far exceeded the estates of Champ de Battaile, Navarre, Bissy, Ermenonville, and Passy; as this extensive domain comprises a capital dwelling-house, a marquisate, two earldoms, with a castle, several villages, monasteries, and abbeys, together with

* The gardener was ordered to preserve a dozen young trees of this description for Col. T—— against the ensuing spring.

† The most delicious carp are found in the Rhine; and when any particular entertainment is given at Paris, the fish is brought a hundred and twenty leagues, or three hundred and sixty English miles, by land-carriage, from the city of Hamburg.

twelve thousand acres of forest and woodland, fourteen thousand acres of arable land, three hundred acres of water, and from thirteen to fifteen thousand acres of fine heath, with plenty of excellent stone and gravel. The ponds and rivers are calculated for every sort of fishing, and present to the sportsman an endless variety of amusement; in addition to which there is a complete command over two other forests, and some very extensive grounds within an hour's ride.

Next morning, after having promised to return as soon as possible, and to bring with me my pack of hounds, I took leave of Madame de Luçays and her amiable family, and proceeded towards Blois, accompanied by Monsieur Belanger.

After passing several large streams, we came to a handsome *chateau*, surrounded with water, and, from the nature of the adjacent country, admirably situated for coursing and hare-hunting. Having refreshed the horses at an *auberge*, we fell into company with two farmers, who were going to a sheep-fair near Forte Viden, and, gave me such a favourable account of it, that I immediately resolved to go thither. Our road lay through a most delightful country, and we entered the fine forest of Rossi with an intention to proceed to Cheverney, but we were prevented from putting this plan into execution, by the rapid approach of night, it being near nine o'clock before we reached the city of Blois, which is situated on the north side of the Loire, at the distance of sixteen leagues from Orleans, and about forty-four from Paris.

I rose early the ensuing morning, and went to the fish-market, which was remarkably well supplied with salmon, perch, gudgeons, eels, flounders, bream, and barbel. Here were also several small barrels containing an article called *les grenouilles*, which I could not, at first, comprehend, but which appeared remarkably clear, white, and tempting: however, on hearing they were no other than frogs, my favourable opi-

nion of them was instantaneously changed into disgust. I purchased some apricots at the rate of three-halfpence per dozen, together with some excellent figs, green-gages, jurgennes, and cluster-grapes; but the latter were scarcely ripe.

A gentleman who had a small estate to dispose of, came to offer it to me. It consisted of a good dwelling-house and garden, seventy-two acres of land, fourteen of meadow, twelve of vineyard, and thirty-six of tillage, together with a walled-park; the annual rental of which might be about 120*l*. For this estate, situated two miles distant from Blois, the owner required eighty thousand francs.

Next morning I rose at four o'clock, in order to hunt fox, and afterwards to shoot rabbits, as had been agreed on the preceding evening between myself and the Marquis de St. Denis, who had promised to apprise Lieutenant-General Poussé that we should take this amusement in the great park of Chambor. Some delays prevented me from setting out 'till near five, and I was consequently apprehensive that I should keep the sportsmen waiting. This fear, however, proved entirely groundless; for, on my arrival, I found nobody stirring except a servant, who informed me that he knew a letter had been sent to the general, but that I was not expected. I then repaired to the house of the marquis, but had the mortification to find he had previously set out, by a cross-road, to meet me; and, after several messages had been sent to and fro, every thing terminated in our sitting down to a good family-breakfast.

It was now both too late and too hot for hunting, but the family seemed very desirous that I should try for partridge in the park. Understanding that no relays could be procured at Blois, I proposed that our servants' horses should be made leaders: this was immediately agreed upon, and the marquis and marchioness, a young gentleman,

their cousin, Mrs. T——, Mr. Bryant, and myself, got into the carriage, and pursued our route (after crossing the river) through two thousand acres planted with vines, which seemed remarkably healthy, although they had been greatly checked by the early frosts.

Before I take leave of Blois, I must remark, that the French language is there spoken in its greatest purity, it having been the constant residence of men of family, but of small fortune. This circumstance has rendered it one of the most agreeable places in France for an Englishman, as the pleasure of respectable society becomes attainable without that profuse expence which is its constant attendant at Paris. The fine old bridge that formerly stretched across the river has been demolished during the late troubles, but a new one is now erecting. The city* is of great antiquity, but my short stay has precluded me from giving you an account of it. I must observe, however, its commerce is very considerable.

After riding some time, we arrived at the famous park of Chambor. The entrance, on the south side, is rather mean, the road bad, and the water choaked up; but we soon came to some sylvan scenery leading to a bridge, where a little inn, held by one of the under-keepers, commands a view of Chambor,† the most magnificent pile of Gothic architecture in France. It was originally built by Francis the First, but had many additions made to it when it became the residence of the celebrated Marshal Saxe. At present, however, there is nothing remarkable in this edifice but the beauty of the architecture, the interior

* Here is a very magnificent palace, formerly the residence of the kings of France, and the place where the famous Duc de Guise, and his brother, Cardinal de Lorraine, were assassinated, by order of Henry the Third, in 1588.

† Chambor was offered to General Pichegru, with several other advantages, in order to bring him over to the interest of Louis XVIII.



Fig. 1. 1848

Mar. 1848

La Ville de Brest.

Paris: chez la Citoyenne Lesclapart, Palais National, ci-devant, ci-après, sous le Vestibule.



having been completely gutted during the revolution. The surrounding scenery is, also, an entire waste, presenting nothing to the view but a few straggling houses, and rivers which

“ No more reflect the day,
But, choak'd with sedges, work their weedy way.”

After partaking of some cold provisions which I had fortunately brought with me, I mounted one of the keeper's horses, and, in a ride of four hours, examined the park. The woods are certainly fine, but the soil is very indifferent; and the devastations which have been committed during the reign of anarchy fill the contemplative mind with melancholy reflections. I must also observe, that very few deer remain out of the thousands that formerly grazed on this domain. My terrier flushed a large covey of partridges, and the huntsman killed a hare and a snipe, which he presented to me. I then rejoined our party, and agreed to put up at the house of one of the keepers, where we had the pleasure of meeting some charming women. The conversation, however, turned principally upon the revolution, and I understood that the depression and stagnation of every thing had been so great since that period, that scarcely a single carriage could be procured in the adjacent city.

Mr. Bryant having taken a view of Blois from the opposite side of the bridge, we rose early next morning, and seated ourselves in a carriage which was on a different construction from those generally used here. A pair of shafts were in the centre, and three horses placed abreast, which obviated the necessity of four horses: there was, however, another servant, and we had also one postillion. This vehicle is very rapid, and, as our baggage was considerably reduced, a pair of horses, in England, would have been sufficient.

Our road lay through a fine country, for the most part flat, but occasionally diversified with coverts, woods, and distant forests, together with some luxuriant valleys of pasture-land, through which a river is seen beautifully meandering, and diffusing fertility all around. Indeed, the landscape was so enchanting, that we found it impossible to proceed without requesting Mr. Bryant to make it the subject of a drawing.

After passing two elegant *chateaus*, admirably situated for the amusements of fox-hunting, beagling, coursing, and hawking; we had a view of the castle of Vendôme, with which we were highly gratified. We then put up at an inn, the landlord of which brought us some remarkably fine trout and eels, and informed me, that the fine estate called *La Rebochere*, the property of the Marchioness de Quiroire, was to be disposed of, and that the sum demanded for it was five thousand pounds, which was a ten years purchase, the annual rental being five hundred pounds.

On quitting Vendôme, which is seven leagues distant from Blois, our road lay through one of the finest countries that can be conceived, and our landlord was, probably, inclined to make us pay for the enjoyment of its beauty, as he took care, previous to our setting out, to charge, at least, four times the value of every article we had consumed.

A ruin, which appeared to be that of an old church, soon attracted our attention, and formed an object so highly picturesque, that Mr. Bryant alighted to take a sketch of it, whilst I recalled to my recollection those beautiful and appropriate lines of Cunningham,—

“ Inexorably calm, with silent pace,
Here *Time* has past—what ruin marks his way!
This pile, now crumbling o’er its hallowed base,
Turn’d not his step, nor could his course delay.

"Half-buried there, lie many a broken bust,
And monument and urn o'erthrown by time;
And many a cherub, there, descends in dust,
From the rent roof and portico sublime."

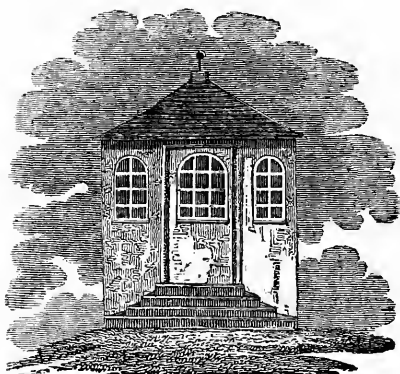
Having passed the village of Roché, where many of the houses are formed out of excavations in the rocks, we came to a fine stream of water, reputed to contain abundance of large trout. One of the inhabitants of Roché was engaged in the diversion of fishing, but I found no reason to admire his skill.

We now proceeded, by a cross-road, towards Le Gedonaere, the hills being completely covered with woods and vineyards. On entering a small village, well watered and surrounded with rich meadow-land, one of the horses lost a shoe; and whilst this was replacing we walked forward, and soon met a genteel-looking man mounted on an ass, who told us, in answer to our enquiries, that we were in the direct route to M. de Beaumont's mansion. He also stated, that he was intimately acquainted with Monsieur de B——, of whom he spoke in the most respectful terms, and observed, that in his youth he had very nearly taken Frederic the Great, King of Prussia, prisoner.

After travelling for some time in view of a luxuriant valley of grass—a sight rather uncommon in France,—the shades of night began to overtake us, and we arrived at a spot where several roads met. We were, therefore, undetermined as to what route we should pursue, but, on hearing some French horns playing the Death of the Fox, I directed the postillion to follow the sound, and, by this means, we soon reached the place of our destination, where we experienced the most welcome reception.

As the traveller always requires rest after a long journey, I must now conclude this letter with an assurance, that I shall take the earliest opportunity of resuming my narrative.

Yours, &c.



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